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"The Cripple in Black"
This Week's Free Novel by
Popular Australian Author
E. V. TIMMS

Getting Over A Love Affair . . .

Here's the Recipe for the Girl Who Wants to Mend Her Broken Heart

By ADELINE

FOR any moderately attractive young woman there are three stages of getting over a love affair.

First, the resolves: "I shall never fall in love again," as the tears reach flood level. Then a spell of renovation—reviewing of beauty and wardrobe needs, friendships, family and work. Finally: "It's time someone took some notice of me."

Being a moderately attractive young woman, who is gradually growing more truthful, I recognised these three stages several love affairs ago.

I have now reached an enviable state where I can even reduce to a formula the methods for recovering from the shattering realisation that love does not always last forever, and that that same rose which blooms to-day may be poison ivy to-morrow.

The most spectacular method and the best investment in recovering from a love affair is to "take a cruise"—the farther the better—especially on an ocean liner where the officers are notoriously handsome and cheerfully susceptible.

For the victim in the first stage not very much can be done. It is



a highly dangerous period. You might be caught on the rebound by some highly worthy but completely unsuitable young man who has been your devoted slave, enduring heartless treatment from you, for months or years.

You may lose some of your best friends by boring them with your transcendently tragic story.

For the information of any young thing who has not yet experienced the rigors of a love affair recovery, your friends will enjoy discussing your broken love affair among themselves, but they will be very bored if you talk about it yourself.

An Accusing Ghost

YOU may be tempted to visit the restaurants or private homes that were your lost love's favorite haunts. This is deplorable if you go there like a pale, accusing ghost.

You are much to be commended if you can go looking your best and

practised in just the right tone of friendly, indifferent, but not too indifferent, greeting.

One of the most painful aspects of this first stage is the appallingly philosophic attitude of your family or close friends.

"Well, dear, you are young yet," says mother. "There are as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," say your nauseatingly practical friends.

The answer to both of these is an expression of ineffably sweet patience combined with Russian-novel hopelessness. **HAVING** weathered this tear-soaked pause in your triumphal progress, the next stage is full of possibilities.

With the final sob that puts a full-stop to your grief comes the realisation that you have plenty of precious time on your hands.

The nights you spent holding hands at the pictures or listening to words of fire beneath a summer moon you can now devote to reading or going to bed early.

You can give yourself some beauty treatment, mend your clothes, and tidy your wardrobe.

One of the best methods for quick recovery is to go out and buy a new hat—especially an expensive one. A propaganda spell is then advisable.

Take some notice of your family, which you have probably treated very selfishly, allowing them to dance attendance on you when you were in love, and to be very gentle in spite of their boredom when you were getting over it.

Back in the Family

TAKE mother to the pictures, be interested in father's business worries, let your sister borrow your furs without a storm of protest.

How nice it is to have her back in the life of the family, they will think, and your unctuous feeling of righteousness will be a soothing unguent to your wounded heart.

An extremely worthy method is to "take up something." If it is charity work you will at first be conscious of how noble you are.

Then you will find to your astonishment and relief that you have become so interested that you feel neither noble nor consumed with grief for your lost love.

Broken Hearted? Well, Try These Cures

If you find it hard to get over that broken-off love affair, try these cures to a broken heart.

Don't brood too long, says the psychologist. "There are plenty of fish in the sea," should be your outlook.

Your friends are easily bored with a tale of woe. Don't talk about your blighted life and they'll admire your pluck.

Learn to "laugh it off" if your family is inclined to tease you about it.

Keep your head, and your unhappy love affair will in time be something to look back on and perhaps laugh over.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Agent-General's Wife

MRS. L. BUSSAU, wife of Victoria's new Agent-General in London, sailed away from Melbourne in April with a busy five years ahead of her. She is a gracious, kindly woman, well known in her husband's former electorate, a vast area that stretches right to the South Australian border, and includes some of the New Mallee.

She was a keen worker for the Burwood Boys' Home, Melbourne.



Dean of Architecture

MR. JOHN S. GAWLER, well-known Melbourne architect, was recently elected Dean of the Faculty of Architecture of Melbourne University.

A Fellow of the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects and member of the Architects' Registration Board, Mr. Gawler is already lecturer in architecture at the University of Melbourne, and is a member of the Box Hill City Council, which he represents on the Municipal Association of Victoria.



Works For Peace

MISS KATHLEEN COURTNEY, founder of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, is visiting Australia on an educational tour associated with the peace movement. She will remain till June, then tour New Zealand.

She is regarded as one of the best informed women working in the interests of peace in Great Britain and Europe.

A Brother advises—



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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

How Menuhin Wooed Rich Australian



NOLA NICHOLAS, the lovely eighteen-year-old Melbourne girl, whose romance reads like a wonderful fairy tale. —Brothorn.



YEHUDI MENUHIN, whose music first entranced his bride-to-be.

"His Music First Attracted Me," Says Lovely Nola Nicholas

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

With his wonderful music, Yehudi Menuhin, the famous young violinist, wooed Nola Nicholas, rich and lovely daughter of Mr. George Nicholas, of Melbourne, principal of the firm which manufactures Aspros.

It was a case of love at first sight between the 21-year-old musician and the 18-year-old heiress.

"I had my say. The answer was 'Yes.' That's the whole story," Yehudi told me. In those few words was his story of the romance.

WHEN Menuhin was playing to a crowded Town Hall audience in Melbourne three years ago he was really playing the prelude to his own romance.

Seated in the audience entranced by his music was Nola Nicholas, then only 16 years of age.

She was still little more than a schoolgirl when she left Melbourne last year, and was immediately launched in London society after her presentation at Court.

Her closest companion is her young stepmother, whose marriage added another romance to a romantic family history.

When Nola's sister married Dr. A. E. Alcock a couple of years ago the bridegroom's sister, Shirley, was a bridesmaid.

A few days later she—the bridesmaid—married Nola's widowed father, and thus became Nola's stepmother, and the stepmother of her own brother's wife.

Music Won Her

THE strains of Menuhin's violin which she heard in Australia when she was sixteen re-echoed so vibrantly in Nola Nicholas' heart that when she met him in London in April this year she was already half-won. Menuhin fell in love with her titian-haired, blue-eyed beauty at first sight after a concert at the Albert Hall. They will be married in a London registry office on May 25.

At Victoria Station, when Yehudi missed his earlier train in order to see her off with her brother, Lindsay, in the Continental express, en route to Zurich—where he will join her later—he came along the platform with his fiancée on his arm, and his sister, Hepzibah, on the other, and Nola's youthful stepmother, Mrs. George Nicholas, alongside.

Nola, wearing a black frock and dyed ermine swaggar coat, with a powder-blue felt hat, and spotted veil, shyly admitted: "I'm the happiest person in the world. I was entranced when I first heard him play, and never missed a concert while he was in Melbourne."

"I went to the first possible concert in London."

"It was love of his music that first attracted me towards him."

I asked if she played herself, and she began to say "No," when Menuhin interrupted laughingly: "Oh, yes, you play very well—golf and tennis."

"We will be married quite soon, in London," Nola said. "I will buy my trousseau when I return from Europe."

"We have no plans for our honeymoon. We are going to live on Yehudi's ranch, Losgatos, in the Santa Cruz mountains in California. We are looking forward to visiting Australia in 1940."

Menuhin's sister and Nola's stepmother were both in the highest spirits, joking and laughing with the young lovers while waiting for the train to start. Menuhin kissed Nola and waved to her brother, then left the station arm-in-arm with his sister and future stepmother-in-law.

Yehudi, whose concert tour of Australia in 1935 netted him £20,000, arrived in London for a series of concerts in February this year after two years' retirement at his Californian ranch—his first holiday in ten years.

Ten thousand heard him play at the concert—after which he was introduced to Nola.

There was a hold-up in the programme because his accompanist had left his music in a bus, but an appeal to the audience brought copies of four of the items and six announced items were replaced by others.

Years ago Yehudi's father went to America from Palestine, where he was taken at the age of seven from his family's home in Southern Russia.

He married a blonde Russian of aristocratic family, and their first child, Yehudi, inherited his mother's golden hair and fine features.

While still a baby in long clothes he went to concerts with his parents.

When he was two he demanded a violin. Four or five years later the small golden-haired boy held the centre of the stage as solo violinist with the San Francisco Philharmonic Orchestra. Within a few years his name was famous all over the world.

Crowded Concerts

WHEN his two little sisters were born his mother looked after them while his father devoted himself to Yehudi's genius, regulating his life to give him normal education and a normal boyhood and avoiding any attempts to exploit him financially.

It was his father's decision that Yehudi should retire two years ago for a long rest.

After his holiday he returned to New York early this year, and his seven concerts were all sold out.

For two broadcasts in America he was paid more than £6000. His present season, which is limited to engagements in America and 26 concerts in Europe, may earn him £50,000.



YEHUDI breakfasting with his mother and sisters.

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JEAN BATTEN, the famous airwoman, who was presented at the first Empire Court at Buckingham Palace.

Wondrous Splendor of the Royal Courts

Crowds Rush to See 'Debutante Parades'

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative

Many Australians are among the stars who hold the stage in one of London's most spectacular shows of the year—the Royal Courts, with their "debutante parades," revived for the first time in six years, along the Mall as prologue.

This year, owing to the picturesque styles of women's evening frocks, glamorous pageantry is a particular feature of functions renowned for brilliance of coloring provided by the glittering uniforms of the Services and the Diplomatic Corps.

FROM five o'clock on each Court day the West End took on a gala air in the beautiful balmy spring evening.

Blue-uniformed mounted police at intervals along the Mall were the first sign of the night's big event. Crowds began to collect to watch the gorgeous limousines circle St. James Park.

At 7 o'clock, at a signal from a police constable, cars which then numbered some two hundred halted in a single line queue.

Then for the first time since 1932 the crowd had an opportunity of seeing the "debutante parade," which was formerly a great feature of the Courts for Londoners, but which was discontinued at Queen Mary's wish.

Punctually at 7.30 cars moved through the Palace gates, but crowds had taken ample advantage of the short wait to scan the beautiful gowns and brilliant uniforms of the occupants.

The crowd waited patiently until the Court ended at 11 p.m., when the vicinity of the Palace was again jammed with cars whisking "debs." off to photographers and afterwards to parties.

Theatre crowds came out early to see the sights, and joined the throng, giving that atmosphere of festivity which is so characteristic of the West End on great occasions.

At the Court itself hundreds of guests moved in stately, colorful file up the majestic sweep of red-carpeted marble stairs to the first floor of the Palace, where they were to be received by Their Majesties.

The description "Throne Room" usually given to the Court scene is not strictly accurate, as the Court is held in the big red, white, and gold ball-



MISS LINDSAY SINCLAIR, who, with her mother, Mrs. John Sinclair, of Collymungle, Pohaturoo, N.S.W., was presented at Court by the Marchioness of Zetland.



LADY BONYTHON, of South Australia, who was one of the Australians presented at Court by Mrs. S. M. Bruce, wife of the Australian High Commissioner.

She wore a diamond circlet on her dark hair, and a diamond necklace with the famous Koh-i-noor diamond made a glittering corsage.

The only touch of color was the magnificent blue of the Garter ribbon.

Immediately their Majesties were seated on the two scarlet and gold thrones the presentations began.

Ambassadors' wives were presented at the first "Diplomatic" Court—including Mrs. Kennedy, wife of the new U.S.A. Ambassador. Then followed presentations of "debs." including Rosemary and Kathleen Kennedy.

More than four hundred "debs." had spent the major portion of the day visiting their hairdressers and beauty salons and attending to last-minute details of their gowns for one of the greatest occasions in their lives—their presentation at Their Majesties' first Court.

Tiring Business

ONLY a few Australians were presented at the first Court. A great number, including Jean Batten, were presented at the second Court.

One of the most pleasing features of the Courts is the combination of regal and democratic personalities, for, although the function is carried out with the punctiliousness always associated with the Court of St. James, presentation is an experience open to a wide section of people.

Acknowledging hundreds of curtsies is more tiring than it sounds.

So "No engagements" is still a rule for Their Majesties during the Courts.

Their Majesties leave the dining-room with their Royal guests attended by uniformed officers of the Household headed by Lord Cromer, and walk to the ballroom. Lord Cromer and other officials, walking backward, escort them to the entrance of the Throne Room.

Miss Laurie Arnott, of Sydney, New South Wales, wore a frock of silver cobweb lace mounted on tulle over moire, made with a tight bodice and full skirt. Her face train was lined with tulle, and she carried a bouquet of lily-of-the-valley.



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What It Costs

A LONDON "deb's" mother has stated that her daughter's debut cost nearly £1500. This is her list:

Finishing school, £400.
Court frock, ball gowns, race clothes, etc., £400.
Coming out dance, £450.
Dinner parties, £100.

The cost would be nearly as great for an Australian presented at Court, as boat fares and flat rental or hotel bill for several months would be added to or replace the finishing school.

If a peeress chaperon has to be paid, the figure quoted can be doubled.

room on the first floor of Buckingham Palace.

The soft music of a string band of the Scots Guards mingled with the ripple of cool fountains of scented water which perfumed the air delicately.

Masses of red and pink rambler roses, and billowy Victorian gowns of white and pastel colors offset gleaming shoulders and glittering jewels.

Brilliant uniforms of the Diplomatic Corps glistened with Orders of every country in the world, and the scarlet uniforms and tall, plumed helmets of the Gentlemen-at-Arms made vivid splashes of color.

When the King and Queen, followed by the Duke of Kent, Lady Maud Carnegie, Princess Marie Louise, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, entered the ballroom at 9 o'clock there was a soft rustle of silks and satins as the vast throng swept a curtsy.

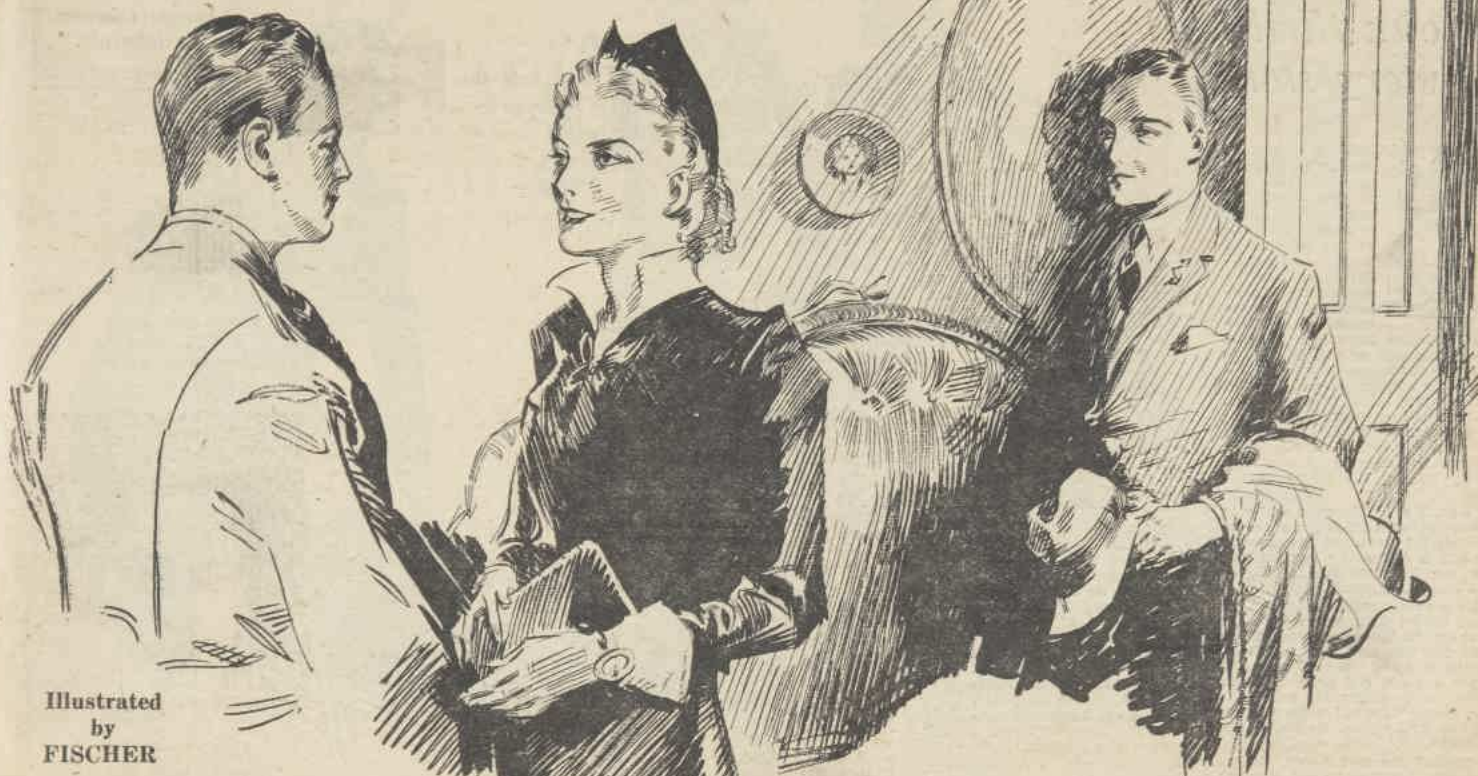
The King was a slim figure, resplendent in the scarlet and gold uniform of a Field Marshal. The Queen was graciously gowning in silver lame embroidered with diamonds, silver, pearls and sequins.

Her frock was designed with a rather full skirt, the front panel of which was embroidered in a scroll leaf design, the heart-shaped bodice outlined in silver, pearl, and sequin embroidery.

The silver lame train was lined with silver tulle.

SPEAK TO MY HEART

A Complete Short Story



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

Love story of a girl who had a sense of values

THE sun was red over the barn, and the nearest hills were soft and dark against the sky. Gil cut a switch from a willow sapling, and looked at the misty green leaves. Time to plant, and the ground just right.

The cows moved down the rutted road, deliberate, content. They were good milkers, but Gil decided suddenly to get a young Jersey; nothing like the bland mellow cream from a Jersey.

"Get on, you," he said, swinging the switch.

He saw the car turn in at the gate, sleek and gleaming in the flare of sunset. Arthur was back again, with another new car, and another new girl. Gil's lips tightened as he walked. Sometimes he wished the farm was in Devon, not in Buckinghamshire. Arthur could drive out from London at a moment's notice. If he was broke, he'd try to get money; if he wasn't, he certainly never came to pay anything back.

And the way he'd bring his London girls out, their narrow mouths curling, eyes superior.

The brook was running free and fast, watercress and forget-me-nots were spreading. Gil bent over the pool, peering for minnows. His face shone back at him, reddened by sunset, a rugged, determined face, the grey eyes set level and a trifle wide. He had the Bishop nose, long and straight, and the wide, firm mouth. His old blue shirt was dirty, his hands had dried mud along the powerful knuckles, his boots were rank with manure.

He grinned wryly. This would give Arthur's new girl her money's worth. That last little blonde thing had said: "Too, too quaint!"

The cows turned in, all but the

skittish Becky. He whooped for Liz, and she came running. He watched her cut Becky away from the vegetable garden, and herd her into the cowshed, Becky kicking a sly heel backwards and tossing her silly head.

"Good old Liz!" he said. Liz was a funny farm dog—she was a full-blooded cocker spaniel, she'd been shown at the Tring Fair, and there'd been an accident when the dogs were loaded after the show. One leg was so badly mangled they'd decided to put her to sleep, and he had come along just in time to buy her for ten shillings. She limped only a little now, and she drove cows like a collier. She was a good creature.

He hurried a bit over shutting up, because Mum would wait supper now that Arthur was there. Then he went reluctantly to the kitchen and clumped in, his boots creaking.

Mum said: "Arthur's in the parlor, Gil. Supper's nearly ready. He's got company with him."

"Hello, Arthur?" said Gil.

Then he saw her. There she stood, against the mantelpiece. Arthur was sprawled on the sofa.

"Hullo, Gil," he said. "This is Coral Barber, you know, the Coral Barber."

Her eyes were smoke-blue, her hair was the color of spring sunlight, it was straight and smooth as a feather. Her mouth curved softly. She had high cheekbones, set wide. She had some kind of soft, woolly thing on, dark blue, with a leather belt.

"Hello, Gil," she said in a grave voice.

He spoke awkwardly. "Hullo." Mum called: "Wash yourself, Gil, supper's coming out of the oven in four minutes." Mum always knew exactly; she had a neat mind.

every little while, and he did it this way. He wanted to know all over again that the farm life was filthy, the country a terrible place, and big money and easy living were all a man wanted.

Gil ducked his head in cold water. Suddenly he felt the red come up behind his ears. He didn't want to be a show. He wouldn't. He'd do the insulting himself this time. He pulled on a clean shirt, brushed his crisp, cider-brown hair, and went down to the dining-room.

EVERYTHING was on the table. There were thin slices of their own smoked ham, potatoes creamed and sprinkled with parsley, pickled walnuts from the old tree in the yard. You couldn't buy food like that in restaurants. "How delicious!" exclaimed Coral. Mum smiled. Mum had been looking tired lately; her brown eyes had shadows under them. She had her heart set on going up to Sheffield to see Letty's new baby; he'd insist

on her going as soon as the planting was done. He'd manage. And she had the money saved up for the trip.

Arthur went on talking in his light, restless voice. Gil thought, he's just beginning with this girl. He's mad about her. Arthur didn't look like a Bishop; he was narrow in the shoulders, his hands were long. His face never looked twice the same, expression flickered over it like a flame. He had the kind of charm nobody ever resisted.

"Come and have a look at my new car," suggested Arthur, rising from the table.

They went out, Gil and Arthur walking not too close.

Coral lifted her eyes and looked at Gil when saying farewell.

"Well?" said Gil. "Look," said Arthur, "can you let me have some money?"

Liz came pattering up. She sat down at Gil's feet. The moon was rising over the meadow. In the barn Ginger stamped softly. The smell of earth and dew lay in the dark air.

Gil spoke harshly. "I thought you were going to be a millionaire! When you came last time with that actress your pocket-book was crammed. You said—"

"All right, forget it. I made a profit on some shares that month."

"Where is it?" Arthur lit another cigarette. "Well, there was an unexpected drop in the market. It went down so fast I couldn't get out in time."

He added: "Of course, I didn't actually lose anything."

Gil laughed. "You didn't actually make anything, either. You just played about with some pieces of paper."

"Well, at least I wasn't breaking my back over some wretched crop that a drought would ruin. I wasn't dragging my time out behind a plough!"

"No," agreed Gil, "you certainly weren't."

And Arthur added: "I don't have to drive an old worn-out car, and I live in a civilized town."

Gil said: "Funny, isn't it, that you have to come back here for a 'loan' every little while?"

Arthur clenched his hands, relaxed, and laughed. "I know you can't understand. You're just a farmer, you can't see ahead. Well, I can. I'm not satisfied to rot in the country!"

Gil said: "I know where I stand, anyhow. And what I've got stays with me." He looked out across the meadow. "A crop may fail. You can always plant again." Then he added, wearily: "What's the use of going over it, Arthur? I've helped you all I can. You've been bleeding the farm to death ever since you went away. I'm finished. I want to plant an orchard. I can't give you any more money." There was quiet finally in his voice.

Arthur said: "I can pay it back

in three weeks. I'll have money to burn by then."

"No," said Gil. "Sell your car if you need it."

Arthur came close, and his face was desperate. "I have got to have it now," he said, "and I can't turn the car back. I've got to keep up a front, my whole business depends on the buyer's faith in my own prosperity."

"I'm sorry," said Gil.

"Gil," cried Arthur, "I've got to have some spending money to tide me over. Because this time it's different. I'm going to marry Coral Barber!"

Gil said slowly: "Are you?"

"Yes," said Arthur. "She asked me to bring her out here to meet my family. She made me tell her all about you."

"You took quite a chance," said Gil.

"Oh, Coral's not the kind of girl who would want a man to go back on his family," said Arthur carelessly, "no matter who they were."

Gil said: "Get out of here, Arthur. Take your girl and get out! Now, to-night. And don't bring her back!" He turned and strode rapidly to the house. Anger burned in his cheeks, he was trembling.

Liz followed him; they came into the kitchen.

Mum was at the sink, and, of all things, Coral was in the kitchen, too, not listening to the wireless in the sitting-room. She had a tea-cloth in her hand.

Gil leaned against the door, anger ebbing slowly.

Coral said: "Shall I put the ham back in the pantry?"

"Wait a minute; I always wrap it in a clean cloth first. It doesn't get so dry," said Mum. "My goodness, I have enjoyed this visit."

Coral said: "Are you coming in, Gil?"

"Mum!" Arthur was calling, "Come out for a little spin before we have to go!"

Mum said: "You aren't going back tonight!"

"Why—I-I'd like—" Coral's smoke-blue eyes turned to Gil. . . . Her mouth was soft.

Please turn to Page 18

HALF-WAY HOUSE

The concluding chapters
of our thrilling
mystery story

Next week,
a brilliant serial,
"ROOM 9"
by M. G.
EBERHART,
complete in two
instalments.



ELLERY QUEEN, piloting his Duesenberg in the van of the fleet of cars, had led them by a circuitous route on the outskirts of Trenton to Lamber-ton Road with a caution that indicated his reluctance to attract the attention of some inquisitive reporter roving the city streets.

There was no conversation as Ellery, with a quick glance about, led his unwilling guests into the shack. But finally they were all inside, disposed along the walls, quiet as awed children, the lamp on the table lit against the dimness of dusk and Ellery holding the centre of the stage.

"Now, if you will excuse me," said Ellery suddenly, striding to the door. "I'll get the props. As long as we're staging a drama, we may as well use the technical terms. Please don't move, anyone."

He went out quickly, shutting the door behind him; and Bill moved over and set his back against it. The side door was shut. But suddenly, in the deep and awkward silence, it made a noise; and their eyes flew about in something like panic. It was open. The tall willowy figure of Ella Amity stood framed in the doorway.

"Hullo," she said slowly, looking around. She wore no hat. Her red hair against the light of outdoors was a flaming and untidy nimbus about her head. "It's little Ella, folks. May I come in?" She calmly moved forward, closed the door, and stood there with roving, gleaming eyes.

The front door opened, and they started again; but it was only Ellery, lugging a large suitcase. He shut the door and turned.

"Ella Amity," he murmured. "Well, well, Ella. Where did you come from?" He seemed in a strange and secret way disturbed.

"A birdie whispered to me to-day," the red-headed woman said lightly. "Told me something was going to pop around here. So here I am. I think you're mean for not letting me know."

"How did you get here?" "Walked. Good for the figure. What's going on here?"

"Keep quiet, and perhaps you'll find out," Ellery went abruptly to the table, slung the suitcase on it. "Bill, I want you to run into town for me on an errand."

Bill growled: "What—"

But Ellery pounced on him and spoke for some time in an urgent sotto voce. Bill nodded. Then, with a glance about that was oddly savage, Bill shoved the door open and disappeared. Ellery, who seemed especially solicitous about the door, closed it again.

Without a word he went back to the table, opened the suitcase, began pulling things out of it. They were realistic stage properties—the actual articles removed by Chief De Jong from the scene of the crime after the initial investigation. As he worked in silence, they heard the sound of a motor outside. The curtains had been drawn at the windows, so they could not see what was going on; but they knew it was Bill Angell leaving for Trenton on his mysterious errand.

"There," said Ellery, depositing the last article in its proper place and returning to the table to stand tall and motionless in the lamp's radiance. "The stage is set. You will observe that Gimball's clothes are now back on the wall-rack; that the wrapped package containing his birthday gift of a desk-set to Bill Angell is again on the mantel above the fireplace; that the clean, empty plate is once more on the table near the lamp. The only thing that's missing is the body of the victim. But that, I feel sure, will be supplied by your own imagination."



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

"Now let me retrace for you," continued Ellery in a brisk tone, his eyes glittering in the lamplight, "the antecedent events of that day, June the first. A recapitulation will help you understand what happened subsequently. I've compiled a time-table which may not be completely accurate, but it gives the relative times involved closely enough to serve our purpose."

"Observe. This is the afternoon, the Saturday, June first. It is raining outside—raining hard. The rain is lashing at the windows. There is no one here. It is still light, the lamp is unlit, the package is not on the mantelpiece. The doors are closed."

Someone drew a tremulous breath. Ellery went on in a swift, merciless voice. "It is five o'clock. Joseph Kent Gimball is in New York, at his office. He has come in from Philadelphia in the old Packard; probably not stopping here on his way in, otherwise he would have left the Packard here and taken his Lincoln to New York. The fact that the Packard was found parked in the side driveway indicates that that was the last car he used."

NOW. He has already sent two telegrams, one to Bill Angell, one to Andrea; both worded identically and asking the addressee to meet him in this place at nine to-night, and giving minute instructions about how to find it. In the afternoon he has supplemented his telegram to Bill by telephoning Bill at his Philadelphia office, again urging him to be present at the rendezvous to-night.

"What does he do at five? He leaves his office, goes down to where he has parked the car near his New York office, and drives off to the Holland Tunnel bound for Trenton. In the car he has the dummy sample-

door and trudges down the path to the boathouse, leaving his footprints in the hardening mud. He hauls out his sailboat and scuds off down the Delaware to quiet his nerves. It is seven-fifteen."

"To this point I have described what probably occurred," Ellery went on, "because the description concerned itself with a man dead and buried. But now we come to the living. Andrea, I shall need your assistance. It is eight o'clock; you have just driven up to the shack and parked the Cadillac roadster you borrowed from Mr. Jones, parked it in the main driveway facing toward Camden. Will you re-enact what you did?"

Andrea rose without a word and went to the door. She was pale now with a cold pallor that made her fresh young face ghastly.

"Shall I . . . go outside?" "No, no. You've just opened the door, let us say. Pretend that it's open."

"The lamp," she whispered, "was off."

Ellery moved. The room went black. From the darkness his voice came, disembodied, sending a chill up their spines. "It was not so dark as this. There was still some light outdoors. Go on, Andrea!"

They heard her moving slowly forward toward the table. "I—I looked

roadster, drives off towards Camden, probably on to Duck Island, for what she has testified was an hour's spin . . . The criminal," said Ellery curtly, "arrives at eight-fifteen."

He paused, and the silence was unbearable.

"The criminal drives up at eight-fifteen from the direction of Camden in the Ford coupe she has stolen from Lucy Wilson's garage in Fairmount Park—no matter when. She is outside now. She steps carefully on to the stone ledge outside the door. She opens it, comes in swiftly, closes it again, whirls about, prepared for . . ."

HE was at the door now, acting out his recital. They followed him, fascinated. "She sees the place is empty, however. She relaxes, pushes back her veil. For a moment she is puzzled—she has expected to find her victim here. Then she realises that he has gone off somewhere, but that he had been here; the Packard is outside, the lamp inside is lit; Gimball must be near by. She will wait. She expects no interference; this is an isolated spot and she believes that no one in the world, except herself and Gimball, are aware of its relationship to Gimball. . . . She prowls, restless. She sees the package on the mantelpiece."

He strode to the fireplace, reached up, tore away the wrappings of the package ruthlessly. The gift-set lay revealed. Ellery took the bundle to the table, bent over it. "Needless to say," he murmured, "she wore protecting gloves." He lifted out the still blood-stained paper-cutter, the little card, stained now by the many fingers that had handled it.

"Observe what chance has thrown into the path of this woman," he said sharply, straightening up. "She finds the card, indicating that the desk-set is a gift from Lucy Wilson and Joseph Wilson. She has stolen Lucy Wilson's car to frame her for the crime; but here, at hand, is something even better—a weapon identifiable with Lucy Wilson!"

Mrs. Gimball made a moaning sound through stiff lips; she was evidently unconscious of what she had done, for she continued to glare

at Ellery with an unwavering glassiness.

Ellery grasped the bloody knife firmly, stole toward the side door. "She hears footsteps, coming from the riverside. It must be her victim. She stands behind this door, knife raised. The door opens, concealing her figure. Joseph Kent Gimball stands there, back from his sail on the river; he scrapes the mud off his shoes on the doormat; he closes the door and walks in, unconscious of the menace at his back. The time is a little past eight-thirty, a matter of seconds or minutes." Ellery suddenly lunged.

"She makes a sound in moving. Gimball, behind the table, whirls. For an instant they see each other; she has turned down her veil again, but he sees her figure, her clothes. Then the knife plunges into his heart and he falls—apparently dead."

Amazingly, Andrea's mother began to sob, still glaring at Ellery. The tears rolled slowly down her faintly lined cheeks. She sobbed almost indignantly.

"What happens?" Ellery whispered. "The knife is in Gimball's heart. Only flight is necessary to complete the crime. Then—"

"I came back," said Andrea in a low voice.

"Good heavens," croaked Finch. "I thought you said, Andrea—"

"Please!" snapped Ellery. "Never mind what you thought. There has been a great deal of misrepresentation going on, through which we've had to stumble to reach the truth. Andrea! Go through it for us."

He ran toward the front door, took up his stand beside it. "The criminal hears the sound of the returning car. Someone is coming. A miscalculation! She hopes the car will pass. Instead, it stops outside the door. She still has time to escape by way of the side door. But she wants to drive that Ford back to Philadelphia. She crouches behind the door . . ."

Andrea was at the door now. She moved like a somnambulist, slowly, across the fawn rug towards the table, eyes fixed on the patch of rug behind it.

Please turn to Page 40

By ELLERY QUEEN

case of his Wilson personality and the wrapped birthday gift he has purchased in Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, yesterday, intended for his brother-in-law. He reaches this shack at seven o'clock, runs up the side-drive. It is still raining. A little later the rain stops. Meanwhile, the rain has washed away all traces of former footprints and tyre-marks, leaving, as it were, virgin ground.

"Gimball is in this room. He wanders about, puts the gift on the mantel, pauses at the window to scan the sky. He sees the sky has cleared. It is still early; he is restless, worried; he needs something to take his mind off the ordeal of confession to come. So he goes out by the side

in. The room was empty. Of course, I could see, although it was getting dark here. I went to the table and switched on the lamp—this way."

The light clicked on; they saw her standing by the table; face averted, hand on the chain under the cheap shade. Then her hand fell. She stepped back, looked around at the fireplace, the clothes-rack, the dingy crumbling walls. She glanced at her wrist. Then she turned and went to the door again.

"That's all I did—then," she said, again in a whisper.

"End of Scene I. Thank you; you may sit down now." She obeyed. "Andrea realises that she is an hour early; she goes out, gets into the

THREE TIMES a Bridesmaid

Julie defied an old superstition
—but not without many
heartburnings.

Complete
Short
Story



THREE times a bridesmaid—never a bride! The words ran through Julie's mind as the motor-coach lumbered along the white roads of England. The beat of the engine seemed to be in rhythm with the beat of the phrase.

"Three times a bridesmaid—never a bride!"

She smiled a little ruefully. It seemed so desperately true. Twice already she had been a bridesmaid to girl friends. On the day after to-morrow she would be a bridesmaid for the third time. Would the old superstition prove correct?

It would come true—she felt sure of it. Girl friend after girl friend had married and settled down, but there was Julie, twenty-four last birthday, and not even a broken romance to dream over. Not one remembered kiss, not one treasured love-letter, not one photograph kept in a silver frame. There was nothing in Julie's life. Nothing, at least, to do with love.

Julie's girl friends blamed her for this old-maid state of affairs. "You shouldn't be so particular. Men think you are snubbing them. Can't you let yourself go more, and be a real sporty girl? Why on earth didn't you encourage Jim Waller a little more? He was crazy about you."

"I was not crazy about him."

"Yes—but—"

"Sorry, but I can't marry a man because he is a man. I must have the right one."

Julie's friends had washed their hands of her. Sometimes Julie wondered if she had been wise in discouraging Jim Waller. Then she remembered that he had married Anne Price within six months of Julie refusing him. So he had not really cared.

THREE times a bridesmaid! Julie stirred restlessly and wished she could get the old tag out of her mind. It was foolish to be superstitious, but—but—she bit her lip. Of course she could have refused Yvonne when she had written and asked her to be her bridesmaid, but that would have meant breaking a promise that dated from school-days.

On and on lumbered the motor-coach towards the West of England. Yvonne lived in a little sleepy hollow of a village, far off the bus route, and miles from a station. She was going to meet Julie at Estham, the nearest market town where the motor-coach would stop to put down passengers. It was some years since the two had met, though they corresponded at Christmas and birthdays. Just lately Yvonne had written to her a good deal, mostly about the wedding and the bridesmaids' frocks, and her darling "Bunny". Bunny, Julie gathered, was the name of the prospective bridegroom, the kind of ridiculous nickname Yvonne would give a man.

"Three times a bridesmaid—never—" the rhythm was changing. No longer the steady ratchet-rack. There was a definite jolt and sway now as the motor-coach gathered

speed going downhill. Faster, faster, faster it went, as though the driver had lost control of his brakes. Which he had! Then, just as a dangerous corner came in sight, the motor-coach mounted the grass bank at the side of the road and overturned.

There was a crash, then a sudden silence that was pierced with shrill screams. Julie lay for a moment, staring upward, then realised that she was not hurt, only badly shaken and shocked. But others in the coach were not so fortunate. Julie scrambled to her feet and climbed out of one of the smashed windows.

The next hour was a nightmare. Never

had she worked so hard in her life. There were twenty passengers in the coach, most of them with slight injuries, but nobody fatally hurt. Julie moved, about among them frantically, comforting a child, shaking a woman out of hysteria, bandaging a wound made by splintered glass, slipping her coat under the head of an unconscious man, hardly realising what she was doing, but knowing that she was fighting against time.

Other cars had stopped at the scene of the accident. Some drivers had stayed to help, while others had gone on for police and ambulances. Julie became aware that a young man was working at her side, try-

ing to stem the torrent of blood that was flowing from a badly-gashed head.

"Put your thumb just here," ordered the young man, in a quiet, decisive voice. "Hold on for dear life—his life."

Julie obeyed him, white as a sheet, yet praying that her hand might not tremble.

"If only I had more bandages!" His voice sounded despairing.

Julie thought hard. "In my suitcase—a blue leather one somewhere inside the coach—there is a nightie and other undies. Would they do? You can tear them up."

She spoke as casually as though they were bits of rag—not her very best undies that had cost more than she dared to think of.

"Thanks!" The young man spoke brusquely. "I'll make use of them if you don't mind. I'm a doctor. Lucky I happened to be passing this way. I saw the accident and knew there would be a good bit of work on hand. You're a nurse, aren't you?"

Julie shook her head. "I wish I were. I feel so helpless and ignorant."

"Just do what I tell you and don't lose your head."

They worked together, tending the poor, hurt bodies. His requests were like commands, cried sharply to her.

"Don't lift his head. It's the wrong thing to do." "Can't you keep that woman quiet? People who are hurt the least always make the most noise." "You must pull that tourniquet tighter if it's to do any good." Mechanically she obeyed him, working like a robot, not dar-

ing to stop and think about anything.

Ambulances drove up with attendants and nurses. In a short time all the casualties were taken away to hospital. Police were on the spot making inquiries. Julie found herself answering questions, giving her home address, racking her brain for information.

Then, all of a sudden, the excitement was over. Everybody moved off, except the young man who was a doctor. Julie's knees felt weak. She wanted to sit down, and made a shaky step or two towards the side of the road.

Instantly his arm was about her shoulders. "You look all in!" He murmured, sympathetically, helping her to the bank.

"I—I want to cry," Julie gulped. "You can cry now." He patted her arm. "That's the best time to

who would never let a woman down. She liked him. Her throbbing heart told her that.

"Feeling better?" His eyes were full of sympathy.

"SORRY to be so silly," Julie faltered. "After all, I was not hurt like those other poor people."

"Sometimes it hurts worse to see others suffer," he said gravely. "Were you travelling alone?"

"Yes," Julie gave a little exclamation. "Goodness, I had forgotten! I am supposed to be in Estham, by six. I'm being met there."

"Estham?" He laughed. "I live just the other side, so you can come along in my car."

"That's awfully kind of you," breathed Julie.

"Here we are!" He picked up the suitcase and put it in his little two-seater car. "Ready?"

"Oh!" Julie gave a shocked exclamation as she saw herself in the driving mirror.

"I look terrible!" she wailed. "I can't go into Estham looking like this. My—my friends would wonder what had happened."

He laughed. "There's a pleasant little country hotel just around the corner, about half a mile from here. You can have a wash and tidy up there. And I don't think a cup of tea would come amiss, do you? I'm not due back for surgery until six, so we can take our time."

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Illustrated
by
Wynne W.
DAVIES

Instantly his arm was about
her shoulders. "You look all in," he murmured.

By DORIS AMY IBBOTSON



Illustrated by WEP

His arm encircled her shoulders. The punt drifted.

TO-DAY is DIFFERENT

Complete Short Story

BY

GRACE
ELLIOTT
TAYLOR

A delightful story of an emotional coward who found romance and adventure.



PHEW! Why do I always take my holiday in an August depression, and come back to swelter in a September heat wave?" groaned Patricia Mayhew. She slammed her desk shut, and clapped her round straw hat on top of her brown curls at a ludicrous angle. "Come on, Angie and Jean," she cried, "let's jump in the fountain in Trafalgar Square, and get chased out by policemen. I feel desperate with heat and boredom!" "You know, if you didn't get so excited," said Jean, as if the point were an interesting one, "I don't believe you'd get so hot."

"I've got to take these letters in to the old man for signature. You be thinking out a more amusing programme," suggested Angela Martin languidly.

It was five-thirty. The big windows of the Pole Star Insurance Company were open wide. But there was no breeze to relieve the sultry oppression of the still air. Above London, the sky was a hard, brilliant blue, and the rays of the sun

seemed no less fierce for being slanting.

Anyway, it couldn't last much longer, thought Jean Carr. She had had her holiday in July. It had rained every day. But she did not expect too much of variable things like men, women, luck, and the weather, as Pat did. She was therefore philosophically prepared for their unpleasant surprises.

Jean was as small, neat and orderly as Patricia was strapping, temperamental and casual. Jean looked well-groomed in freshly-ironed green linen. Pat achieved a dashing impression of smartness with a creased navy dress, and a bright scarf, which, when you were close enough turned out to be slightly grubby. Yet, among the fifteen secretaries of the company, these two were the closest friends.

Angela returned. "I met George. He asked me to go on the river with him and John, and bring a friend."

"What a thrill!" groaned Pat. "But it's better than going home. I'll come. Jean, be a devil and tell Jimmy Brent you'd like to do something with him this evening, after all."

Jean shook her head. "No, thanks. Mother is expecting me home."

"But it would break the awful monotony."

"What monotony?"

"Jean, you're hopeless! If you were opened up for an appendix I believe they'd find clockwork and cog-wheels inside you, instead of flesh and blood."

"If I thought that, I'd be opened up in the interests of medical science immediately."

"FOOL! What I mean is, darling, that ever since July you've been sitting in this dump, watching other people escape on holidays. Perhaps your fortnight wasn't such a complete flop as mine, but there must be some hardship in getting back to work. Why, you're twice as regular in your treadmill as Angie or I."

"You eat the same things for breakfast, catch the same train every morning, type the same letters for the old man. Every day you lunch with me, or Angie or both of us at the Peartree. You choose two ginger nuts with your tea at four o'clock. Nearly every evening you refuse to go out to supper with Jimmy Brent. You travel home to mother on the same bus. There, you go to a cinema, or mend stockings, read, or listen to the wireless."

"At week-ends you play tennis at

the club with all the usual people; swim in the pool; dance to that awful gramophone. You sit in the family pew on Sunday. My dear, you're an automaton. You're only half alive. I'll bet you anything you like you haven't let anybody kiss you since last Christmas, and won't till December 25 comes round again. If that's living, I'll eat my hat."

Jean smiled and shook her head. She put on her hat at the correctly smart but unexaggerated angle, and drew on her clean gloves.

"You may be right, Pat, but I look at it differently. Personally I think doing all those things is living. But don't worry! I'm quite happy. Perhaps I like monotony. Enjoy the river."

"That," said Pat looking after her friend affectionately, "is what is so darned extraordinary. She is happy. A lot happier than we are, Angie."

"Self-sufficient," shrugged Angela.

"But all the same, she's young. Surely it's unnatural to be as sensible as she is, at twenty-four, to turn chances of romance down, and think so much before she acts that she ends by doing nothing. If I could upset that complacent contentment I believe I'd be doing her a good turn."

Angie laughed. "You didn't do badly just now. If anything could

upset Jean that outburst ought to have done it. Come on, dynamite."

Angela was right.

As she swung homewards on the top of her bus, Jean remembered Pat's words. Suppose Pat was right? Could it be fear of change, not superior wisdom, which made her content? Of course, Pat had exaggerated. She went out with several men—at safely regulated intervals, her conscience added.

She stayed with her married sister and friends for week-ends; but "Don't trouble to dig out young men to entertain me," she always begged. She led a varied life, compared with some girls.

But in theory Pat was right. Was it because she saw things so clearly that she avoided the awkward situations, unfortunate adventures, quarrels and disasters which beset other girls? Or was it because she preferred a life of shelved emotion, pleasant unadventurous safety?

Unadventurous? No, that was unfair. Jean remembered rock-climbing in Wales this summer, with her brothers.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

May 21, 1938.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Page One

THEY LIKE COLOR....



• LEFT Gay colors for a formal frock chosen by Betty Furness. Orange crepe bodice with cow neckline and full skirt in natural-colored fruit print.



• ABOVE A colorful cretonne garden coat worn by Florence Rice tops a skirt of blue linen and blouse of yellow linen crash. Peasant capote hat tied under chin.



• THIS ATTRACTIVE outfit is worn by Jean Chatburn. It is of green and white suede with matching green suede "beanie," bag and gloves and white suede shoes. Jean, Betty Furness, and Florence Rice are all M-G-M. featured players.



• LUXURIOUS AND PRACTICAL is this non-crushable pressed velvet house coat worn by Virginia Field, 20th Century-Fox player.

All the pictures on this page were photographed in natural color and reproduced by our special color-gravure process.

New Spring Hats



● ABOVE: A saucy little model in black panama, with up-turned brim and crown of medium height. Practically the whole of the crown is covered with a large flower-like posy of feathers.



These beautiful photographs of the forthcoming spring hat mode were air-mailed from London by Mary St. Claire, our London fashion editor.

● ABOVE: Black toque of fancy straw with filet veil, which continues from the bow at the back to tie under the chin. The hat is trimmed with cornflowers.



● ABOVE: Brown panama hat of the coachman type. It is trimmed with narrow corded ribbon tying at the back and finished with a small bunch of flowers.



● AT RIGHT: There's an old-world air about this charming brown hat. The brim is encircled with hyacinth petals in many shades.



DOUBLE DUTY CLOTHES

THE problem of achieving sufficient change in dressing, both for day and evening, without having to acquire an extensive and perhaps expensive wardrobe, is one which calls for considerable thought.

Sketched here by our artist, Petrov, are some suggestions in sweater-length blouses and skirts, plus a jacket or two, almost any one of which is readily interchangeable with another.

You can put this to the test by cutting both drawings on the lines across the hips. Lay the top half of one sketch over the top half of the other and note the change effected.

Similarly, the parts may be moved sideways so that, say, the pleated skirt in the dress below may be combined with the cocktail jacket sketched at the top.



● ABOVE: Four-gored skirt, only slightly flaring, worn with a sweater, one side strongly contrasting with the other. Initial buttons ● Double-breasted jacket, with faced lapels and spotted scarf. Matching wrap-over skirt ● Tri-color, zip-fastened blouse with flaring, pleated skirt.

● AT TOP RIGHT: A crepe blouse with draped bodice and integral sleeves. The drapery held by a line of laurel leaves. Matching skirt ● Dinner ensemble, embroidered jacket worn with long skirt slit at side ● Lane blouse, swathed belt and velvet skirt.



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NADCO
30 MODERN
SHADES
FAST HOME DYES



An Editorial

MAY 21, 1938

YOUR PART IN WORLD AFFAIRS



THE international situation seems so complex that many Australian women feel it is as useless to concern themselves with it as with the orbits of the planets.

In effect they say, "Let's stay out of it."

Unfortunately we can't stay out of it. We're in it.

Isolation is impossible in this close-knit modern world.

Not so much because we are only a few days' flight away; mere nearness doesn't necessarily imply that our affairs must be involved with those of other nations.

The breaker-down of isolation is not the flying machine but the economic machine. Nothing can happen in one country to-day that doesn't affect the peoples of other countries.

And where a country's economic interests are affected political action follows. The need for raw materials, for breathing space, for markets, may provoke agitation, boycott, intrigue, even war.

Australia is closely linked to Europe, because of her status as a dominion of the Empire. England needs us and we need her. Her problems are our problems.

The Australian Government has powers of decision. Almost 100 per cent. of its decisions are exact imitations of those made at Westminster and are correct.

Still, it is not inconceivable that English politicians may make mistakes which pressure from strong, free-thinking Dominion Parliaments may straighten out.

So you see, we, as voters, can play a part in the Empire's affairs.

Apart from political action, the way each of us thinks about things has an inevitable effect. Individual opinions make up the opinion of a community. The opinion of communities makes up the mass will of the people of the world.

So every woman should feel it her duty to study world affairs if she is to play her part in the defence of civilisation.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Who's Old-Fashioned

TRULY a prophet is without honor in his own country, and a man has no glamor to his family.

England's perfect man, tall, blond, and perfectly built, E. T. Moreland may be the flapper's ideal, but his sisters have attacked him in the Press because of his criticism of modern girls.

Moreland was rash enough to say that he liked old-fashioned girls and that the natural girl was the one who did not make up, drink, or go to night clubs.

His sisters retorted that he was a "big sap," and that the sort of girl he talked about had ceased to exist years ago.

Familial criticism is usually honest, so perhaps Mr. Moreland may investigate the charms of the modern girl and make the happy discovery that, after all, she is not always as unattractive as she is painted.

Art and Etiquette

THE wealthy and social crowd at the Royal Academy private view was scandalised by the appearance among the fur coats and morning dress of girls without stockings and young men in yellow jumpers.

But surely it's a healthy sign if artists go to look at art. It may improve the standard of criticism. It is almost sure to improve the standard of art.

And, anyway, if yellow shirts aren't more artistic than stove-pipe hats, Leonardo da Vinci was a plumber.

Strictly in Club

LOTS of men seem to consider it an outrage that women are now to be admitted to the Australian Club, Sydney, one of the most exclusive in Australia.

The wonder is not that they should be admitted, but that they should want to enter.

Of all human institutions, a masculine club is the dullest. It serves, admittedly, as a permanent address, and as a sort of social passport.

But as a place to eat, drink, smoke, play cards or generally pass the time, if women couldn't better it at a quarter the cost, they deserve to be the suppressed sex forever.

Home Away From Home

"SORRY, mother, it's too noisy at home. I am going to the club." This may be young Australia's rejoinder to puzzled parents if homework reforms in England are taken up here.

When a celebrated woman authority on education said that "at home was the worst place in the world for most children to do homework," she started the idea.

Homework clubs were formed in children's libraries and public libraries in various English cities and towns.

There, in peace and quietness, with no blaring radio and no outside distractions, children can do their homework.

All they want now is a community Mum and Dad to help with the sums.

LYRIC OF LIFE

CITY

Turn your eyes away from the traffic lines,
And halt your speeding feet,
For the shops are filled with chrysanthemums—
Glass gardens in the street.

—P. D.-B.

Migrants—Right and Wrong

SIR HENRY GULLETT raised a very important point when he asked in the Federal Parliament if the Minister for the Interior was aware that Southern European migrants were subjected to no sort of physical or moral investigation.

Such an investigation would be in the interests of the countries from which the migrants come, as well as in Australia's interests.

When the wrong type migrate, a nationality becomes a byword among the citizens of the new land.

And from our point of view, we don't want to be in the position America is, with hordes of foreign-born criminals polluting the population.

The right type of migrant will welcome examination. The other type should be forced to submit to it.



LAWRENCE TIBBETT and his wife in their garden. One of the famous singer's most popular numbers on his Australian tour is "De Glory Road."

See column 4.

Winning Post Graduates

PERTH University students held a swotting marathon, seeing how long they could study.

The winner lasted 20½ hours.

The Australian champion at this new sport would not be drawn from any Varsity, but from the ranks of the punters.

Every week they start studying form as the last race ends on Wednesday and finish as the first race starts on Saturday. And then they start again when the last race ends and finish when the first race starts on Tuesday. And then they start again . . .

Anyway, it goes on and on.
Of course, they don't learn anything.
But what record swotters ever do?

Women and Children First

TEN thousand children have been killed in air raids in Government territory in Spain, according to Professor J. B. S. Haldane.

Doubtless many of their mothers were also casualties.

It looks as if the safest place in the next war will be the front-line trenches.

"De Glory Road" is Classic of Negro Spirituals

Negro spirituals have always been popular.

Years ago, it was "Old Folks At Home," "Old Virginny;" to-day it is songs like "De Glory Road."

THE latter is the modern classic of negro spirituals. It looks like being a permanent encore number in the Tibbett programme during his Australian season. His audiences insist on hearing it.

The song writer, Wolfe, has caught the negro vision of heaven in "De Glory Road," the words of which are given below:

O de Glory Road! O de Glory Road!
I'm gwine ter drap mah load upon de Glory Road!

I lay on mah bed until one erlock,
An' de Lawd come callin' all His faithful flock.

An' He call "Whooee!" an' He call "Whooee!"
An' I knowed dat de Sablor wuz ercallin' me.

An' He call "Whooee!" an' He call "Whooee!"
An' I cry "Massa Jesus, is You callin' me?"

An' he call "Whooee!" an' He call "Whooee!"
An' I ris up f'm mah pallet an' I cry "Hyabs me!"

De Lawd sez "Dawkey, ain' I call yer thrice
Ter ride erlong behin' Me up ter Paradise,
On de Glory Road! Glory Road!"

An' I clime up ter de saddle an' I fined de load!
De hawse he wuz longer dan a thousan' mile;

His tail went tashin' an' his hoofs wuz will;
His mane wuz flamin' an' his eyes wuz moons,

An' his mouth kep' singin' Halleluyah tunes!
De Lawd sez, "Dawkey, whyn' cher look erroun'?"

An' dar we wuz flyin' over risin' groun'
Powerful hills, an' moutains, too,

An' de earth an' de people wuz drapt f'm view.
An' I hyahd all roun' me how de sperits sang.

An' de Lawd sang louder dan de whole shebang!
De Lawd sez, "Dawkey, whyn' cher look ergin'?"

An' dar wuz de Debbil, on de back of Sin,
Abangin' on de critter wid his whip an' goad.

An' boun' he gwintet kotch us on de Glory Road!
O Lawdy it's de Debbil comin' straight f'm Hell!

I kin tell him by his roarin', an' de brimstone smell!
But de Lawd sez, "Dawkey, he ain' kotch us yet!"

An' He lashed an' He hustled an' He loosed de bit.
Den de Debbil crep' closer an' I hyahd him yell.

"I'm gwine ter kotch a dawkey, fur ter roas' in Hell!"
An' I cried "Lawd sabs me!" An' de Lawd cry, "Shol!"

An' hyah it wuz Hebben an' we shet de do!
O Glory, Glory, how de rafters rung!

An' Moses 'n' Aaron, an' Methusalem,
Dey shout an' dey holier an' dey beat de drum.

King Solomon kissed me an' his thousan' wives,
Jes' like dey'd knowed me, during all dey lives!

An' de Lawd sez, "Dawkey, take a gran'tan' seat.
But I speks youse honery; have a bit ter eat?"

An' de riven fed me, an' Elijah prayed,
An' de Sated Ones gathered, while de organ played.

An' dey cry, "O sannah, come an' lose yuh load,
On de Glory Road, on de Glory Road!"

O come, ma breddren, won't yuh drap yuh load,
An' ride ter Hebben up de Glory Road, Glory Road!"

"De Glory Road," published by Schirmer & Co., New York.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



L. W. LOWER Becomes A JOURNALIST



L. W. Lower at work in his office.

"It's Easier Than Falling Off Logs," he says

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

Lately I have had a number of inquiries on the subject of "How to Become a Journalist."

Journalists are born. Why, nobody knows. The ambitious few become journalists by study. It is to these people who, tired of life, wish to become journalists, these few remarks are addressed.

FOR a start, if you'll just take an eyeful of that last sentence you can see that it's cock-eyed. You will find all sorts of examples like that as we get along with the course.

To be a working journalist one needs tact, aplomb, a wide general knowledge, an inventive mind, a faculty for

quick action, a nose for news, an ear for scandal, and a mouth for drinking purposes. Also a pencil and some paper. The three last items are absolutely essential.

Supposing you are walking along the street and a car full of passengers gets out of control, turns over three times and finishes up in a shop window. The first thing to do is to walk over to the first passenger who becomes conscious

and say, "I represent the 'Daily Terror.' Would you kindly tell me your name, age, height, weight and favorite author? Are you on a holiday or merely out for pleasure?"

Other things will suggest themselves to you as you go along.

Then get into a tram, make straight for your newspaper office and fill in an expense account for your taxi fare.

In writing the story of the accident be brief, yet leave out nothing.

For example:
"Turning over four times (there's seldom any argument among the passengers about the number of times) a speeding car deposited its passengers in mangled heaps in So-and-so Street on (leave out the date, for you're bound to be wrong. Anyway, the printer will fix that). While the gruesome remains were being dragged, screaming madly, from the wreckage, which was not insured, our representative gave valuable advice from the other side of the street."

The rest is easy. Just follow on with the names, number of stitches, write "address unknown" next to the lot of them and then point out the danger of verandah posts and demand that all shops be equipped with cantilever awnings.

That's what is called ordinary, straight reporting.

On the other hand we have descriptive writing. This is what is used to fill up the space where the advertising should have been.

"As the first pale pearly tints of dawn shimmered on the breeze-ruffled harbor and the wheeling gulls gracefully skimmed the jade-green, foam-flecked waters, a.s. Whatsthis, 12,000 tons, steamed majestically into port with a cargo of wire mattresses from the languorous shores of the romantic Bahamas. A feeling of yearning for the soft lap-lap of the wavelets on some sunny strand . . ."

You just go on like that till you think you've got enough.

Real Life-Savers

LEADING articles on the Editorial Page may look difficult to the novice, but there is really nothing in them. If you have ever read a leading article, you'll see, you will notice that it goes something like this:

"Once again the nation is confronted with an issue vital in its essence, impinging as it does on the very fibre of our being. The man in the street is only vaguely perturbed by the annual report of the Main Roads Board . . ."

A slab cut out of Moore's Almanac will fill up the middle part and you can finish up with something about "such things will not be tolerated by the enlightened citizens of this democratic country whose heritage is Freedom."

That knocks 'em cold.

Then, of course, there is the old standby, the Oldest Inhabitant. When things look blue and there hasn't been a murder for days and the insidious effects of the secret drug traffic have been done to a frazzle, then the true journalist turns to the Oldest Inhabitant as a weary child to its mother.

An Oldest Inhabitant will say ANYTHING. He remembers when he used to drive the mail coach and get held up three times a day between meals by bushrangers—a fine body of men, bounded by the police—and how the horses tied up to a rail where the General Post Office now stands kicked the slabs out of the Governor's Vice-Regal buggy when they saw the first steam train in Main Street, or Mulga Track, as it was known in those days.

The only difficulty about inter-

viewing Oldest Inhabitants is getting away from them.

Speaking from some years of experience, I place these newspaper life-savers in the following order:

ACTRESSES: "I never expected such an overwhelming welcome from my dear, dear public. How wonderful it is to know that one is cherished in the hearts of all, from the lowest to the highest. Not that there are any lowest or highest in this wonderful land of yours. Tell everybody I am so happy—happy to be with you all again."

POLITICIANS: "What I'm telling you, boy, is for your ears alone. Or if you publish it, don't mention my

name. But if you do mention my name, remember the initials are F.P., not X.B. I've got a good picture of myself here you can use in your paper. Don't praise me up too much. It makes my colleagues in the House jealous."

"Supposing we call you 'The Genial Genius of Australia?'"

"That's it! That just about describes me. Have a cigar?"

Journalism is much easier than falling off logs.

Send for my illustrated pamphlet, "How to Become a Journalist and Own Thousands of Pounds."

Do it now! Don't hesitate or you may think better of it.

What is her Secret of PERPETUAL YOUTH

THE years rest on her shoulders but lightly, for though she grows older she refuses to age.

How has she retained that beautiful skin, youthful figure and the firm step of youth? She keeps in tune by the simplest of methods. Each night she takes Bile Beans to tone up the system, cleanse the blood and daily eliminate all food residue.

You, likewise, can preserve your youthful appearance, and enjoy excellent health with the aid of



"I feel full of life and more like a woman ten to fifteen years my junior since I have been taking Bile Beans. They are splendid for the digestion, for regulating the system and toning up the general health."
—Mrs. A. Carter.

"I'm as healthy and energetic as a woman years younger since taking Bile Beans. I used to tire easily, but now I'm sane through my house-work, and if I feel like a good walk, off I go."
—Mrs. E. Knott.

A Nightly Dose of BILE BEANS

Ovaltine' protects your Health

AT this time of the year, you must expect sudden changes of weather and temperature. It is important, therefore, to maintain your strength and vitality as a safeguard against coughs, chills and other bronchial ailments.

For this purpose make "Ovaltine" your regular daily beverage and you will ensure that your natural powers of resistance are maintained at the highest possible level.

"Ovaltine" provides the assurance of health for every member of the family. Let "Ovaltine" help you maintain radiant health right through Autumn and Winter.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-
At all Chemists and Stores.



Ovaltine' Builds up your Resistance against Winter Ills

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY

Q10.18.38.

VICTORIA for WINTER SPORTS



At Mt. Buffalo National Park, Mt. Hotham, Mt. Feathertop, Mt. St. Bernard and Mt. Buller,

Spent your winter vacation at one of these mountain resorts. During the forthcoming snow season, Leopold Fiedler, an expert Austrian instructor in the Arlberg skiing technique, will be located at Mt. Buffalo National Park. Anton Walch, another qualified demonstrator of the Arlberg system, will be at Mt. Hotham.

Consult the VICTORIAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAUX at MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, BRISBANE, MILDURA.



To STOP a Headache

Just take two tablets of Bayer's Aspirin. There's no speedier way—and no safer way. And if you saw Bayer's Aspirin made, you would know why it is of such uniform, dependable action. No disagreeable taste or odour. No harmful percentage of free salicylic acid to upset the stomach. Nothing to depress the heart.

You could take these tablets every day in the year without ill effects. Nothing else will give you the same quick, complete relief.

So keep Bayer's Aspirin handy, and you will keep your engagements—free from headaches, prostrating pains, or other sudden discomfort. Tuck a tin of twelve tablets in your purse.

Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In boxes of 12—9d., also in bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/-.

Bayer means Better.  Bayer.

THREE TIMES a BRIDESMAID

Continued from Page 7

SPRING and summer are the popular and poetical seasons for young love, but there is something about autumn that is fuller and richer and more satisfying. Julie felt it that afternoon as she sat near to the blazing flowers and talked to the young man as though she had known him all her life.

She drew herself up because romance was dangerous. "Oh! well, we are sure to meet again," she said lightly. "We have to give evidence at the inquiry, I believe."

He slipped a card into her hand. "That's my address. If you lose it, Dr. Noel Stretton, Eatham, will always find me."

Julie jumped to her feet, startled. "Goodness! I had forgotten. I have to be in Eatham by six o'clock. Can we do it?"

"Hope so." He laughed. "That's my surgery hour. Come along, girl."

All too soon he was slowing down in Eatham Market Square. "Will this do? I don't take you any further. It's five to six and I must be in my surgery to time."

Julie scrambled out and retrieved her suitcase.

"This will do nicely, thank you. I am being met about ten past six." She thrust out her hand. "Good-bye!"

"Au revoir!" His hand lingered on hers. "By the way, where can I find you?"

"White Cottage, Heatherley," she said quickly. He gave a little gasp, and would have detained her further, but she slipped away lest she should be late.

"He doesn't know my real address," thought Julie, as she watched his car disappear. "Still, we shall meet again." Her face lit up.

Ten minutes later an excited bride-to-be hailed her from a rather old car. "Ju—lie!"

"Yvonne, darling!" Julie hurried across the road.

All the way to Heatherley the bride chatted of her own affairs and the Great Day. In the midst of all this happiness and excitement Julie could not bear to tell her of the motor smash. It would be a jarring incident.

White Cottage was gay with flowers and bridesmaids and presents and excitement. Yvonne displayed a string of pearls, bearing a card which read, "To Dimpey from Bunny, with Love."

"Present from bridegroom to bride," chanted Yvonne, her soft color coming and going. "Aren't they lamb?"

"Dimpey?" Julie looked wonderingly at the card.

"That's what he calls me, because—because he says I have the largest dimples he has ever seen." She blushed and tried not to look self-conscious.

STILL chattering, Yvonne led to where the bridal gown hung like a white mist of ninn and old lace. Julie gasped. "It's wonderful!"

"Paris model and Grandma's heirloom lace," said Yvonne, trying to look casual. "The train is about a mile long, and I've got six grown-up bridesmaids and eight children in the procession so it will take us hours to get up the aisle."

"Fourteen attendants?" Julie gasped.

"Well, it's the only wedding I'll ever have." Yvonne shrugged her shoulders. "So it's going to be a posh affair! Do you blame me?"

"Of course not," laughed Julie.

"We shall have to have a rehearsal," said Yvonne thoughtfully. "Some of the children are only toddlers and they may get frightened on the day itself, so I have fixed the rehearsal for half-past twelve to-morrow morning. That means that Bunny can pop over from Eatham in time for it."

Yvonne ran out of the room in response to a call from below to return almost immediately with Julie's frock.

It was a lovely thing, and it suited Julie's fair beauty. Yvonne stepped back, frowned and shook her head.

"What's the matter?" asked Julie, anxiously. "Do I look awful?"

"You look so adorable that nobody will have any eyes for the bride. Except Bunny." The dimples

appeared. "Bunny has never noticed another girl but me."

Weddings, like true love, do not always go smoothly. Bunny's best man had failed him at the last moment, and he was asking somebody else. The chief bridesmaid thought her bonnet was ugly, and wanted to have the whole lot remodelled. The youngest attendant had a cold.

Only Julie was blissfully happy. Noel was by her side in everything she did. She almost found herself talking to him, so close did he seem to her.

Noon, and bridal attendants arriving for the rehearsal. It was to be a walking wedding, as the church was just across the way. But everything must be timed and rehearsed so that there would not be a hitch on the morrow.

Twelve-thirty, and they were ready to start. Suddenly Yvonne shivered and grew serious.

"I can't go through with it," she faltered. "Feel kind of—superstitious. Feel I don't want to meet Bunny at the church until to-morrow. I can't do it."

"Nonsense!" Her mother spoke sharply, but Yvonne had made up her mind. No amount of arguing or cajoling would alter it for her.

"I won't do it." Her mouth was stubborn. "Let the procession go without me."

"But what about Bunny? You can't let him down like this."

"**H**E must have another bride—just for to-day." She sighed wearily. Her eyes ran round the ring of girls, then dwelt on Julie's face. "You can take my place for to-day, Julie. But only for to-day, mind."

Julie gasped. "I? But I couldn't, Yvonne."

"Why not? All you have to do is to see that the bridesmaids are in their proper order."

Julie needed persuading, but at last she consented. As she crossed the green to the church door she thought of herself: "Three times a bridesmaid—once a mock bride!" And shivered a little, in spite of herself.

There was a great arranging of attendants in the porch where the Vicar awaited them. But at last everything was settled and Julie started the long, slow walk up the aisle after the Vicar.

"So this is what it feels like to be a bride!" mused Julie. "I rather like it. If only—if only this were my real wedding, and I were going up the aisle to meet—Noel."

She looked up at that moment, for the Vicar had paused. Standing waiting for her was a young man with tumbled brown hair and blue-brown eyes and a crooked smile. But the smile faded, and the eyes grew wide with dismay as he saw Julie. For the bridegroom that awaited the bride of to-morrow was Noel Stretton.

White and speechless, Julie stared at him, his own dismay reflected in her eyes. She hardly heard the Vicar's murmured directions, for her thoughts were busy. What an idiot she had been! She might have known. That little gasp he gave when she told him his address. The fact that he lived at Eatham. Yvonne's chatter about "Bunny," a name which might stand easily for Noel Stretton.

So they both stood and looked at each other, feeling guilty of disloyalty. Less than twenty-four hours before they had gazed at each other with tell-tale expressions in their eyes. Love at first sight, if such a thing were possible, had come to Julie and Noel in that creper-covered hotel down by the river. And they remembered it now, and were bitterly ashamed. Ashamed of themselves, accusing each other.

Julie and Noel obeyed the Vicar mechanically, as he directed the rehearsal, leaving the vestry arm in arm, their lips white, their hands trembling.

And then, with the irony of Fate, the organist ceased his improvisation and started the glorious, triumphant Wedding March.

Down the aisle they went slowly, followed by their attendants, keeping pace to the time of that familiar tune.

Please turn to Page 16

SO THIN... HE WAS ASHAMED TO GO SWIMMING!...

BUT HE GAINED 2st. 2lb. QUICKLY ON "VIKELP'S" 12 MINERALS + 6 VITAMINS + FOOD IODINE—NOW FEELS GREAT!

Read His Actual Letter

"Gentlemen: I had been skinny since childhood. Last September was my nineteenth birthday, so you see how long I have been skinny. Almost every Sunday kids in the neighbourhood would go swimming. I did not go with them. I suppose they knew why. I was ashamed of my skinny body. I was nervous, too. Even when I went to parties in the summer I was ashamed to have my dress pulled up like other fellows did. A few months ago I stepped on a pair of scales. I weighed about 8 st. 8 lb., and was a young man going on twenty. I thought of the future—would I always be skinny? I had seen 'Vikelp' Tablets advertised in the papers and magazines so I bought a tin. I was really amazed how much I gained and how much better I felt. I bought 4 more tins. Over two months have passed. I have gained more than 2 st. 2 lb. You don't know how much better I feel and look and how thankful I am for what 'Vikelp' Tablets have done for me, so I am going to thank 'Vikelp' Tablets for what their sea minerals have done for me. Yours very truly, Lester P. Cadens." (Testimonial No. 41113.)

Our Files Contain Thousands of Testimonials from Men and Women who Report how "Vikelp's" this Amazing Concentrate from the Pacific Ocean—Richest Known Source of the 12 Essential Minerals, all the 6 Vitamins and Food Iodine—Has added Flattering Extra Pounds, New Strength and Energy.

Make This Simple No-Cost Test

If you are skinny, weak, rundown, nervous and tire easily, first put on a bathing suit, see how you look and then weigh yourself. Even if you have taken other things and even if the best foods have failed to build up your weight, strength and energy, start taking "Vikelp" Tablets today. If after 10 days you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, have stronger nerves and fill in the sunny hollows of your body with 2-3 lbs. of firm, satisfying flesh, your money will be refunded. Your own doctor will approve this way. "Vikelp" costs but little. Obtainable everywhere.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER! Cut out this paragraph at once. Send it to me with your name and address and we will send you absolutely free a fascinating new 50 page book on How to Add Weight Quickly, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Keep Red Blood, Mineral Content of Food and Their Effects on the Human Body. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menu for weight maintenance. Absolutely free. No obligation. Vikelp Dept., W.M.B./3, G.P.O., Box 1078 SS, Sydney.

VIKELP HEALTH AND BODY BUILDING Tablets

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendace, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the germ cause of Asthma, also retreating the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendace is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days in money back on return of empty package. Get Mendace from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2383

ATKINSONS of London
24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

BRILLIANTINES for particular people

1/6 LIQUID OR SOLID

... Californian Poppy — English Lavender and White Rose — or the NEW *Atkinson's Unscented*

King Zog and His Lovely Bride...



KING ZOG OF ALBANIA and his lovely bride, formerly Countess Geraldine Apponyi, a member of a poor but aristocratic Hungarian family. This lovely Hungarian girl worked for £4 a week as a librarian before King Zog selected her to grace a throne. He gave her a palace as a wedding present.



KING ZOG'S three beautiful sisters, Princesses Myzejen, Ruhije, and Maxhide, were bridesmaids at their Royal brother's wedding. When they visited Europe recently their good looks caused a sensation. Their influence prepared the Albanian people for their brother's marriage to a non-Moslem.

—AIR MAIL PHOTOS

BREAKFAST D-LIGHT

Puts glowing health within reach of all..

Full of Pep!

Fit as a Fiddle!

There's no greater blessing in the whole world than health! It's a happy family whose mother knows the value of

"Breakfast D-Light"

—one of the simplest and best foods in the world; because it not only brings you real nourishment, but also the Sunshine Vitamins which are as important to health as daily sunshine.

Remember! "Breakfast D-Light" cooks in five minutes.

Beware of Imitations recommended as "Just as good"

Doctors everywhere for 25 years have recommended "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT"—its food value is unequalled.

MOTHERS!

TRY THIS NEW SCORING RECIPE!

1 lb. "Breakfast D-Light"
1 cup "Breakfast D-Light"
1 cup "Breakfast D-Light"

Put the flour and salt, rub in the butter, add the "Breakfast D-Light", mixing to a stiff dough. Roll out on a floured board and knead slightly. Roll out and cut into squares or oblongs with a sharp "Breakfast D-Light". Place on the prepared tin and bake in a quick oven, 12 to 15 minutes, according to the size of the squares. Turn on to a wire cooler—use either hot or cold buttered.

The above reference to free gifts does not apply to States where free gifts are not permitted by law.

New! Exciting!
FREE GIFTS

For Youngsters!

now placed in every

Breakfast D-Light

Packet

MOTHERS! COLLECT COUPON TOPS and exchange them for Towels, Glass Cloths, etc.

Full details on each packet.

W. C. DOUGLASS PTY. LTD.

Foveaux Street, Sydney

Have issued a new coloured illustrated list of lovely gifts—write for a copy to-day and enclose a 2d. stamp.

Collect Coupons also from—

"Tountain" Self-Raising Flour
"Tountain" Tomato Sauce
Bakel Mixed Fruit, etc.

Kill Kidney Germs Restore Your Health

There is nothing that can make you feel older and more rundown than kidney and bladder trouble caused by germs developed in your body during colds or from bad teeth or tonsils or during other infections or bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicine can't help you much because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble and get rid of the health-destroying germs.

Germs in the Kidneys and Urinary System may cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and vitality-destroying symptoms: Lifting up Nights, Uric Acid, Nervousness, Low Pulse, Headaches, frequent Headaches, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Discharge under the Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching passages.

Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers, most chemists now have the new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex fights and removes the underlying cause of your trouble in three ways: 1. It kills and removes germs from the Kidneys and Urinary System. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. It acts as a mild, gentle tonic to the Kidneys and helps them remove Uric Acid and other poisonous wastes from the blood.



Stop Getting Up Nights. Sleep Soundly... Feel Years Younger

B. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from back-ache, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly rundown condition. My appetite was gone, I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of Cystex and although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 34-day treatment, my health and vigour were completely restored. I can eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in getting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist, under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy you in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that the complete twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Urinary System

THREE TIMES a BRIDESMAID

Continued from Page 14

At the church door she controlled her trembling lips and tried to speak casually.

"We are supposed to walk back to the house over the green."

"Sorry," He spoke abruptly. "I am far too busy to go on with this—this stupid farce."

"Oh!" She gave a little gasp. "It doesn't seem silly to you. Women like pageantry. Personally I should prefer a register-office marriage. But one has to remember the bride." His laugh was cynical. "I have done my duty this morning because I promised."

"You needn't stay any longer," Her voice was icy. "I can pick my way across the green without the help of your arm." She drew away from him.

"The least I can do is to apologise, I suppose," he said stiffly.

"For—yesterday?"

He nodded.

She braced herself up.

"As far as I am concerned yesterday never happened. And now—good-bye." Her tone was final.

"I shall see you to-morrow," A note of anxiety crept into his voice.

"To-morrow will be the bride's day," She held her head erect.

"Of course. Nobody matters to-morrow—except the bride."

Suddenly Julie broke away from him and ran across the green, caring little what had happened to her bridal attendants. Once inside White Cottage gates she paused for a moment and listened to a small car being driven furiously away in the direction of Batham. So he too was running away. The bridegroom of to-morrow with the blazing eyes and the white lips.

Yvonne met her in the hall, eager for news.

"How did it go off, Julie?" "Splendidly, darling," Julie's voice was low and expressionless.

Yvonne cried out in consternation. "Julie! You look so queer. Aren't you feeling well?"

"Splitting head!" It was a black-and-white lie, for already her temples were beginning to throb. "Yvonne, darling, do you mind if I go up to my room and stay quiet for the rest of to-day? I think I'll tumble into bed and sleep till to-morrow morning."

"Why, of course, dear," Yvonne patted her shoulder. "Only Bunny is coming in this evening with the bridesmaids' presents, and you'll miss such a lot of fun."

BRIDAL MORN!

Yvonne was too delightfully busy and hurried to do more than send an anxious little message of inquiry for Julie. Julie sent back to say that she was quite well, thank you, and sorry she had been such a nuisance yesterday.

But she looked like a little ghost of herself as she peered in the mirror.

Bridal finery. Apple-green frock. Victorian bonnet. Little posies of yellow roses. And—last of all—to slip reluctantly on to a throbbing wrist the bridegroom's present to the bridesmaid. A slim golden bangle, with the wedding date inscribed inside.

Julie looked at it scornfully. "As though I should forget this day," she thought to herself, longing to tear off Noel's gift, yet not daring to until the day's ceremonies were over. On her way home she would lose this bangle, and offer no reward.

Up in her white bow of a bedroom Yvonne was ready and waiting. The bridesmaids took a peep at her through the open door, blew kisses to her, then went on their way in that slow procession across the green to the cool grey porch of the old Norman church.

The Vicar and the choir were ready assembled. Guests were coming in, self-conscious in new clothes and tight gloves. The scent of flowers was overpowering. The organ music sent cold shivers down Julie's spine.

Bridegroom and best man! Passing hastily through the porch, trying not to look embarrassed, Noel was looking ahead of him, and Julie was glad of it. She could not have borne meeting his eye at this moment. His face looked as though it had been carved out of granite. All the laughter-lines had disappeared.

Another stir. Arrival of the bride.

Somebody white and cool and lovely passing through their midst. Yvonne had never seemed so ethereal before. She was like a fairy creature, whose eyes were radiant with happiness. And because of that look on her face Julie knew that neither Noel nor she could ever spoil her bliss.

A wedding hymn. The slow procession up the aisle to where two young men stood side by side. And then the drone of the Vicar's voice, the lower murmur while came from the bride and bridegroom as they exchanged vows.

Julie's eyes were swimming with tears. She dare not trust herself to look beyond the crimson carpet. Her limbs felt like lead, and she could scarcely hold the posy of yellow roses in her trembling hands.

"The Vicar's voice rose higher: 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' The service was nearly over. Soon—soon they would be walking down the aisle to the glorious, triumphant music of the Wedding March. 'I pronounce that they be Man and Wife together.'"

With a little sigh a green-clad bridesmaid slipped slowly to the floor as black mists enfolded her. Carefully she was carried out so that the rest of the service should not be disturbed.

JULIE came to herself in the porch and looked up at anxious faces.

"I'm all right," she breathed. "It was rather stuffy in there. All those flowers—Are they coming out yet? Oh well, I—I won't go back. I'll just go quietly over to the house and—and wait for them there."

But once at White Cottage she locked herself in her bedroom and refused to open the door.

"Give Yvonne my love and tell her I have a bad headache again," she called to those who came to inquire after her.

"But, Julie," came the voice of a bridesmaid, "it's Noel who wants to see you. He insists on it."

Julie's voice was bitter. "Tell Noel I have no wish to see him again as long as I live."

"But—"

"You can give him that message from me, Thalia. I mean it."

Yet, later, she did open her door when she knew that bride and bridegroom were in the car preparing to set off on their honeymoon.

Some of the bridesmaids wanted to hang out of her window and wave farewell.

"Come and see them, Julie. You get a wonderful view from here for quite half a mile."

She was reluctant, yet knew that it would seem queer if she showed no interest in the young couple. She went slowly to the window and gazed out with lack-lustre eyes. Then gave a startled exclamation.

"Yvonne has the best man in the car with her!"

"Of course." A girl at her side grinned. "The bridegroom always is the best man at a wedding, isn't he?"

"But—Noel?" Her throat felt dry.

"Oh, Noel cleared off ages ago! Looked as though something had upset him."

"He was—best man." Her heart was beating wildly.

"Yes, didn't you know?" The girl spoke casually. "Of course you have been on the sick list most of the time. Bunny's real best man failed him at the last moment, so he asked Noel Stretton though he didn't know him terribly well. He's only a newcomer to Batham. In fact, he had never even met Yvonne! He had only heard of her as 'Dimpy.' Then, when Bunny couldn't get over for the rehearsal yesterday, he sent Noel, and—"

she laughed—"Noel thought you were Dimpy! Funny isn't it? He could hardly believe his eyes when Yvonne went up the aisle to-day. Why, what's the matter, Julie? You look so queer."

"Don't feel too fit." Yet her eyes were dancing. "I think you'll have to send for a doctor. Noel Stretton. He—he might do."

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infancy against
an intruder.

By ALICE
DOUGLAS KELLY

COMPLETE
SHORT
STORY

ON the big porch the twins' mother, Mrs. Ives, sat in a low rocker holding Vera, the new baby. Mrs. Ives was little and fair and pretty, and the baby looked like a miniature edition of her. Seen from the small dock at the foot of the garden, the entire scene made a perfect picture; but the faces of Marian and Ted reflected none of its beauty. Both small, dark countenances were thunderous.

"It makes me sick," said Marian. "I want mother to go for a picnic. Why can't she let the baby squall?"

"As if anybody cares if she gets fed," agreed Ted darkly. They sat side by side in the swing, and glowered at their mother. Mrs. Ives, quite unconscious of them, rocked back and forth, and sang under her breath a cheerful little tune. Presently she looked up.

"Why don't you go and play, children?" she called. "But not here. Poor baby is so fretful and jumpy after her colic last night."

The twins frowned still more dourly. They had not missed the reproachful note in their mother's voice. They knew that baby had only had colic because they, who were "six years old, and quite big enough to know better," had stormed

Conscience

If ever I, at close of day,
With conscience should be smitten,
I think I'd suffer most of all
For notes I'd never written.
Shy, tiny notes of gratitude
Or page on page of chatter,
Important, deep and lengthy ones
Or ones that didn't matter.
'Tis not from lack of thought
Of you
So humbly now, my friend,
I beg your sweet forgiveness for
The notes I've never penned.
—Yvonne Webb.

rudely at their over-tired mother just because she did not feel well enough to read to them before they went to bed.

"Children," called Mrs. Ives again, "do go and play. Surely you're not sulking just because I can't picnic with you? I think I've spoiled you, giving up so much time to you."

Slowly the twins clambered down from the swing and went to the beach. Ted soon became engrossed in skipping stones, but Marian could not so easily lose the unhappy feeling which was oppressing her. She hated the baby. She didn't think it was pretty; she thought it was awful. She'd always liked babies before, and had no idea why this one was so horrid. Whenever she wanted to play, it wanted to sleep. Whenever she needed to sit in her mother's lap, it was there. Ever since it had come, mother had been tired and busy; and worst of all was the dreadful knowledge which both Ted and she held in a sore and sudden place and never mentioned even to each other, that mother liked the baby better than she did them.

"When I grow up," she announced to Ted, "I'm never going to have any babies."

"Who cares?" asked Ted reasonably. "Don't sit there like a big dummy. Come on and do something."

WHILE the pair ran barefooted in the chilly water and raced each other up and down the beach, Mrs. Ives forgot all about them. She was holding the soft warmth of a sleeping baby in her arms, and she was happy. No one had thought that Vera would ever arrive safely in the world. Since the death of her third

baby three years before, Mrs. Ives had given up hope of having the family she longed for, and had devoted herself single-heartedly and selflessly to the twins. Now that Vera was actually here, well and strong, and even to eyes other than her mother's exceptionally lovely, Mrs. Ives felt that life had little more to offer her.

In the midst of her serenity she started violently, and the baby woke with an outraged cry as the twins came shouting up the steps of the broad verandah.

"Mother," said Ted in an ecstatic shriek, "I found a whole family of star fishes! Look-it. Here's the mother and the father—"

"And I brought you a bee-you-tiful shell," broke in Marian excitedly. "It sings. Listen..." She shoved a sandy conch shell against her mother's ear.

"Really," said Mrs. Ives, pushing the little girl not ungentle away from her. "This is too much! You know I was trying to get the baby to sleep. . . . And here you come pounding and shouting all over the place!" She stopped to soothe the baby, who was crying in good earnest. Silently the twins stood, grasping their treasures. Ted absently stroked the father star fish, and Marian quietly laid the shell down on a wicker table.

"Will you listen to it later on, Mother?" she said wistfully. "It sings."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Ives impatiently. "There, there, poor baby. Did they wake it up?"

"You shouldn't rock babies," said Ted roughly. "The trained nurse told you not to. I heard her."

"Don't be impertinent," said his mother sharply. "Anyway," she added lamely, "I don't very often."

Ted looked sullen. As he passed his mother he shot out a grimy paw and poked the baby efficiently in the ribs. Then he ran into the

nouse. His mother laid the baby in her perambulator, and followed him purposefully. Marian trailed after her, horrified at Ted's daring, and conscious of a sense of pleasure.

In the nursery Ted faced his mother defiantly. ". . . and you'll stay here till your father comes home," Mrs. Ives ended a long and eloquent discourse. "A great boy! Like you poking a helpless little baby! Come, Marian."

"I'm not coming," said Marian. "I don't like that baby myself."

"Marian!" Mrs. Ives' rather child-like blue eyes filled with tears. She was not strong, and scenes like this depleted her. "I don't know what I've done," she said dramatically, "to have unkind, selfish children like you. When I think of all the boys and girls who would love a baby sister."

"Why don't you give her to them, then?" muttered Ted, under his breath. Fortunately Mrs. Ives did not hear him, but Marian did, and a wondering expression came into her face. She said nothing, however, when their mother had left, but sat down next to Ted, who was on the verge of tears, and tried to console him.

"NEVER mind," she said. "Dad never holds the old baby. He likes us."

When Mr. Ives came back that night he was greeted by such a tale of woe from his wife that his naturally boyish and cheerful face became unwontedly serious.

"What's all this, you two?" he said, standing the twins up in front of him. "That's a swell baby. You won't find many babies like her."

"It's a rotten baby," said Ted firmly.

"There! You see," broke in Mrs. Ives. "These children are inhuman."

Mr. Ives shook his head in bewilderment. "Well, it's beyond me," he said. He made one more effort to solve the problem. "Why don't you like her?" he persisted.

The twins exchanged a swift glance, and did not answer. Even if they could have put into words their long-felt feeling, and their conviction that a warmth and affection upon which they had counted had abandoned them—not for worlds would they have admitted the humiliating and harrowing fact that a creature which had nothing to recommend it, not even manners or teeth, had superseded them in their mother's affection.

After a few minutes of silence Mr. Ives did not persist further.

"Only," he said, a shade of severity coming into his voice, "whatever you feel about the baby, keep your hands off her, and stop bothering your mother."

"Bothering!" That's what their questions and wishes were now! And only a few months ago their mother had loved playing with them and having them around.

From that day the twins avoided mentioning the baby, even to each other. But she continued to spoil things. For instance, one day mother had been busy all morning ministering to her youngest-born. She finally sat down to give Vera her midday meal, and said, in answer to an appeal of Marian's:

"No, Marian. I can't go up and look at your room now. It was sweet of you to clear it up, but I wouldn't run up those stairs again for a million dollars. And besides I must feed Vera."

Marian felt an unreasoning rage take possession of her. She had waited patiently all morning to surprise her mother with a tidy room. Her anger and misery had to have some means of expression. With a

Mrs. Ives knew that her family was hers once more.

quick movement, which did not seem part of her at all, she pushed over a small stand which was inadequately holding a large potted plant. The resulting crash, her mother's start, the baby's acid wail, and her own sense of power all contributed to a sense of release not unminged with exhilaration in Marian's unhappy mind.

As her mother surveyed the wreckage, obviously seeking words, Ted appeared on the porch. He took one look at the supremely satisfying picture before him and laughed uproariously.

In stifled tones their mother ordered them into the house. After she had fed the baby, she called the young anarchists to her.

"I don't dare to punish you," she said. "I'm too angry. But I don't want you to come near me again until you can behave like human beings. When I think of that poor baby—" She stopped short. "I can't even talk about it. I don't want to see you for the rest of the day. If you want anything, ask Lena for it."

The children were too miserable to care about their mother's unhappiness. But when it dawned upon them that she actually meant what she said—when she would neither speak to them nor allow them to come near her for that whole endless day—they conferred grimly together.

"It's that baby that's made all this trouble," said Ted.

Marian thought a minute, then a firm expression came into her delicate little face.

"I know," she said. "Do you remember mother said there were lots of people who'd like this baby?"

Ted looked sceptical.

Please turn to Page 26



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"ARTHUR thinks they better start back," said Gil shortly. He walked past Coral to the dining-room, and sat down. Liz rolled an expectant eye towards the table. She liked green gumdrops, and there were some in the little paper bag beside the guest. She went over, sat up. Gil ignored her. Coral said: "She wants something."

"Gumdrops," he did not look up. Coral took the bag and gave Liz a gumdrop. Gil had to look at her. She was eating a gumdrop, too. "Have one?" She held out the bag. "They're green."

Gil said nothing. Coral popped another one into Liz's mouth. "Good," she observed.

She sat very still, her grave, sweet face turned towards the spangle. The car roared up the road.

Coral said: "Do you ever say anything to anybody? Or do you always just look at the crack in the floor?"

He looked up, flushing. The blood

was beating in his temples, he was shaken, angry, excited—he was—he didn't know what he was. But her eyes were still grave.

"I don't think anything I'd talk about would interest you," he said. "I'll turn on the wireless."

"No. Don't. I'd just as soon never hear one."

He was surprised. "Not hear one?" "That's what I do," she said indifferently, "all the time."

"Sing?" "Yes, I'm with John Wall's band," She yawned her eyes at him, her smile quivered suddenly to a ripple of laughter. "Of course, you've never listened? I come on nearly every day."

"I see." Gil reached for his pipe and lighted it. "Female crooner."

They heard the car coming back. Coral got up and stood at the window, the moon shone on her hair.

SPEAK to My HEART

Continued from Page 5

Over her shoulder she said: "You asked Arthur to go back to-night, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Gil. Coral said: "I'm sorry you don't like me. I had hoped—" her voice died away.

Gil began to tremble. "Why should you care? I won't drop in after you're married. You'll never see me unless you come here."

"You don't—sound very inviting." She turned back to the room, "And as for getting married—"

Arthur and Mum came in, Mum tucking her hair under her net again. "My! It does go fast!" she said.

"Get your hat, Coral," said Arthur. "We'll start back now." He laughed. "There's still time for a night club."

Mum said: "Just a minute. I'm going to send some sliced ham with you, since you liked it so much."

Coral lifted her eyes and looked at Gil. When he looked back, there was that roaring in his ears again.

"Good-bye, Gil." "Good-bye," he said.

They were gone. The sound of the car diminished down the dark road. Gil sat by the window and smoked. Coral Barber. And Arthur was going to marry her.

No London girl would come and live on the farm, anyway. It was a hard life for a woman. He walked to the vegetable patch, his feet sinking deeply in the soft fresh earth.

He bent, pinched a bit in his hand, lean fingers. Everything was the same as it had been this morning. He had his land, and the will to work. The rent was paid, the crops would be good. He didn't want a car or night clubs. Then he straightened suddenly.

He wanted Coral. Arthur's girl. For a long time he stayed in the garden, still as a carved figure. Mum was sitting in the kitchen, and her face was white and strained.

"Listen, mother," he said, "you better go now and take your jaunt to Sheffield. You look tired out."

Mum shook her head. "I've changed my mind. Don't think I will go this year."

"Why not?" He stared at her. Suddenly she stiffened. "Mother—did you—didn't—did you give Arthur any money?"

Mum said: "Now, Gil, don't take on about it. He did need it this time. He wants to marry that girl. And she's the only girl he's ever brought down here that I'd like for my daughter."

"You gave him your Sheffield money?" Gil was shouting now. Then he sat down and said quietly: "Mum, how could you?"

Mum sighed. "I knew you'd take on," she said. "I should think that at my age a person ought to be able to do what they like." Then she giggled. "I wrapped it in a waxed paper with the ham. I knew you'd carry on so."

GIL grinned. "I'm going to try to borrow the money, and pay it back when the hay is cut. You're going for that holiday."

Mum went. She was pretty as a girl, cheeks flushed, eyes bright. "When Arthur decides on the date, you send me a letter and I'll get home," she said.

Gil got up at daybreak, worked in the fields until sunset, stopping for a sandwich at noon. He got thinner, mouth taut, eyes tired. The days went on. Finally he sent a card to Arthur: "When are you getting married? Mum wants to know."

—Gil.

He kept waiting to hear from Arthur.

He had been so rude to Coral. He kept wishing he had tried to explain. He'd like her to know, now, that it wasn't that he meant to be rude.

But he couldn't write to her. Perhaps he'd sleep better if he could let her know—finally he decided upon a way. He'd send her a basket of strawberries. She'd laugh, he expected. But she would know he hadn't meant to be so rude.

He sent them to Broadcasting House. He knew she would just throw them away; but the idea kept at him until he did it.

Two days later he had a card from Arthur: "Expect to be married next week. Will drive by. Coral says thanks for the present—Arthur."

And the next day a card came from Coral: "Thanks so much. Do you ever listen to the wireless?"

The sight of her handwriting, firm and even, made him feel queer again. He couldn't seem to get over this. Against all reason. Next week she would be his brother's wife.

But he came home that day and turned on the wireless while he got his supper.

Presently the announcer's suave voice began to come over.

And then her voice—Coral's voice—deep and sweet and compelling, caught the theme from the saxophones, and filled the kitchen with the heart-breaking refrain: "Speak, speak to my heart . . ."

H

The sweet heady scent of hay filled his nostrils.

He wanted to hurry, it was bound to rain soon, after such a heat and drought.

It clouded over just as he got the last load in. Dark angry clouds topped the Chilterns, the air had a brittle feeling. He put the horses away, got the cows in early, and the first great drops were falling when he ran to the house. He shut up the chickens and went in. His strong body ached, he had driven himself like a maniac. His eyes were burning, his skin brown as leather. He flung himself on the sofa.

He was roused by the world being split open. He sat up. Thunder shook the house. Thank heavens the hay was in.

He got to his feet, stiff and creaky in his over-worked body. Better shut the windows, the rain was beating in in long, thin poles. Reaching for the pantry hamp, he paused. Was that the phone? He turned back, lifted the receiver.

"Is Mr. Bishop there?" "This is Gil Bishop."

"Mr. Bishop, this is the County Hospital speaking. Can you hear?" "What is it?" His hand went cold on the metal.

"There's been an accident. Your brother, and his wife." The wire crackled with storm, the voice came faint. "If you can come—"

"An accident?" His voice sounded stupid.

"They've just been brought in. Car skidded and overturned. They're both unconscious—"

Gil said: "I'll be there in half an hour."

A gust of wind bore him across flattened sweeps of grass. The car sputtered, jerked down the road. Rain splashed round him like water from a bucket.

The roar was in his head. His mouth was dry, his hands rigid on the old wheel. Coral—Coral—Coral unconscious. He couldn't think of Arthur—reckless, crazy fool, driving like mad down a soaked highway with Coral, Coral beside him. Coral with her smoke-blue eyes and sunlit hair, and grave, steady mouth, Coral, whom he loved, would always love, and who was not Coral Barber any longer, but Coral Bishop.

The sweet heavy smell of ether came to him as he stumbled to the waiting-room. He couldn't see very well. Somebody in a starched dress said: "Mr. Bishop? Sit down a minute."

He moved his mouth stiffly. "Are they—"

"Your brother is in the X-ray room," said Dr. Standish. "Got some fractures. Mrs. Bishop is conscious. You may see your brother in a few moments."

"I must see—her." Gil swayed a little. He had to see her. He waved their objections aside. He went down the long, grey corridor past a blur of faces. There was a closed door, and behind it—his whole world. Coral—Coral—

He moved to the bed, he bent over, keeping his hands still. And suddenly his eyes focused again, sharply. There was a tumbled mass of hair on the pillow, and it was dark hair, black hair.

This wasn't Coral!

Gil started and caught the iron bedrail. The eyes opened, dark eyes. The girl said: "You're Arthur's brother?"

Gil said: "Who are you?" "Lucia," she said. A smile hovered. "Lucia Bishop. What's left of me."

Gil said: "What has he done with Coral?" Then he sat down, his knees buckling under him. "Coral didn't marry him!" he said.

"No," said Lucia, "I did. I caught him on the rebound. Coral turned him down." A gallant smile came over her white face as she finished in a whisper, "Still not sorry."

Please turn to Page 20

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Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.



LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP LETTERS SHORT. For address, see top of page 3.

WASTED EMOTION

ON Anzac Day I was with a mixed party of nice young people from my own suburb. To them the only thought of the day was what clothes to wear in the changeable weather. Their only lament was that there was no fresh bread for their lunches.

I suppose it is true that we can only really feel what we ourselves have experienced, and, if this is so, our young people are normal.

But last Saturday night I saw two of the same girls weeping unashamedly at a film portraying a tragedy they could not have known, or will ever be likely to know. And the boys were betraying a spirited pride and interest in the wrestling match of the week.

Surely, since our young women are capable of sympathy, and our young men of pride, there are worthier objects for the outlet of these two virtues. For, when thus expended, sympathy becomes maudlin sentimentality, and manly pride but a caricature of its real self.

Why do twentieth century people demand these artificial outlets and synthetic sensations for our natural emotions?

£1 for this letter to P. R. Schooling, 41 Grenville Street, Hampton S7, Vic.

P.M.G. PLEASE NOTE!

IN the mail this week there was a letter from the Postmaster-General's Department advising us to install the telephone at a reduced rental, calls to be paid for at the usual rate. One does not have to pay a yearly rental for gas or electric light meters, and if the telephone could be installed for a nominal payment without rental the number of calls and subscribers would increase.

Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross Street, Richmond, Melbourne.



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Why Mourn the Passing of Age of Chivalry?

DON'T you think, Miss Ross (30/4/38), that our young men would seem rather absurd if they adopted the behaviour of their medieval predecessors?

"Few of them," you suggest, "would have the daring to fight to the death for their honor or to win the hand of a lady." Why should they? There are so many simpler



No longer wanted.

ways of vindicating oneself or winning a lady than getting hot under the collar and turning homicidal.

Anyway, women no longer need the servility of these knights of old, who were so bold.

Mrs. H. Lightburn, 50 Oxford Terrace, New Parkside, Adelaide.

Courage in Disrepute

THE trouble to-day is that physical courage has fallen into disrepute.

In former times—a couple of centuries ago—this was the most important manly virtue, because men's occupation was fighting and protecting their property from predatory neighbors. They enjoyed jousting and fighting for a lady's hand. To-day, however, the middle class is predominant, and business acumen is far more important than valor. In fact, a man may go quite successfully through life with complete lack of courage.

We cannot help but regret those days, although we have plenty of compensations.

Katherine O'Neill, Hemmelsley Rd., Subiaco, W.A.

Equality of Sexes

MISS ROSS is wrong when she says men of to-day do not measure up to those who would die to "win the hand of a lady."

Women of to-day consider themselves equals with men, and, although a man does not stop to kiss a lady's hand whenever he sees her, this does not mean he lacks respect for her or is ungallant.

Muriel Cousins, 27 Gwydir St., Moree, N.S.W.

Women to Blame

MISS ROSS seems to have forgotten the change that has taken place in women since the days of chivalry. Nowadays, women are not worth fighting or dying for.

To-day, young men do not regard the opposite sex as delicate, remote creatures, to be striven for, but as beings fighting them in every sphere of life.

While women keep up this fight, chivalry will remain dead.

W. Davidson, 3 Abel Street, Mayfield, N.S.W.

Modern Gallantry

PRESENT-DAY comradeship is far superior to medieval domination and wholesale slaughter.

As for gallantry, a visit to one of our many surf beaches, where young men willingly risk their lives for the safety of their brothers, and a little consideration of the efforts of our fire brigades and ambulance corps will provide a few brilliant examples.

T. J. O'Connor, 23 Ilka Street, Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Barbaric Age

SURELY Miss L. M. Ross is hardly fair to our young men when she says they would not have the daring to fight for their womenfolk.

Our Anzacs were not afraid to face death for the defence of their women. Seemingly, they have been overlooked or forgotten by Miss Ross.

Chas Henry, Ulmarra, N.S.W.

Courage Lacking in Handling National Affairs?

MISS MILLER (30/4/38) says that, as a race, Australians show plenty of pluck in a crisis, but that in dealing with everyday social, political, and even religious problems we are bitter, and lack courage.

This statement I regard as being most unjust. In the treatment of our national problems, we show tolerance, good temper, and courage. In the recent depression, although everybody was hard hit, apart from a little grumbling they showed patience and pluck. The recent elections throughout Australia and in the different States were contested keenly, but mostly with complete good temper and goodwill.

Mrs. Burt, Ferguson Avenue, Myrtle Bank, S.A.

Lack of Thought

THE failure of Australians (and, indeed, most other people) to cope with their national problems is due to lack of thought rather than lack of courage.

Too many are apt to rely on the opinions of others; and as these are so diverse it is not surprising that bewilderment and indecision result.

Lillian Sutton, 76 Algernon St., Oatley, N.S.W.

Election Bitterness

I WAS interested in Miss Miller's remarks on Australians' bitterness and lack of courage in handling their national problems.

At a recent election the religion of members was used as a weapon against the party, and the election was contested with unwarranted bitterness for this reason.

In the handling of all problems I have noticed a tendency to ignore major issues and to descend to petty personalities.

I suppose we do show pluck in a major crisis, but in other ways Australians, on the whole, seem to be a narrow-minded, parochial people.

Miss Anderson, Brisbane Street, Perth.

Problems Abroad

I WAS rather amused at Miss Miller's attack on the handling of national problems by Australians.

In contrast with internal affairs abroad, our affairs are conducted with perfect decorum and good humor.

There are outstanding examples of religious and political intolerance in Germany, Italy, Spain, and Russia, in

Best Teachers

A COUNCILLOR recently declared at a meeting of schoolmasters that boys should be taught only by men.

Qualifications being equal I would back the modern woman teacher every time as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to boys of school age.

Women are more patient with the younger lads, and have a flair for developing manly qualities in the older.

Mrs. A. Wathen, P.O. Box 29, Casterton, Vic.

which countries liberty of expression is sadly curtailed. In democratic America, too, shock tactics are employed often in handling national problems. Hundreds of savage lynchings, organised by respectable people, take place still every year.

Perhaps Australians are lackadaisical and disinterested, but at heart they are never intolerant or cowardly.

Mrs. Gunn, Queen's Crescent, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Bitter When Roused

AUSTRALIANS as a rule only exhibit bitterness when smarting under some injustice.

Given fair treatment I am sure they will be both willing and capable of tackling all their problems in the right spirit, and show patience, tolerance, and pluck. They are rarely bitter, and never cowardly.

Mrs. V. Toomey, Macquarie St., Windsor, N.S.W.

Women Who View Marriage as Way of Escape

I ENDORSE your comment on women's opportunism, W. Parsons (30/4/38). In these days of economic freedom for women, a man has a right to expect a girl to include a bank account in her glory-box inventory.

Oddly enough, most women, although they may not have a penny

Family Rows

HAVE you noticed that in every family there seems to be some special bone of contention—usually trifling—about which the members quarrel furiously?

Sometimes it starts with the disappearance of a box of matches, or through being late for meals. In our family, quite a normal, happy one, as a rule, the radio is a constant source of irritation. One member wants to hear one particular item, another wants to read or tune-in to a different station.

I think it would be highly diverting if other readers were to tell what their families row about.

Miss Margaret Higgins, St. Terrace, Adelaide.

saved, are most practical when inquiring into the financial possibilities of a likely-looking male.

That is the tragedy of modern marriage: too many women expect something for nothing and, having no money themselves, demand that the eligible bachelor shall produce a good bank account. A man has a right to make similar demands.

Miss Dot Curnick, Verona Flats, Gipps St., East Melbourne.

Sweeping Statement

W. PARSONS, aren't you rather sweeping in your statement that women "look around for an eligible bachelor"—immediately a seamy side of life turns up?

There have always been women who look on marriage as a way of escape in good times or bad; there are plenty of women who are up against it, but who endure it willingly, because they prefer something more than "means" or supposed security in a life mate.

Miss Elsie Ross, 35 Barnett Street, Ipswich, Qld.

Men Earn More

CONSIDERING the number of girls who marry men on the bank wage, the accusation that girls are opportunists when they marry is most unjust.

Further, it is only right that men should provide the bank balance, for



The way out?

they earn easily twice as much as girls do, on the average.

Miss Francis, Hopkins Street, Moonah, Tas.

Wise Girls

SINCE women must depend on their husbands for sustenance, can we blame them if they want some sort of luxury in their living?

The modern miss knows that when poverty enters the front door love flies out the window.

Few girls will marry for position and money only, but wisely insist that there should be a bank balance to ensure happiness.

Miss Smith, Glen Osmond Road, Parkside, S.A.

WOMEN UNTRAINED

JUDGING from educational curricula, this is a machine age for everybody but women. Mathematics, practical manual work, and most of the elementary subjects likely to be of use in understanding machinery and electricity are cut down to a minimum for girls, who are side-tracked into domestic science, dress-making and cookery.

Women drive cars, launches, and aeroplanes, use sewing machines in the home, attend complicated machinery in factories, employ all kinds of electrical gadgets and devices in their houses, and are not supposed to know why the wheels go round.

Do other readers also find this an absurdity?

Muriel Macpherson, 8 Russell Street, Oatley, N.S.W.

THAT AGE LIMIT

EVERY employee in a Government position has to retire at the age of 65, presumably no longer fit for duty. Therefore, it seems strange that there is no age limit for drivers of automobiles, when dangerous driving is such a menace to public safety.

Mrs. J. B. Donald, 156 Arthur Terrace, Red Hill W1, Vic.

CHANGING TIMES

I AM surprised at the number of men who do the shopping for their wives. Times have certainly changed. A few years ago men thought it beneath them to do the household shopping. Now, they don't mind a scrap.

Anyway, I have seen men strike as good bargains as women with tradespeople.

Mrs. D. Mann, 143 Gaffney Lane, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

FROZEN-FACED?

WHY are the majority of our girls so frozen-faced?

In my wanderings in different stores I sometimes venture a remark to the salesgirls about the weather, or general topics, but rarely receive a smile or courteous answer.

Yet it is these little things that make life worth living.

Mrs. G. Johnstone, 54 Shooobra Rd., Elsternwick, Vic.



Engaging Fingertips

If you value beautiful nails, give them a coat of Amami Nail Varnish once a week. This will keep them smooth as pearls, gleaming, flawless! Choose your favorite colour from these are fashionable shades: Natural, Colourless, Coral, Rose or Rose. One bottle lasts months. Ask at your Chemist, Hairdressers or Stores.

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TO-DAY is DIFFERENT

Continued from Page 8

Gavin took his pipe out of his mouth.

"You're only like the rest of the family—cautious; unwilling to swim out deep, in case you should drown."

"It isn't as if I'd never been in love."

"There you are—caution. I'm like it myself. I'd like to marry; have a home. But when I meet a likely wench, well, there's always something wrong. Either with her, or her family. I think she's too gay, and will leave me, or too quiet, and will bore me; or that she's too good. Or I see myself supporting her whole family, or quarrelling with my mother-in-law. Other men would say hang it all and go ahead. But I—perhaps we're not built for marriage, old girl. I mean, now there's

Jimmy Brent. There's nothing much wrong with him, is there?"

"No," admitted Jean blankly. She had thought a lot about Jimmy. He was steady, suitable, and in love with her. She valued him.

"Life on three hundred a year, as you see Marjorie and Tom living it, frightens me because of its restriction, Gavin. Now, I'm so happy, and comfortable; able to afford things; able to see all of you or not, as I please. But once you're married, it's the same person all the time."

"If you once made up your mind I believe you'd be happy," said Gavin. "One day you'll take your header, like everybody else."

"Some girls never do take it," said Jean, in a small voice. "That's what maiden aunts are made of!"

Jean went to bed at ten o'clock. She found that she could not sleep. In her imagination, she saw the light of that moon, out there, shining on the water of the river. She heard the gentle dip and splash of oars; a gramophone playing softly; low laughter. Angie and Pat were out there, under the stars, with George and John. They were probably making love.

SUDDENLY she knew that the one thing she feared was the one thing she wanted. Somebody to love her, somebody to whom she could bring happiness.

The realization was so strong, the sweep of her loneliness so intense that Jean made a desperate decision. "To-morrow, just for one day I'll try being different. I'll break every habit, reverse all my judgments; get out of the sul, I'll think differently, speak differently. I'll discard caution. Say 'yes,' instead of 'no.' For one day I'll have the courage to live."

Jean sat on the top of a bus

travelling to the city. It was a glorious morning. She was wearing her new hat. She had left her umbrella at home. She had bought a different paper. She felt pleasantly light and empty after a fruit breakfast, instead of scrambled egg and bacon.

The man next to her kept casting glances at her profile. Instinctively, Jean averted her face, coolly. Remembering her vow, she dragged her eyes fearfully round, to have an interested look at him. She met his dark eyes. "It's a lovely morning," he said. He was swarthy, smart, very nearly at ease.

"Beautiful," said Jean. "Why do we have to work?" Now that she was launched, the appalling answers came glibly. Only her cheeks burnt with shame.

"Don't you ever tell the boss a yarn, and take a holiday?"

"Sometimes," lied Jean, nonchalantly.

After that flagrant piece of encouragement, she and the stranger talked hard for the rest of their threepenny ride. She learnt that he was a film agent. He worked near her. His name was Gerald Moss. He was helping to cast a gigantic new picture.

Although she disapproved of her own behaviour, and of his type, Jean found herself interested. She asked questions about film production which had long puzzled her.

"What about lunching with me, and just not show up at the office? I could take you to a rattling good trade show this morning." He took the tempting looking tickets. "Admit Two Only," out of his pocket. Jean gulped back instant refusal. She looked at them.

"It sounds most exciting—to see it ahead of everybody else. Thank you very much. I'll wangle it." He left the bus one stop before she did. "Meet me at the Olympia at eleven," he concluded.

Please turn to Page 22

SPEAK to My HEART

Continued from Page 18

THE nurse took him out. He waited, in the cold room, while the doctor came and went. Night wore on. It was dawn when Gil came out and climbed into the car again. They were all right. They were both patched up, asleep, safe. Once more Arthur's luck had held. He was even rather proud of himself because he had so much insurance.

Gil came home through a shining wet world. He was drunk with exhaustion from the vigil, his hands shook on the wheel. He fixed blood-shot eyes on the orchard as he drove down the road to the house. Wind had torn the fruit trees to pieces, the older trees were split from top to root, the young trees lifted stark twisted branches. Rain had made deep gullies in the garden, a corner of the barn was wrecked by a falling tree. Debris scattered deep in the yard. Gil got out of the car stiffly. The labor of years was set at nothing; he'd have to begin again. His fatigue ached all through him. Even the vegetable garden, he saw, was destroyed.

But Coral Barber hadn't married Arthur! Coral hadn't married anybody! Suddenly Gil whooped for Lisa. And when she came, he lifted her in his stiff arms and jiggled solemnly across the porch.

He milked the cows and turned them out, and fed and watered the horses; then he went indoors. He got as far as the parlor, when sleep overcame him. He stretched his long body on the sofa.

It was evening when he woke. Sun slanted on his face. Dust lay thick on the furniture; he hadn't been in the parlor for weeks. His eyes fell on the wireless. Leaning over, he turned the dial.

After a while her voice came through, sweet and safe.

He thought: "What a fool I am! As if she would look at me—" He got up, moved over to turn off the wireless—and then, on a sudden, crazy impulse turned instead to the phone.

"Send this message to Coral Barber," he told the girl on the B.B.C. switchboard. "She's just broadcasting. Tell her to wait. Wait there where I can find her. Tell her—Gil Bishop is on the way!"

He caught a train just leaving the station. It was only a few min-

utes from Baker Street to Portland Place. A taxi. He cursed the stop lights. He swore softly at the traffic. When there was a long jam he jumped out and plunged ahead on foot, his long body thrusting the crowd aside.

Coral was standing at the door, her hat in her hand. Her eyes were very blue, her hair was a flying mist of gold, and her mouth was soft and sweet.

Gil said: "Coral!"

"I wondered if you'd ever come," she told him.

THEN she was in his arms, and he was holding her tight, tight. People were staring at them, but he didn't care! "Take me home, Gil," she said. They drove away in Coral's car.

Gil said: "You didn't marry Arthur!"

"No. Are you disappointed?"

"But I thought—"

"He had often talked about you. I only came to the farm with him to see if you were really as he said you were. And then you—didn't like me—"

"But, Coral—I'm just a farmer! I haven't anything to offer you—"

"Then," Coral said gravely, "you'd better stop the car and kiss me."

There was a car leaving the yard when they finally drove up. Gil said, wonderingly: "That's the village taxi—wonder what—who—" then he was out, pulling Coral after him, and they burst into the kitchen.

Mum had her apron on, and she was at the stove. Her bags were still piled by the door.

She said: "It's about time I came home! I never saw such a mess."

Gil said: "Mum! Coral—Coral and I—"

Mum said: "Yes, Daisy Smith told me all about it. She was on the phone."

Coral went over, and her smoke-blue eyes were lifted to Mum's wise brown ones. Mum was smiling, and she kissed Coral.

"I told Gil I'd like you for a daughter," she cried. "Probably that's what made up his mind for him!"

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Some NEW LAUGHS

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"As it will be three weeks before we cross a trade route, Miss Twinkle, you may commence your holidays as from to-day."

"Most jokes were old and mellow When we were youngsters. When we are old and mellow, They'll still be evergreen."

"Now that we're engaged, how do you like your diamond?"
"Give me a chance, I've just started to look for it."



HUSBAND: I've been thinking it over, and I've decided to agree with you.
WIFE: It's too late now, I've changed my mind.



NURSE: You'll be able to go home to your wife in a few days.
SICK MAN (ruefully): But I'm not in fighting condition yet.

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BY SEA

Brainwaves
A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HOSTESS: What will you charge to play your violin at a de luxe wedding breakfast?
Celebrated Violinist: One hundred pounds.
Hostess: Of course you understand you will not mingle with the guests?
C.V.: Oh, in that case, I'll do it for seventy-five pounds.

MRS. BLAKE: Will you take back that insulting word you used just now, Martha?
Martha: Never! Not if I needed it to solve a crossword puzzle.

SHE: Do you remember when we first met in the revolving doors at the bank?
He: Yes, but that wasn't the first time we met.
She: Well, no; but that's where we began going around together.

HE: The other day when I called on your sister, she sent word down that she wasn't in.
She: And what did you do?
He: I sent back word that I was glad I hadn't called.

"DO you think I'm too young to marry, aunt?"
"If I had my time over again, dear," replied the old maid, "I'd get married before I had sense enough not to."

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TO-DAY Is DIFFERENT

Continued from Page 20

J EAN rode on, her heart hammering with excitement at her own disgraceful conduct. Lunch and a show with a complete stranger! Whatever would she have to do next? But she could not help a feeling of pride that she had had the temerity to carry out her plan so exactly.

"Morning, Jean," said Jimmy Brent, meeting her in the street. "The others went on the river last night. I wish you'd told me. I'd have asked you. Not that you'd have come, I suppose."

Jean smiled at him, and looked at the sky. "I think it'll probably keep quite fine for this afternoon, Jimmy," she suggested blandly.

"Jean, you don't mean that you'd come with me?"

"Why not? I'd love to, Jimmy."

"Perhaps I could get John and Pat to come again."

"I see Pat yawning rather heartily. Why trouble them?"

"You'll come with me alone?"

She nodded. "Jean, what's happened to you? I can't believe this. Ordinarily..."

Suddenly Jean discovered that she wanted to let somebody into her secret, and that Jimmy seemed the nicest confidant. Pat would tease her. Jimmy would smile, but appreciate her reason. Also, he would not set too much significance on her acceptance for the river this afternoon. It was only fair to tell him.

"I know, Jimmy, but to-day things are different; yesterday Pat and Angie pitched into me. They said I was in a rut, half alive, always playing for safety—and a lot of other things. So it occurred to me that perhaps the Carr family is a bit too wary. I decided that for one whole day I'd go into reverse."

Jimmy looked at her with an odd expression in his blue eyes.

"Will the river alone with me be the most dangerous experiment?" She caught his arm vigorously.

"Jimmy—don't say it like that. It certainly isn't. Just to take the half-hurt, half-humorous look out of his eyes, she told him about her fruit breakfast, her new hat, her lunch engagement, the trade show. It was a relief to hear his laughter.

"You, of all people!"

"Of course, I know he'll turn out to be an unhappily married man, who needs companionship and sympathy," said Jean, "and I'm sure he'll squeeze my hand in the dark. But..."

"But that is where I come in," Jimmy promised. "Go straight ahead, Jean; no long as I meet you later and take you on the river. I suppose you wouldn't be so revolutionary as to break a promise, would you?"

"No, because thinking better of going out with you is a normal reaction," she smiled, apologetically.

"Till this afternoon."

OVER lunch, Mr. Gerald Moss carried out all Jean's prophecies. He was married. His wife was misunderstood. His wife was practical, and had no appreciation of art. He craved the companionship and sympathy of somebody with imagination. But to Jean's surprise she found that she believed him. Instead of being the expected "nasty piece of work," he was a nice, rather pathetic and unhappy man.

Perhaps, realised Jean, appalled, even when a man has married the woman he wanted, romance still proves to be round the corner, out of reach; glimpsed, for a moment, in every young, attractive girl he sees!

It had suddenly occurred to her to wonder whether Jimmy would soon feel like that, if she married him. Would she have the power to make him happy?

Because of her pity for Mr. Moss she would never see him again. She gave him her address, deciding to write him a kind letter of explanation, if he followed up their acquaintance. She considerably told him that Jimmy, who was meeting her outside, was her brother.

"Well," said Jimmy, as they parted down the river, "do you think it has been a success? How do you feel? Liberated from yourself, or thankful to resume your own personality at midnight?"

"I don't know," answered Jean. She lay, propped on colored cushions, at the opposite end of the punt Jimmy looked very handsome and capable, handling a pole. He also looked soberly happy, to be here on the river alone with her, for such a futile reason.

"It has taught me things, Jimmy."

"For instance?"

"Well... once we get the things we want, we want something else. Gerald Moss loved his wife at first. Now, he doesn't. I tried to attract you—till I succeeded."

Jimmy laid down the pole and came and sat beside her.

"Naturally, my sweet child. But Jean, do you think I haven't considered that? Love isn't sufficient basis for marriage. We—I mean I, should have more. If I married you, I've known you for three years. At first, I thought you were a funny little girl, too small to be taken seriously. Then I thought you were rather sweet. You hadn't an enemy in the firm; you were always kind, and good tempered; in your precise, sensible way, you were very amusing; although I attracted you, you never deviated an inch from your way to run after me."

"Then I discovered I loved you. I've tried to get over it, since you sheered off. I've been about with prettier, wilder girls. But they weren't you. They jarred in little ways, or set the wrong pace. With you, I feel at peace, confident, happy, content, even to grow old. There is something about your temperament which exactly balances the requirements of my temperament." His arm encircled her shoulders. The punt drifted.

"All right, Jimmy," Jean said. "To-day is different."

J EAN had scrambled egg for breakfast next morning. She put on her second best hat, and carried her umbrella.

But at three o'clock she still had not the chance to refuse to go out to supper with Jimmy Brent.

He had not asked her. She had not seen him. Suppose he wasn't going to ask her? The day seemed to pass very slowly. Jean became less and less sure that, if he did, she would give her customary answer. Whenever she thought of Jimmy she felt that she wanted to cry. He had been so sweet to her.

It had felt so natural to be in his arms. Of course, she couldn't possibly be in love with him, but...

"Hello, Jean," said Jimmy casually. "Glad to get back to normal I expect." He smiled, and passed her desk.

"What did he mean by that?" asked Pat.

"Only my yesterday's headache, I expect."

"Pretty off-hand way to allude to it."

"Yes."

The rest of the afternoon, spent in wondering what she had done to make Jimmy cease to care a rap about her, was miserable. Why had she done it? Jean blamed herself. Willingly, she had thrown away her peace of mind.

Her heart leapt when she saw that Jimmy was waiting for her outside the building, at the foot of the steps. Pat and Angie left her. Jimmy walked at her side.

"I'll see you to your bus," he spoke curtly.

Hot tears blurred Jean's eyes, which looked straight ahead.

"You're—you're doing something exciting I expect. With one of the other girls?"

"No," answered Jimmy. "But I wouldn't dream of asking you out again. After all, yesterday was different."

Jean stopped. She swung round to face him.

"Jimmy, how did you know I was going to say that? At least I was..."

"If I'd asked you this morning?"

"But by not asking me, you've given me time to see what a little fool I would have been. Jimmy, I've been thinking about you all day. It's awful. You're in my mind. I can't get you out."

"Jean, darling, go on. You're being brave. You've got to be even braver. Will you risk it? Will you marry me?"

Hesitatingly Jean gave him her hands. "Yes, Jimmy, I must. You see, because yesterday I was so very different I can never be the same again."

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COMPETITION No. 1

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Choose a word for each of the subjects listed below and completely fill in the frame with your seven chosen words. Put one letter in each square, to make one word in each line. Write in ink. Work out the total letter value of each word, using the letter values given below, and put this figure opposite the word in the column provided. (Example: The letter value of E-A-G-G-L-E, "A BIRD," equals 22. Add up all word totals and show the GRAND TOTAL.

Any of the listed subjects can be answered on any line, therefore, for each of the subjects you have the choice of using words containing 1, 6, 7, or 8 letters.

LETTER VALUES

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
1	10	13	17	2	21	15	18	5	23	22	12	14
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
16	4	19	20	7	6	11	3	25	8	26	24	9

Line 1													Word Total.
Line 2													
Line 3													
Line 4													
Line 5													
Line 6													
Line 7													
													Grand Total.

Conditions.

£30 will be paid to the competitor with the largest GRAND TOTAL. In event of a tie the prize money will be divided.

Word totals and Grand Total must be correctly stated.

Entries on plain paper (with name and address on top right-hand corner) will be accepted.

No correspondence will be entered into.

Post Office addresses not accepted. (Chambers 20th Century (1932 edition) pages 1 to 1199 (inclusive) will be taken as the authority by the Adjudicators, whose decision must be accepted as final and binding.)

Entry Fee 1/- (postal note). Where postal notes not procurable send 1/- in stamps.

CLOSING DATE. All entries must be received by noon, SATURDAY, May 28th.

Results published in "Women's Weekly," June 11th.

Address entries to— ALL-SKILL COMPETITION No. 1, C/- INTELLECTUAL PUBLICATIONS, BOX 319, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

THE SUBJECTS

- A bird.
- An animal.
- A fruit.
- A coin.
- A fish.
- A vegetable.
- A month of the year.

NAME

ADDRESS

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Winners At Moorefield Bring Back Happy Days

By BETTY GEE

Happy days are here again!

I had a winning day at Moorefield on Saturday when the "punters' paradise" lived up to its name.

So the drought is broken, and I'll be singing in the rain of bookmakers' money for some time I hope.

It's nice to be in the money again!

These losing days can be so depressing, with the winter wardrobe yet to be bought.

I found the first two winners to start with at Moorefield, and, of course, betting with the bookmakers' money added to your own very fragile bank at least inspires confidence.

When Mr. Wil Munson told me before the first race that his colt, Manasos, was the fastest thing on four legs, and I saw Darby Munro aboard, I couldn't resist taking £4/10/ to £2, not without fear and trepidation. I'll admit.

But Manasos provided the immediate palliative by running right away from his field to win by the bare four lengths.

I searched for Mr. Alan Cooper to get the tip about Bofield for the next division, but I learned he was absent. I found his money was there, though, and so took courage and judgment in my two hands, and ventured £5 to £2.

Bofield Easily

Bofield won by exactly the same margin as Manasos, proving you can't keep a good girl down, even of the species racehorse.

I thought I would like to complete an easy "hat-trick," and in order to steal, yes, verily, steal, £1 off the bookie, I committed the unforgivable racecourse folly of laying £2 to £1 on Bianconi for the third race.

And, of course, got my deserts. Such punishment comes of breaking the rule. Bianconi ran last, and it serves me right. Only three horses in the race, and my selection must fall the field!

I laid out £2, at 8 to 1, on Fernacre, for the first division of the Welter, and then went browsing round in search of moral support or fresh "oil." There was a big field, and I felt that something might turn up to beat Fernacre. In this frame of mind I saw Mr. Prince Baillieu.

Now I remembered that Mr. Prince Baillieu used to race Aureus in Melbourne, and I asked myself, "Why has he come to Moorefield other than to see Aureus win this race?"

So my £6 to £1 "lover" went on Aureus, and I had the satisfaction of seeing my two horses run first and second.

Fernacre would have been better by £10, but Aureus beat him a head.

There ought to be some bounty for choosing first and second so close in any race, don't you think?

Two pounds went west on Samual in the second Welter division. He got to the front, but they niggled and nagged at him until he faded out like a summer mist—and my £2. I didn't support Darby Munro in this race, but his judgment was correct all right. His mount, Correct, won well... and at a good price, too.

Isn't it marvellous the prices you get sometimes about good horses ridden by good jockeys. Correct and Darby Munro looked a good combination, but nobody seemed to worry seriously about backing Correct. Munro rode a splendid race, and brought home the bacon—I must remember to tote everything Darby rides, no matter what the price.

But the next race was easy money. I simply had to earwig Mr. Tancred when I saw him making a big bet on Gay Chou with Mr. Jim Hockett, and off I skated to the far end of the ring, where I gathered in £6 to £2.

Gay Chou made me ashamed that I hadn't put a lot more on him.

He left the field standing, and won by four lengths, and if Teddy Bartle had stopped pulling him about all the way down the straight it would have been fourteen lengths.

Gay Chou had not previously won at a mile in New South Wales, and there were some faint-hearted people who thought it couldn't do the trick. Anyway they should know now. I heard a whisper that Gay Chou would win again soon, so keep this speedster in mind.

Silver Wave was my secret Rosehill tip for the Moorefield Handicap.

Betty Says—

Betty Gee selects the following horses as likely winners:—

- Warwick Handicap: Levant.
- Maiden Handicap: Leeds.
- May Nursery: Respirator.
- Flying Handicap: Arabia.

and I had £40 to £2 from obliging and handsome "Suwanee" Schwarz when every other bookie was betting only 12 to 1.

But they hadn't gone half a furlong before some nasty rival cannoned into Silver Wave and put her back last. That settled it. Silver Wave refused to hurry after the field, and finished fifth.

I shan't altogether give her up, but what an aggravating thing a bump is. You don't know whether it alone was responsible for failure.

So we've got to wait for next time, and give Silver Wave just one more chance.

We race at Warwick Farm on Wednesday and Saturday of this week. I like the Farm—when I win there. So rustic, yet modern in its appointments.

Lynch Law is entered. I'm told his millionaire owner, Mr. Alan Lewis, is so keen he gets up at dawn o' mornings to see him work on the track at Randwick.



Betty had a winning day at Moorefield—the punters' paradise.

Lynch Law is unbeaten, almost, and I expect to see him run right away from any field he meets in Sydney in the next week or so. Watch out.

For Wednesday's Warwick Handicap the Head Waiter gives Levant, and I'm recommending Leeds once more. He's had two seconds for us so far, and we mustn't miss him in the Maiden on Wednesday or Saturday, whichever day he starts.

The Head Waiter's tip for Saturday is Arabia.

The new Haldresser gives out Respirator for Saturday's May Nursery, and I hope the Warwick Farm air suits him.



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MISS CORNELIA WARD, packing her satchel.

With Just a Satchel Round Her Shoulder...

FOR her latest five months' trip—which has included two months in New Zealand, and a month in Australia—she is travelling with a 29-inch suitcase, a 22-inch canvas "grip," and a small satchel that she slings on her shoulder.

The 29-inch suitcase holds her ship-board needs, including evening frocks, the canvas "grip" her clothes, including raincoat and umbrella, for trips that will last longer than a few weeks.

Woman Trips Across World

Twenty-four years' experience as a world traveller has reduced the luggage of Miss Cornelia Ward, of New York, to such a minimum that, like the snail, she can almost carry all her belongings on her back.

The satchel is her only luggage for one-week trips.

She carried only the canvas "grip" and satchel for her two-months' tour of New Zealand, and on a nine-day visit to Melbourne, Mt. Buffalo, and Canberra all her needs fitted into the satchel.

On her New Zealand trip the 22-inch "grip" held:

Extra pair of shoes, a pair of slippers, Kimono, evening blouses, with long black skirt.

Short black day frock, a silk frock, a cardigan, stockings, underwear.

Short pigskin jacket, a black grosgrain ribbon hat.

A medicine case, and a carry-all made of voile and oil-silk so that its contents can be seen from the outside.

In the carry-all she packs all the small articles that are so hard to find if packed separately—toothbrush, toothpaste, needles and thread, face cream, powder.

For her nine-day trip the satchel contained:

A black frock, three blouses, Raincoat, sandals.

Kimono, underwear, stockings, Voile carry-all.

In spite of her small amount of luggage, Miss Ward buys on her travels silks and materials for clothes or to decorate her home, and postcards of the places she visits.

Try It!

THESE are Miss Ward's hints for travelling light:

"I always take a miniature iron with fuel in tablet form. It means you will need fewer frocks.

"Take a minimum amount of underwear that dries quickly and does not need to be ironed.

"Wear a woollen fabric suit with matching topcoat, matching flat zipper handbag, and a zipper satchel made of the same material. The satchel can be packed flat in a suitcase when not in use.

"Choose a two-shade color scheme throughout your travel wardrobe.

"Then you can manage with one handbag, one pair of gloves, one or two hats, one or two pairs of shoes, and vary the monotony with different colored blouses.

"Take a carry-all like mine for small things instead of putting them in odd corners and shoe toes.

"Pack shoes at the ends of the suitcase when it is about half-full.

"A light wool loose coat in a color to tone with both silk day frocks and evening frocks serves both as a street coat for cool weather and an evening coat.

"Buy face creams in tubes instead of jars.

"STUDYING a country thoroughly before visiting it enables you to lighten your luggage because you know all about the climate beforehand," explained Miss Ward.

Miss Ward is her own tourist agency, her own guide and her own porter. She reads travel books and tourist pamphlets about a country sometimes for a whole year before she sets out.

For her European trips she studies a tourist agency railway guide and descriptive travel books about the particular country, maps out her route, selects her pensions and hotels from the lists published and reported on by the Women's Rest Tour Association, an organisation run for and by women travellers, and books her steamer and rail tickets through a tourist agency.

Ages of Women By Fay Compton



FOUR STUDIES of Fay Compton, the distinguished English actress, now at the Theatre Royal. Top pictures show her portrayal of the varying ages of Queen Victoria—lower picture is just herself.

"In this way," she said, "I have all the thrill and adventure of visiting out-of-the-way places without any of the anxiety or inconveniences that often accompany jaunts off the beaten tourist track."

Miss Ward has travelled eleven times in Europe, and has been to South America, Mexico, West Indies, Canada, and Labrador.

Propose at High Noon

By Air Mail from Our New York Office

"Give me the moonlight—give me the girl," is all wrong if you want your romance to last.

So says American Dr. W. G. Mather, who suggests that proposals should be made at high noon.

If the ardent swain persists in making his avowal in moonlight he is apt to lose his head as well as his heart.

"Moonlight is treacherous and gives rise to emotions which are not permanent," says the doctor.

"Using one's head is difficult at any time, especially so in the matter of choosing a life partner," Dr. Mather said.

"The stronger you are attracted to another, go that much slower in forming life-long attachments, for the very force of desire clouds your reasoning ability."

Dr. Mather recommended that young people have "lots of parties and friends."

"Don't become engaged while at

college, or just after starting out on a business career," he warned. "The mortality of such engagements is high."

"Be sure-it's love," Dr. Mather advised. "Love is not what it is usually thought of and sung about; love is not an overwhelming desire to be with the other person alone."

"Love is an overwhelming desire for the welfare of the other person, whether you are to be a part of that welfare or not."

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TABLE KNIFE

Heavy stainless steel. Made in Sheffield, England.
Save 30 Blue Crosses

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

I LIKE—

Mrs. A. C. Davidson's elegant fur cape made of ermine with a border of sable.

New York's Four Hundred

IF Sydney had a Four Hundred list, Ruth Draper's name would be firmly inscribed on it. While here she went everywhere and saw everything with our very best people. I note that this famous actress' name appears on Cornelius Vanderbilt's most exclusive list of New York's social register. In spite of her busy round in Sydney she told me she really prefers the simplest pleasures, and just loved a billy tea picnic she had with the Vice-Regal family on the way to Sutton Forest.

Nevertheless she was extremely jolly and entertaining at the numerous parties given in her honor. On Thursday she was entertained at luncheon at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, and on Friday members of the Forum Club gave an afternoon party for her. On Saturday Ruth Draper gave two performances at Newcastle and will appear once in Goulburn before her Melbourne season.

Mrs. Kenneth Mackay and daughter Agnes, of Wallandoo station, Wallendbeen, arrived in Sydney by car on Saturday. They have taken a flat at the Astor for a few weeks' stay.

Bagpipes and Thistles

THIS week's potpourri of parties includes the 30th Battalion of the Scottish Regiment ball at Nock and Kirby's this Tuesday. Pipes will be heard in the evening air and Scotch thistles, larger than they have ever been sighted on their native heath, will decorate the room. Illuminated silver shields, too, will add Scotch atmosphere.

Major J. W. Russell, second in command of the regiment, will be official host for the night, and will entertain his O.C., Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, Colonel C. A. Callaghan and his sister, Irene Callaghan, and Colonel M. B. E. Keatinge.

Bride Walks to Wedding

THERE will be no helping Lorna Stephens out of her car when she arrives at the church for her wedding to Neville Pixley this Tuesday. The ceremony is to take place in the Chapel of the Church of England Grammar School, just opposite Lorna's home in Brisbane, and she's decided to walk across the road in her white moire frock and very old Limerick veil.

Daphne Stephens, Peggy Pixley (of Sydney), and Barbara Hart are the bridesmaids, and they will wear delphinium-blue marlette.

The Kenneth McColls, whose marriage took place in Sydney recently, are spending a few months at Bundaberg, Queensland, before sailing for their new home in the Solomon Islands.

Stock Exchange Party

"CANTANGO," Ernest Hinchcliffe tells me, is of Latin derivation, and is in constant use on the London Exchange but never used in Sydney. Nevertheless it is under the name of the Cantango Club that the big men of Sydney Exchange hold their annual ball.

It takes place this Friday at the Blackland Galleries, and promises to be very jolly. Mr. Blackmore, the chairman of the Stock Exchange, Mrs. Blackmore, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Tilly, W. K. Garnsey and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Forsyth will be among the official guests. The B. B. O'Conors, Wallace Anderson, Ernest Hinchcliffe (hon. secretary), Sam Hordern, and Pat Levy are all giving parties.

News From London

KANGAROO POINT is the name by which the Cumberland Hotel is known in London, so many are visitors from "down under" staying there. At the moment Margaret Russell is there, also the Dan Thompson family. Mrs. John Robertson, of Toogamin, Hay, is on the way to Australia, but daughter Rose and governess are still established in their very smart flat. Cherry Connell is loving life in London, and very enthusiastic about crack skating musical show, "St. Moritz." Stage converted into huge ice rink for first and last scenes.

Engagement Announced

MISS RUTH MILTON KING, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Milton King, of Bellevue Hill, is a popular and beautiful Sydney girl who is off to London to make her home. After much cabling to and from England last week Ruth has announced her engagement to Kenneth Lawrence, of London. Her marriage will take place shortly after her arrival on the other side.

She will be accompanied to England by her mother in the Ormonde sailing this Saturday, and the travellers intend disembarking in Naples and seeing something of the Continent before crossing the Channel.



AN ATTRACTIVE study of Miss Ruth Milton King, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Milton King, of Fairfax Road, Bellevue Hill, who will leave this Saturday for England, where her marriage to Mr. Kenneth Lawrence will take place in London.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Frangipanni for Bride

PEGGY BREW, of Vaucluse, is hoping that her wedding bouquet will be made of frangipanni for her wedding at Kavieng, New Guinea, Kavieng. It is rumored, may be the future capital, and it is there that Peggy's fiancé, Robert Gillespie, has been transferred.



Artist's Lovely Frocks

LEONA FLOOD, attractive young American violinist, who will commence her Sydney recitals this Thursday at the Conservatorium, has some really lovely evening frocks made by leading dress designers of London, Paris, and New York. As Leona is tall and slight they mostly follow Grecian lines with a youthful note in the lavish pleating.

In the wardrobe I saw rose, ice-blue, and lime-green satin frocks, and a lovely Hattie Carnegie model in cherry georgette lined with mist-grey. Another gown is of gold tissue buttoned down the back with tiny gold buttons, and a long pastel swathed sash of blue, pink, and tan.

Luxury Voyage

TWELVE AND SIX for a hair-set—and that does not include a shampoo! That's the price on the luxury ship Empress of Britain for a spot of coiffure refurbishing. It amazed Mrs. Bill Hewson, who writes from the high seas of her voyage.

She says she is finding the trip most entertaining, and has not yet finished exploring the immense ship. Her children, in Queensland during her absence, were very excited at a recently-received parcel of toys sent from the barber's shop.

The John Collins' of Beaudesert, make Thursday their shopping day, and come by plane to Brisbane each week. Mrs. John, who is favoring quilted frocks and swathed turbans this season, steps from the family plane and does a spot of shopping and a film before returning home in time for dinner.

Tapestry is Fashionable

ALL hands to the tapestry frame and needle now that the long evenings have come. If the result of your industry is exceedingly smart, who knows, it may be accepted for showing in the Industrial Blind Tapestry and Fan Exhibition next month. So many interesting exhibits are being sent from England, including a patchwork quilt made for Princess Elizabeth, that the local standards will have to be very high indeed. Lady Wakehurst is president of the committee, and is taking the keenest interest in the proceedings. She will open the exhibition on June 8.

A lovely fan to be shown belonging to Joan Stark, of Mosman, is made of ostrich and osprey feathers mounted on mother-of-pearl sticks.



Flying Corps Ball

VERY charming is the gown of royal lilac chiffon chosen by Mrs. Claude Vautin, wife of the chairman of the ball committee, to wear at the Australian Flying Corps Association Ball this Friday. Mrs. Vautin will present the debutantes to the Lady Mayores, Mrs. Norman Nock. The girls will be escorted by officers from the Air Force at Richmond, resident in their dress uniforms.

Among them will be June Hitchins, sister of the well-known flyer, Barbara Hitchins, who flew to New Guinea and back. Also making their curtsy are Joyce Beatty, of Wollongong, Joyce Allen, Nan McDonough, Betty Westbury, Lorna Wilson, Betty Richardson, Joan Hillman and Tui Swallow.

After exchange service in Australia, Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. J. G. P. Bruwrigg and Lieut. E. S. W. MacLure are returning to the Royal Navy on board the Strathallan. A fellow passenger is Flight-Lieutenant W. H. Kyle, who is to rejoin the Royal Air Force after two years with the R.A.F.

Celebrity of Week

FAY COMPTON is the celebrity of the week, and commenced her "Victoria Regina" season at the Theatre Royal on Saturday. It was a pleasant beginning to know that the house was booked out for the first three performances early in the week.

Miss Compton prefers travelling by air, and came by plane from Brisbane with her producer, Peter Dearing, on Thursday, while the rest of the company arrived the next day.

Mrs. Sydney Jamieson and Walter Pye were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly in the front row of the dress circle, and had dinner with their host and hostess before coming to the theatre. Mrs. Kelly told me she had seen and admired Fay Compton on the English stage several years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Gilet have returned from their honeymoon, spent motoring in the north-west of the State, and have settled into their flat at Clifton Gardens.

Grand Presentation Gowns

THE presentation gowns worn by our well-knowns for their appearance at Court this year sound even more glamorous than usual. I think Bettina Barton must have looked more demure and charming than ever in her frock of cream-and-silver brocade, and carrying an heirloom fan of cream lace. Patricia Case chose a pale blue fan as a foil to her ivory gown.

That popular country girl, Lindsay Sinclair, from Pokahara, and her mother were presented by the Marchioness of Zetland, and the décolletage of her white gown was edged with flowers to match her bouquet of white roses.

Mrs. Alan Jaffray, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Tait at their beautiful home at Bowral, has returned to her home in Brisbane.

Felt Hospitable

AMONG the guests invited to Barbara Boydell's cocktail party last week were Helen Thompson and her fiancé, Roy Hoddie, whose wedding will take place on June 29. Barbara told me she had no particular reason for throwing the party. Just felt in a hospitable mood and asked fifty young friends to share it.

Betty Greenwood, Nancy, Mollie and John Westgarth, Gay Curtis, Nancy Throsby, Joan and Lorraine See, and Tom Parsons were among the guests.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. Wallace Horaley, wife of the well-known polo player, left Adersham Hall at the week-end, and took her three children to her country home, Gundilawah, Gundagai, for the school holidays?

FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

If you are older—



Do express ease and graciousness! Nothing is more disquieting than the mature woman in worn-out clothes. Vexatious chic and flattery.

Don't attempt the deliriously youthful hat that ties under the chin. There are chin ribbons galore—a quaint lash-in for youth; silent insinuation for age.

If you are tall and stout—



Don't choose the double-breasted coat, cross lines, sophisticated corners.

Do let your coat silhouette flow over your body, neither closely fitted nor hanging loose, but easily fitted with a moderate degree of skirt fullness.

THE New BABY

Continued from Page 17

"Well, maybe they would," Marian argued. "People like lots of things. Anyway, I can remember when the other baby died. Mother cried awfully. But then, don't you know, she never cried any more about it, and until Vera came she always played with us a lot, and wanted us around all the time. Well..." She paused impressively.

"Don't you see?" Ted shook his head.

"Listen," said Marian impatiently; "we'll give the baby away."

Ted's face lighted up, then it clouded again. "How'll we get her out of the house? She howls at the least thing. And who'd we get to take her? You know big people are funny; they'd probably telephone daddy or something."

Marian frowned. "We can take her," she said slowly, "when mother's lying down after lunch. If you stick a bottle in her mouth she's too dumb to find out it's empty, for a little while, anyway. Or maybe we can get some milk. And we won't take her to anybody's house. We'll go 'way out the other end of town and leave her on a porch."

"Geel!" said Ted in wholehearted admiration.

And that afternoon two determined-looking children walked up the village street pulling a toy express wagon containing a sleeping baby, completely enveloped in two pink blankets.

"That looks like a good place," said Marian, pointing to a flimsily constructed frame building, whose only sign of occupancy was a line sagging under a load of rather grey washing. "Let's leave her here."

Looking about to make sure they were unobserved, they replaced the bottle half-full of cold milk in the baby's unenthusiastic mouth, laid her on a corner of the porch, and with great speed went back up the street.

When they got home they skipped in at the side door and drew long breaths of relief at seeing no signs of life. When Mrs. Ives came downstairs they were innocently playing on the porch. She was rested and refreshed, and her heart smote her a little as she thought of her recent severity.

"Such good children," she said cheerfully. "You're sorry now you made mother so unhappy, aren't you, darlings?"

Two brown heads bent lower over the game, and "Yes, Mother," came in such meek and courteous voices that Mrs. Ives congratulated herself that her firmness had worked. Presently she went into the baby's room.

"Why, Lena," she called, "did you take Vera up?"

"No, ma'am," called Lena pleasantly, "she hasn't made a sound."

"But..." Mrs. Ives' face grew ashen, "she's not here."

Lena ran upstairs, and she, too, grew pale when she saw the empty cot.

"For the love of Heaven!" she said, "do ye be telephonin' Mr. Ives, ma'am, an' I'll run next door and phone the p'leece."

The twins had not had such an exciting time for months. In her worry and grief Mrs. Ives held her two children closely to her. Marian smiled significantly at Ted; their plan was working already. But their joy was shortlived. After half an hour a particularly unpleasant-looking woman was brought back by father in his car, and in her arms she bore a now thoroughly irate Vera.

Mrs. Ives promptly abandoned the twins and seized her baby in hungry arms. Ted and Marian looked at each other miserably.

They were completely ignored until the loquacious woman, who apparently did not greatly appreciate the free gift of a baby, had exhausted her eloquence at the expense of "mischievous children who should be soundly whipped and taught what it meant to disturb a hard-working woman on a wash day."

Then Mrs. Ives, still holding Vera tightly, turned not toward, but upon, the children.

"You little..." she began in tremulous tones, but her husband stopped her.

"Dearest," he said, in a voice so gentle that the twins lifted tearful and unbelieving eyes to his sympathetic face. "I'll handle this."

He took the baby carefully from his wife, and said to her in low tones something which was utterly incomprehensible to the twins.

"We have three children," he said. "I've been wondering... I think I know now what we've done."

Mrs. Ives shook her head stub-

bornly, but she turned to go. Mr. Ives resisted her attempts to take the baby.

"No, no," he said, "you're too tired. Lena'll fix her up."

Mrs. Ives kissed the baby's rubbery little cheek tenderly, and, ignoring the twins, went into the house.

Mr. Ives turned gravely toward the wretched little figures silently watching him.

"Sit down," he said pleasantly, "Marian, hold the baby a minute, will you, while I get my pipe?"

He deposited Vera, now in possession of a warm bottle supplied by an indignant Lena, upon Marian's rather inadequate lap, and automatically she clasped the soft burden closely in both her thin arms.

A few minutes later Mr. Ives sat down peacefully in a big rocker.

"Well, she is eating," he remarked. "But I don't think she's as greedy as you two were at her age, at that."

"WERE we?" asked Ted with interest.

"Were you!" answered his father, grinning. "And did you keep us awake nights? And did you make work—we had no help then."

"Well, don't all babies make work?" asked Marian with some heat.

"Sure they do," answered Mr. Ives, "but it made me mad then, because I wasn't used to babies, and I was jealous."

"Jealous?" The twins stared at him unbelievingly.

"Well, naturally..." Mr. Ives pulled at his pipe. "I'd had your mother all to myself until you came, and then after you were here she couldn't go walking with me any more, or to the theatre or do much of anything with me. I used to feel lonesome and left out, I can tell you."

"Why," he laughed, "I actually was so silly at one time as to imagine that your mother was fonder of you than she was of me; I must have been crazy, I guess, or something. Because now I know she likes us all exactly the same. And, of course, the littler anyone is, the more attention they have to have. Why, even now, sometimes, when your mother's telling you stories or getting you ready for bed, or she's rocking the baby, I begin to feel a little left out again. And when I'm as foolish as that, do you know what I do? I try—I'm not much good at it—but I try to do something to help her, so that she can get through more quickly, and be free for me. Gosh!" He interrupted himself. "Vera's fallen asleep in your arms, Marian."

Marian looked down at the sleeping baby, and Ted stood beside her and laid a grubby hand curiously on the two mottled fists from which the bottle was slipping.

Mr. Ives leaned back and looked out through the pine woods to the blue water. After a while Marian said:

"I'm kind of glad the lady brought Vera back. But why did she? I thought all grown-up ladies liked babies."

"Well, I expect she knew the baby was ours," Mr. Ives returned, matter-of-factly, "and that we would want her back, however much she bothered us. They're not very interesting at this age, but two or three months from now she'll be awfully cute."

"She's not so bad," said Ted gruffly.

There was a long silence. Both children still looked at the baby; they were wondering why they had hated her so. Very young wounds are easily healed and forgotten when the balm of understanding is applied to them. To have their father with them, shut out, too, and the words "our baby" had set their world in order.

A few minutes later Mrs. Ives stood in the doorway of the porch.

"I couldn't sleep..." she began. "I'm too upset..." Then she broke off abruptly. She looked at Vera, and at the expression on the twins' faces as they watched her. Her husband became conscious of her, and lifted a warning hand as she came out.

She did not understand what had happened. She only knew that all her anger had melted away, and that her family was hers once more.

"How nicely you hold baby, Marian," she said gently.

The twins looked up and smiled.

"Say, kin I hold her for her next nap?" asked Ted.

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Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with peppin or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestine.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acids and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from your nearest chemist or store. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.



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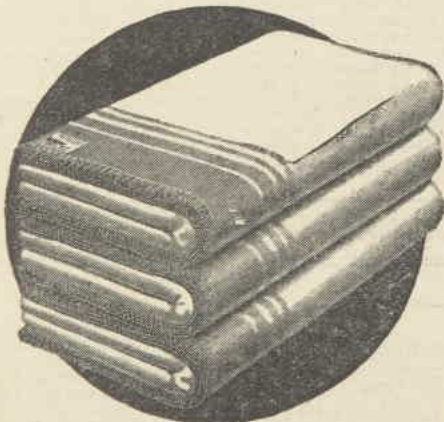
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THE MOVIE WORLD

May 21, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One



Calling Australia!

Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER
from New York and Hollywood.

Kay Calls It a Day

AUSTRALIAN writer-director John Farrow has stepped further up the directorial ladder. He'll handle the megaphone on the next Kay Francis picture, "My Bill."

The picture will come as a surprise to audiences, for Kay will discard her smartness and appear as the mother of six children, the eldest fifteen. Anita Louise, who is now twenty-one, will let down her hair and play the fifteen-year-old.

Kay is enthusiastic about the role, but her friends feel she is foolish to attempt such a part. However, it won't matter much, if—as Kay says—it is her last picture.

Lot of Lanes

THE Hollywood Press thought it was being fooled when Warners announced that a fourth Lane sister would soon be on the screen. The studio already has three Lanes—Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla—under contract.

The fourth Lane, Leota, will join her sisters in the film version of Fannie Hurst's novel, "Sister Act." The gentleman with the slightly colossal job of playing opposite all four sisters will be Errol Flynn.

Studios Sack Thousands

ALARMED by the drop in box-office receipts last year, nearly all Hollywood studios have cut expenses to the bone. In one month, M-G-M. fired a thousand workers, ranging from stenographers to stars.

At R.K.O., seventy-five per cent. of the contract players

BARTHOLOMEW AT THE BARBER'S

MANY people have been wishing for a long time that Freddie Bartholomew would get a haircut.

He has done so at last—but the step has landed him in trouble.

Retakes of "Kidnapped," in which his hair was long, are delayed until he needs another trim. Meanwhile, the heads of 20th Century-Fox are tearing out handfuls of their own hair.

were let out, and the writing staff was cut from fifty-five to twenty.

It doesn't mean that fewer pictures will be made—just that fewer workers will be used to make them. The fact that these fierce economies are possible indicates the recent extravagance of the studios.

Bruises For Joan Blondell

"There's Always a Woman" (Columbia) is a crime-comedy on "Thin Man" lines. Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell are the married sleuths. Above left: the stars in harmony. Above centre: Lester Matthews with Mary Astor, widow of a slain man. In the other shots Joan Blondell is: top right, surprised; lower left, determined; lower right, enraged.

Win for Redheads

MAKE-UP artist Max Factor the other day explained the reason for the increasing number of redheads in the movies.

"To photograph attractively," he says, "hair must be high-lighted. Black hair looks flat and dead on the screen, therefore natural brunettes are forced to use a reddish tinting to provide highlights."

"Dorothy Lamour is the only natural brunette I can think of whose hair shows highlights without tinting."

In the red or brownish-red class are Myrna Loy, Andrea Leeds, Joan Crawford, Binnie Barnes, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald, Katharine Hepburn, Janet Gaynor and Anne Shirley.

Luise Rainer Returns

AWAY from the camera for many months owing to illness, Luise Rainer is now back at work, playing the lead in "Toy Wife," a story of old New Orleans. Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young appear with her.

Her husband, the brilliant young playwright, Clifford Odets, has sold his latest hit, "Golden Boy," to Columbia for a record price.

Clean that tartar curve

Tek

Right behind your front teeth . . . where tartar forms . . . old-style brushes are too big to fit. You need Tek. Professionally small, shaped to sweep clean INSIDE curves as easily as outside. Pure, springy, long-life bristles.

The BEST toothbrush money can buy!

Now **1/6**

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Unfair To Simone

HARDLY any star has ever been given the reputation of a sabre-tooth tigress so thoroughly as this little French girl.

The legend was begun by the Press-agents—who described her when she first went to Hollywood as a "savage child of nature, throbbing with all the exotic passion of the Madagascan jungle." The only basis for that particular bit of drive was the fact that Simone once lived for a short time in Madagascar.

But the experience has not made her in the least uncivilised—as I soon found when I met her.

I had heard so much in advance about her vile temper that I sat down warily in her flat, hoping that our chat would be over in ten minutes.

But an hour later, completely conquered by her charm, I was still there, and she was cheerily asking me if I would like a drink.

Her gay, intelligent talk was decidedly a change after the childish burbling of many actresses from whom I have tried laboriously to extract a few grown-up remarks.

Almost everyone she meets asks her, "But, my dear, what is your real name?" That infuriates her. It is her real name!

Her Papa's name was Simon. He was an engineer and his only child was born in Marseilles.

Papa Simon had what he judged to be a sense of humor. He thought it would be fun-nee to call his daughter Simone.

Simone quite frankly hates her name. She wishes Papa had called her Renee, or Charlotte, or even Bessie. She knows a French actor named Noel Noel, and she likes that name very much because it means Christmas. But Simone Simon... that is, she says, "an unbearable noise."

THEY LABELLED SIMONE SIMON A TIGER-CAT, BUT THE STORIES OF HER TROPICAL RAGES AND LOVES ARE MOSTLY FAIRY-TALES

Especially unbearable when it is given the absurd pronunciation recommended by the publicity department of 20th Century-Fox—See-moon."

Simone has been badly maligned. All these stories about her terrible temper are nonsense. So

are the tales about her legion of love affairs, which were invented by gossip-columnists.

She said to me with great warmth that people who take her for a young Cleopatra are making a howling mistake. Lots of fellows take her out, but they are only escorts.

Her reputation as a tempestuous problem on the studio set is not without a certain basis.

Simone has thrown a few hearty tantrums at one time or another. But she has done so with a good reason.

She knows well that she is a very special type, and she has a dread of being miscast. And if she thinks she is being given an unsuitable part she loses her temper quite deliberately.

If they do not yield she will throw the script in their faces. But it is all a matter of business, not of passion.

Simone had a pretty thin time socially when she arrived in Hollywood late in 1935. She was unknown, and the only people who paid any attention to her were the Charles Boyers, who knew her reputation as an actress in France.

It was in "Girls Dormitory" that she first made them take notice. That film left her with an admiration for Herbert Marshall that she says she will never lose.

"Marshall is a gentleman first, and then an actor," she says. "All the time on the set everyone tries to steal scenes except Marshall. I try to steal them myself."

By JOAN McLEOD,
from Hollywood





George Raft Sells Meat Pies

AND JACK OAKIE BREEDS ORCHIDS. THESE ARE TWO OF THE SIDELINES BY WHICH STARS EARN DIAMOND PIN MONEY.

GONE are Hollywood's days of "easy come, easy go," when stars saved not a penny and were stranded as soon as their popularity passed.

The sight of once famous players working as extras—when they can—for 30 shillings a day is a warning to the present generation of actors and actresses.

When an actor gets among big money to-day, he looks to the future by finding a profitable sideline.

Since the stock market crash of

1929, Hollywood has favored more solid business investments.

Sometimes they come to grief, of course.

But failures teach them that a business venture must be treated as just that—not as a hobby.

Only last week comedian Bert Wheeler was forced to put up the bankrupt signs on his exclusive men's furnishing establishment in Beverly Hills. But Bert is still making a little profit on his resort hotel out in the desert.

Some of the ranches owned by

celebrities here are no longer mere playgrounds.

Ranching has long been a favorite diversion among Hollywoodites, but only recently has the idea of putting ranch homes on a paying basis become prevalent.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are the owners of a twelve-hundred-acre ranch some distance from Hollywood, and make their home there between pictures. They have several hundred head of fine cattle, a number of horses, and raise some four hundred acres of grain.

Other large scale ranchers are Clara Bow and her husband, Rex Bell. They have a huge tract of land in Nevada, and specialise in cattle raising.

Clara and Rex recently dabbled in the cafe business, opening the luxurious "R" cafe in the heart of Hollywood. The place was a great success, but it involved too much, so they sold out after a few months.

Gary Cooper is the latest star to join the ranks of big ranchers. He has three thousand acres in Arizona, which will support him when he tires of his acting career.

Among the small agriculturists is Ann Dvorak, who has an extensive walnut grove, and also picks up a little cash by growing orchids.

Ann started out in life with the idea of becoming a botanist, and now can still turn her training in botany to profitable use.

Barbara Stanwyck has a sideline which may some day prove a goldmine. In partnership with Mrs. Zeppo Marx, Barbara has founded the beautiful Marwyck Ranch, devoted to breeding racehorses.

• Ann Dvorak gets pocket-money from her large walnut grove.

Gwen Munro

has the feminine lead in the latest Cinesound film, "Let George Do It," which stars George Wallace. Gwen is a Melbourne girl who has lived abroad. She has already been seen in Cinesound's "Orphan of the Wilderness."

Said to be the most up-to-date ranch of its kind in California, the Marwyck required a huge original investment, but when the breeding plan gets well under way and the Marwyck ponies are ready to run on the nation's tracks Barbara will probably be well repaid.

Another horse-fancier is Clark Gable—but he doesn't care to be reminded of it. His alleged racehorse nearly ate him out of house and home, and used to finish half an hour late in every race.

But evidently Clark wasn't cured, for he, Bob Taylor, and Spencer Tracy are preparing another nag.

In Hollywood any talk of racing always brings up the name of Bing Crosby.

He is the founder and chief owner of the new and super-exclusive Del Mar racetrack at the seaside, about sixty miles from Hollywood. Also heavily interested in this fashionable track is Pat O'Brien.

But even if the track failed him Crosby would have few worries. Of all stars in Hollywood, he has the

most unusual firms—a glider factory. The gliders are manufactured after Stephens' own design, which won second prize in the national air races.

Reginald Denny has a model plane factory—the largest in the world. He has two million dollars' worth of advance orders for model planes for next year.

Frank Morgan and brother Ralph are the owners of one of the largest firms in the country—Wupperman Inc., makers of Angostura Bitters.

Wupperman is their real name, and the firm was founded by one of their ancestors, the secret formula for the bitters being handed down from one generation to another.

Constance Bennett's search for cosmetics that would perfectly suit her skin has resulted in Constance Bennett Cosmetics Inc.

The lady hired a chemist six years ago to concoct a special make-up for her. Lending dabs of it to admiring friends became a bit tiresome, so the star decided she might as well manufacture the stuff and give the friends a chance to buy it themselves.

Her crest—she's the Marquise de la Palaise, you know—appears on all the bottles.

A flower shop provides Lucille Ball with pocket money, and Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are interested in a floral establishment run by Joan's brother, Ed.

Jack Oakie, of all people, is part-owner of an orchid and gardenia nursery.

Errol Flynn could make a living as a writer if he wished. He now sells articles and stories to magazines, has published a book and sold a screen play—oh, yes, and written a song.

And we mustn't forget Shirley Temple's business instincts. The little star makes extra money on advertising endorsements—but is prudent to tell how she rented her own pony to her studio for picture work—for ten cents a day!

By BARBARA BOURCHIER from Hollywood

greatest number of outside business interests.

He draws steady profits from a couple of gold mines, blocks of real estate, and a part interest in a music-publishing firm. He makes even more from radio appearances and record-making.

A number of movie people invest their money in restaurants. Director William Keighley has just established a drive-in cafe in Hollywood—one of those outdoor places where meals are served in one's car. Other owners of food-places are Mae West, Kent Taylor, Mary Carlisle and George Raft.

The last-named owns a restaurant specialising in home-made meat pies.

Harvey Stephens has one of the



Fooling for Goldwyn



• The mad Ritz Brothers were borrowed from 20th Century-Fox for "The Goldwyn Follies." These high-pressure lunatics may not suit everyone, but they have found a big public in their one year of pictures. We saw them in "You Can't Have Everything" and "Life Begins in College."



• HERE ARE Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen, his ventriloquist creator, who appear in "The Goldwyn Follies."

CHARLIE MCCARTHY IS A DUMMY, BUT HE IS NOT DUMB. HIS BRAZEN BACKCHAT HAS STARTED A NEW AND UNIQUE VOGUE FOR VENTRILOQUISM.

Shipboard Sensation

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



HERE is a girl who should own a smile like sunlight dancing on wind-swept water—a rippling, dazzling, flashing smile! The merest parting of her lips should reveal teeth that are bright, that glisten with a beautiful lustre.

But how distressing for her (and how shocking for you) if when she smiles she reveals dull teeth and flabby gums, tragic evidence of dental ignorance or deliberate and unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Don't let such neglect penalize you. Any time

She evades close-ups . . . Dinky teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

your tooth brush shows that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist and see him promptly. You may not be headed for serious trouble but it's safer to have your dentist's assurance. Many times, however, the verdict will be gums that are the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and exercise—and, very often, gums that will respond to the wakening stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth.

Massage a little Ipana into your gums when you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation quickens and stimulates the gum tissues—helps them to a new firmness that keeps them healthier. The theory of Ipana and massage is approved by many Australian dentists—is taught in many schoolrooms all over the land. And right at home Ipana and massage can be your dentist's able assistant in the care of your teeth and gums.

Start to-day to use Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth brighter. And your smile will then be a smile you can be proud of—radiant, winning, lovely!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by chemists only.

IPANA plus massage
is your dentist's able
assistant in the home
care of teeth and gums



CHARLIE MCCARTHY is not yet well known in Australia. "The Goldwyn Follies" is the first major film he has played in, his previous appearances being limited to a couple of Warner Brothers shorts.

But in America this insolent dummy, controlled by ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, has acquired a greater fame than has come to any other dummy in history.

Nation-wide polls acclaimed Charlie as the most popular turn on the American radio for 1932.

And that prestige was reached only one year after his "discovery" by Noel Coward at a smart party in New York.

When he came along ventriloquism had almost vanished as a form of entertainment. But it is now a raging fashion in the United States.

What is the secret of the meteoric McCarthy? Well, in the first place, Edgar Bergen, his master, is a

By Edward Doherty

from Hollywood

brilliant humorist. And that is very unusual among ventriloquists.

In the past these performers have had very little in their favor except their trick of speech.

Another thing—Charlie McCarthy is the first dummy to be given a strong personality of his own. Bergen keeps in the background himself, and gives all the publicity to his puppet.

Even in rehearsals Bergen keeps up a pretence that McCarthy is an individual. Before the dummy is taken out of the case in which he is carried, studio hands can hear him screaming violently and profanely for freedom.

At one rehearsal Bergen called for the script. A boy brought it over, and when he had glanced at it Bergen handed it back. At once Charlie McCarthy yelled "Bring that thing back! I want to look at it myself!"

The boy ran back at once, then looked sheepish as Bergen laughed and waved him away.

McCarthy's chief charm is his impudence. A dummy can get away with impertinences that a flesh-and-blood comedian would not dare to utter.

People like that; they enjoy seeing this incorrigible puppet abusing pompous and dignified persons in the way we would all like to do if we could.

Bergen accidentally discovered his gift for ventriloquism while talking with schoolmates one day. Something he said seemed to have come from far down the hall.

Even Bergen was flabbergasted, but it gave him an idea and he sent off for a correspondence school book on ventriloquism.

He built Charlie's body himself. The head was made by a doll carver from Bergen's charcoal cartoon of a Chicago newsboy he knew.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

PRIVATE VIEWS



VIRGINIA BRUCE

CAN TRACE HER FAMILY RELATIONSHIP TO TWO PRECIDENTS—McKINLEY AND GARFIELD

JIMMY CAGNEY

MADE HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE DRESSED AS A GIRL! HE WAS ALSO A CHORUS BOY BEFORE HE BECAME FAMOUS AS A MOVIE TOUGH GUY.

MAE WEST MUZZLES HER PET PARROT WHEN STRANGERS ARE AROUND.

Here's Hot News from All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

UNIVERSAL officials are worried over Deanna Durbin's rapid growth. She's getting too big for child roles, but still isn't old enough for serious love interest.

In an attempt to bridge the gap smoothly, the studio will inject a little "puppy love" into her next opus, "That Certain Age." The picture is built around the very thing that is causing the worries—the difficulties of the age between childhood and young womanhood.

JOAN FONTAINE'S much publicized romance with Conrad Nagel—they were rumored to be secretly married—seems to have suffered a final chill, and now the little lady is smiling on English actor Derrick de Marney, who plays opposite her in "Muddled Deal."

DANIELLE DARRIEUX has gone very American. She chews gum vigorously between scenes of "The Rage of Paris," and sometimes has to be reminded by the director to remove her gum while playing before the camera.

This NEW Prescription
X STOPS
CALENDAR PAIN
IN THREE MINUTES

Midone
Pain relief
Midone
Pain relief
Midone
Pain relief

LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID

"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C. in her letter. "My legs and butt were terribly fat and a bulge under my chin made my face look fat and ugly. I was saving the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me." Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous

YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime banishes ugly, nasty, salty, no starvation diet. DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS RECOMMEND

Full 4 weeks' Treatment 20/- 10-day Course 5/6

YOUTH-O-FORM

ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

Tommy Kelly, May Robson. (Selznick International.)

(Week's best release.)

CERTAIN prejudices may keep people away from this film. Fear that it is a slow, rural affair with crinolines and old-folk sentiment; distaste for screen adaptations of classical books; dislike of child actors. Yet this is a film of extraordinary charm.

Tommy Kelly, the star, was found by Producer Selznick and this is his debut. He may be described as a boy with all the qualities that Bobby Breen has not. His face is most engaging. He has no affectation. His acting is fresh and sincere. The warm humor of Mark Twain's book has not been lost at all in the picture.

With frogs jumping around unhappily inside his hat, Tommy Kelly plays some highly laughable scenes. Yet suddenly, and without effort, at several points in the film he has a genuine pathos. He makes the agonies of many adult stars resemble the convulsions of a dying elephant.

Ann Gillis, who plays Becky Thatcher, is also a delightful child, and a first-rate actress. Her hysteria in the scene where they are lost in the caves is brilliantly effective in keeping up suspense. The film has some exciting passages.

The technicolor is notably good. And the picture owes a lot to the skill of Director Norman Taurog in managing children.

But the whole production has the taste and the hand-sewn finish that give special distinction to all films made by David Selznick—Mayfair; showing.

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland. (M.G.-M.)

YOUNG people and racehorses do most of the work in this lively picture.

Mickey Rooney and Ronald Sinclair—put in as a substitute for Freddie Bartholomew—are violently contrasted. Mickey is a tough American jockey

with a heart of gold. Ronald is an English boy who looks and talks like a "cissy" but has lots of pluck.

The Americans in the picture don't quite know what to make of Ronald, with his long words and his fantastic politeness.

Most English boys would be equally puzzled by him, and would probably treat him even more roughly.

The film gives a curious indication of what Hollywood imagines English boys to be like.

Judy Garland, child mimic and jazz-singer, does some amusing stuff. The story is nothing in particular, but it moves briskly and closes with a first-class racing sequence.—St. James; showing.

Shows Still Running

•• The Hurricane: Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour; spectacular drama—Century, 9th week.

•• Topper: Cary Grant, Constance Bennett; novel comedy.—State, 3rd week.

•• Romance in the Dark: Gladys Swarthout, John Barrymore; comedy with songs—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

• Hawaii Calls: Bobby Breen; musical—Lyceum, 3rd week.

HEIDI OF THE ALPS

Shirley Temple. (20th Century-Fox.)

IN her last film we saw Shirley Temple use the influence of her endearing character to pacify rebel chiefs on the north-west frontier of India. This time, by further exercise of her charm, she induces an elderly Austrian atheist to go to church.

The film is based on a children's book which has been very popular in Europe, and it is likely that the film will be equally popular among children here.

It is very pleasantly done.—Plaza; showing.

MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938

Alice Brady, Mische Auer. (Universal.)

ANOTHER proof that a lot of talented players cannot make a musical on their own. They need the electric power of producer and writer to weld their efforts into a show. Someone switched off the power before this film went into production.

It has some isolated passages that are sure to get a laugh, especially those which introduce Alice Brady in her well-known line of mature silliness.

Bert Lahr's song, "Only a Baritone Can Chop a Tree," is also meritorious. But for most of the time a string of comedians, including Mische Auer, are embarrassingly unfunny.

Even among the plots of musicals, the story of this one must be ranked a washout. As well as being asinine, it is on occasions sloppy in an amateurish way when four hard-up comedians are befriending a poor little orphan.—Capitol; showing.

IN OLD CHICAGO

Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Alice Faye. (20th Century-Fox.)

DARRYL F. ZANUCK, the "big noise" of 20th Century-Fox, appears to have a simple faith that you can produce a first-rate picture by spending half-a-million pounds on it.

It is rather as if a magnate with a taste for cricket were to imagine that by spending half-a-million pounds he could get into the Australian Eleven.

The picture attempts to re-create with great realism the life of Chicago, particularly its shady side, before the great fire of 1871.

Tyrone Power and Alice Faye are cast as leaders in the night life of "The Patch," the most vicious quarter of Chicago.

But their depravity is completely unreal. It has to be otherwise they would be no use to Mr. Zanuck as hero and heroine.

The film's emotional situations do not ring true, and the speeches are often marked by the pompous in-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

sincerity known to the theatrical world as "ham."

The best parts are the vaguely old-fashioned songs by Alice Faye, and the spectacle of the great Chicago fire.

The fire is presented without real imagination. It does not give you the feeling of horror that it should give.

But it is fairly interesting to watch. By spending stacks of gold bricks on a pretentious and barely mediocre film Zanuck looks back to the primeval age of pictures.

Yet the Hollywood Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences recently presented him with the Irving Thalberg Memorial Plaque, an award for the producer judged to uphold most successfully the high artistic standards set by the late Irving Thalberg.

Which is very strange—Regent; showing.

★ LOVE AND HISSES

Simone Simon. (30th Century-Fox.)

FRENCH Simone Simon is still a captivating little person, even after Hollywood duoced her with the standard quality of "glamor."

Apart from Simone—who sings agreeably—this picture has not much to it except some very good comedy by Joan Davis and Bert Lahr.

The bulk of the footage is dedicated to the "feud" between Walter Winchell, the gossip-writer, and Ben Bernie, the band leader.

Their vendetta is less entertaining than it was the first time in "Wake Up and Live." In fact, we begin to wish they would keep it a private fight.—Embassy; showing.

★ HEIDI OF THE ALPS

Shirley Temple. (20th Century-Fox.)

IN her last film we saw Shirley Temple use the influence of her endearing character to pacify rebel chiefs on the north-west frontier of India. This time, by further exercise of her charm, she induces an elderly Austrian atheist to go to church.

The film is based on a children's book which has been very popular in Europe, and it is likely that the film will be equally popular among children here.

It is very pleasantly done.—Plaza; showing.

MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938

Alice Brady, Mische Auer. (Universal.)

ANOTHER proof that a lot of talented players cannot make a musical on their own. They need the electric power of producer and writer to weld their efforts into a show. Someone switched off the power before this film went into production.

It has some isolated passages that are sure to get a laugh, especially those which introduce Alice Brady in her well-known line of mature silliness.

Bert Lahr's song, "Only a Baritone Can Chop a Tree," is also meritorious. But for most of the time a string of comedians, including Mische Auer, are embarrassingly unfunny.

Even among the plots of musicals, the story of this one must be ranked a washout. As well as being asinine, it is on occasions sloppy in an amateurish way when four hard-up comedians are befriending a poor little orphan.—Capitol; showing.

IN OLD CHICAGO

Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Alice Faye. (20th Century-Fox.)

DARRYL F. ZANUCK, the "big noise" of 20th Century-Fox, appears to have a simple faith that you can produce a first-rate picture by spending half-a-million pounds on it.

It is rather as if a magnate with a taste for cricket were to imagine that by spending half-a-million pounds he could get into the Australian Eleven.

The picture attempts to re-create with great realism the life of Chicago, particularly its shady side, before the great fire of 1871.

Tyrone Power and Alice Faye are cast as leaders in the night life of "The Patch," the most vicious quarter of Chicago.

But their depravity is completely unreal. It has to be otherwise they would be no use to Mr. Zanuck as hero and heroine.

The film's emotional situations do not ring true, and the speeches are often marked by the pompous in-

LOTTERY LUCK

Follows Astrologer's Advice

Mrs. W. T. Woods, of Hilltop, Bull, wrote to Pundit Asrah, the Astrologer, followed his advice, and then shared in a £1000 prize. Mr. M. J. Collins, of Pine Street, Berouva, did the same, and he, too, shared in a £1000 prize.

It was only after they acted on the advice given by Pundit Asrah, the famous Astrologer, that Mr. Collins and Mrs. Woods' good luck brought them big prizes. Mr. Collins had never previously won a prize in a lottery, and Mrs. Woods only a few small prizes.

Readers who are interested in lotteries and would like advice similar to that given to these two winners are invited to cut this paragraph and send it, with a postal note for 1/- together with a stamped addressed envelope, and the date and year of their birth, to The Astrologer, Desk AWW7, Box 586E, G.P.O., Hobart.

Within ten days Pundit Asrah will post them the days and numbers which, according to the stars, should be lucky for them. This is what he did for the £1000 winners. He will also send ten simple rules on "How to be Lucky," rules which were followed by Mrs. Woods and Mr. Collins when they won.

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**Can't sleep
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**You want
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ACID stomach, night indigestion—that's what causes those sleepless nights, nights when you toss and turn and just can't rest. The food you've taken during the day is turning acid during the night, and this acidity so irritates the stomach nerves that your whole nervous system is upset, making sleep impossible. Neutralise this excess acid, and your digestion will become normal and you'll sleep like a top! Try it; just take a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia before you go to bed to-night, and see what a difference it makes. Excess acid is neutralised in a moment. Your stomach is 'soothed' and sweetened, and nervous irritation is impossible. Once more you enjoy deep, refreshing sleep. It is a concentrated preparation and very economical. *The pack- age bears the trade mark 'Bismag'.*

**You want
'Bisurated'
Magnesia**

Pile Sufferers

Can You Answer These Questions?

- Do you know why ointments do not give you quick and lasting relief?
Why cutting does not remove the cause?
Do you know the cause of piles is internal?
That there is a stagnation of blood in the lower bowel?
Do you know that there is a harmless internal remedy discovered by Dr. Leonhardt and known as Vacuoid, now sold by chemists everywhere, that is guaranteed?
Vacuoid banishes piles by removing the cause, by freeing blood circulation in the lower bowel. This simple home treatment has an almost unbelievable record for sure, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sick sufferers, and saves the needless pain and expense of an operation. Don't delay. Try Vacuoid to-day.

Real Life Stories

STORMBOUND ON Lonely Coral Island

To play a woman Robinson Crusoe for a night and a day on a storm-swept coral island, wondering how many more nights and days she must wait for rescue, was an experience that tested the courage of Mrs. W. Holtman, of 41 Shaw St., Wagga, N.S.W., who wins this week's prize of £1/1/- for her real life story.

ON a cruise among the islands near the Great Barrier Reef, we stopped at Brook Island, 30 miles from the mainland. It was very dull and still, and knowing we were in for a severe squall, not uncommon among the northern islands, we went ashore to find shelter.

When the storm reached the island we all had to lie face downwards, for the wind was like a cyclone, with torrents of rain.

Our yacht was carried on to a reef, tearing a copper plate from its side. The men left me to go to the rescue of the boat, and once it was off the reef I did not see them again.

I stayed alone all night. At day-break I went in search of my husband and crew, but there was no sign of them. I was afraid that the yacht had foundered in the terrible seas.

I wondered how long I should have to wait before a boat would pass the island and rescue me. I had no food or fresh water.

For hours I sat on the beach. Overcome with fatigue, my clothes still



... I searched the sea for a sign of a boat.

wet from the deluge of rain, I fell asleep.

When I awakened I searched the sea for a sign of a boat. Then in the distance I could see a small white object.

It grew larger, and I realised it was our yacht. My husband had had to let the yacht run before the storm, to a neighboring island.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Holtman, 41 Shaw Street, Wagga, N.S.W.

Sailed Away

MY first-born was about six weeks old. Being a novice at child rearing, I was bringing him up on ideas gleaned from a book, which told me that, whatever the weather, he must take his morning sleep out of doors.

Each day I used to wheel his cot out on to a wide cement verandah, an ideal place on a calm day.

But one morning a cross wind was blowing a gale. To protect the baby I hung a rug around the end of the cot facing the wind. When I went out to peep at him a little later, the cot had disappeared over the other end of the verandah—a drop of about four feet—and had overturned.

The rug, acting as a sail, had helped its progress in the wind along the verandah. I was too frightened to look at baby at first, but found he was sleeping peacefully, caught in the end of the cot with all his bed-clothes on top of him.

5/- to Mrs. Goffon, Goffon St., Scotsdale, Tas.

Mine Thrill

SOME years ago I was employed at Celebration gold mine. Being a new chum, I was keen and interested, and when the shift boss suggested a trip underground to assist in putting in a set of timber I was on to it like a shot.

We mounted the kibble and signalled to be lowered. As we reached a lower set of timber the shift boss shouted "Hold tight."

The kibble swung and I, without thought, lost my nerve and leaped into space. My clutching fingers found a niche and there I hung with a drop of 200 feet below.

With my face upturned I viewed the sky above and over my shoulder I caught sight of the ladder swinging in the corner of the shaft. So hand-over-hand I made the perilous eight feet across to it, expecting every minute to drop to the bottom.

When I regained my composure I climbed to the surface.

5/- to Mr. C. Dinham, 123 Edmund St., Fremantle, W.A.

Tell YOUR Story

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned. Only authentic incidents are eligible.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week, and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

Nearly Honeymooned in Gaol

FIFTEEN years ago my husband and I were married, and went on our honeymoon.

Arriving at our hotel we had scarcely seated ourselves in the dining-room when my husband was called outside by two strange men.

I waited ten minutes, but as my husband did not return I followed him and learned to my amazement that we were wanted by the police for robbery!

Our description tallied exactly with that of the real thieves, and the detectives had evidently followed us off the boat.

Our names also corresponded, and we had a very bad time trying to convince the detectives that we were not the guilty people.

But for the fact that we could produce our marriage lines we should have spent the first night of our married life in the cells.

5/- to Mrs. E. Brown, C/o 214 James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

Beauty in the Kitchen

A HOUSE set alone amid scrub and cane-fields of coastal North Queensland was the setting for one of life's dramatic moments.

As is usual in the north, our house was built mainly as a protection from sun and rain, and our only door was in the front—the weather side.

The cane-cutting season brought many and varied strangers to the district, and the nights were filled with strange, inexplicable noises which made them unending.

One night I awakened suddenly to hear heavy breathing and a sound as of heavy boots trying to tread softly on the earthen floor of the kitchen.

Grasping an electric torch and a piece of iron which I kept beside the bed, I slipped out.

Never to my mind had our cow, Beauty, so lived up to her name as when the torch light revealed her placidly eating the scallops of paper which hung from the crockery shelves.

5/- to Mrs. J. White, Melketejohn St., Namurkah, Vic.

Phantom Dog

LIVING in New Zealand in 1906, I cycled one night the five miles from Greytown to Carterton, accompanied by my father. A mile or so out of town, on a part of the road known as "The Platform," we had a very weird experience.

As we cycled along we were amazed to see, on that lonely stretch of road, a small white dog, which suddenly ran up from the side of the built-up road, directly into the path of my front wheel.

My father shouted, jumped off his bicycle to help me, but I hadn't time to swerve, and went straight through it!

All this happened in an instant. My father remounted, and we went on. I was rather bewildered and upset, but, later, my father told me that others had spoken of having this strange experience at the same spot.

I certainly saw the dog as clearly as if it were midday, and I just as certainly saw my wheel go straight through it, giving me a feeling of "treading on a step that is not there."

5/- to Mrs. M. E. Goodwin, 564 Forest Rd., Penhurst, N.S.W.

A ½ way
Tooth Paste
can Ruin your
Lovely Smile



Ordinary toothpastes can't safeguard your gums against Pyorrhoea, that dreaded gum disease which claims 4 out of 5 people over 40.

FORHAN'S alone contains the famous Astringent of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., used by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. That's why Forhan's not only makes teeth sparkling white, but safeguards the gums also! Start using Forhan's today!

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LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised.

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Simply send your name and address to ELASTO Box 1532, Sydney for your FREE copy of the instructive Elasto booklet. Or better still, get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

New Way to Hold Loose FALSE TEETH Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle a little PASTEETH on your plates. This new, tasteless powder holds teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, sticky taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get PASTEETH today at any chemist (2 shillings). Refuse substitutes.

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Usual 27/6



21/-
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Some almost half price

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Huge purchase from Melbourne mills

The weather for woollens catches up with you...and finds Farmer's ready with a swag of cardigans and sweaters, specially reduced. Heat-cheering styles and colours in winter-going wools for service.

USUAL 27/6, heavy wool basque style, pleated shoulders. A flat collar effect. Now **18/11**

USUAL 35/-. Attractive basque and a collar spotted with white. Brn., emerald, fawn. **21/-**

USUAL 35/-. Tailored basque in a good, heavy knit. Buttoned to neck. Navy, blue, brown. **21/-**

USUAL 35/-. Pastel colours make this cardigan very practical for tennis or sportswear. **21/-**

Sportswear—Second Floor. Lay-by!



Wear an invisible

ROLL FORMER

The "Lady Jayne" forms a perfect "Angel Roll", yet when in use, is quite invisible. You can wash it easily, and it cannot injure or break the hair. Three on a card for 1/6

Hair Accessories—Ground Floor.



BUSINESS GIRLS' LUNCHEON

Every Tuesday at 1 p.m. in Farmer's Blaxland Galleries. A delightful hour, packed full of entertainment—a welcome break in the week's usual round. Interesting celebrities as Guests of Honour, speaking on personalities and general interests. Mannequins parading in superb, yet inexpensive fashions. Two-course Luncheon, plus cigarette, inclusive: 1/3. (Bookings can be made—no extra.)

Blaxland Galleries

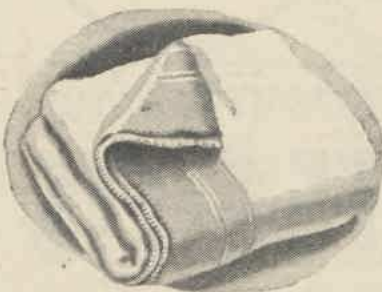
"LACONIA"

All-wool blanket

Full standard weight, luxuriously warm and prices easily handled. Flat block heading. In pink, blue or green colours.

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54 x 72, 29/6. 54 x 78, 32/6.
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Us., 50/-, silverplated

TEA SETS

A special selling of silver-plated E.P.N.B. tea-sets—heavy quality in the new squat design. Bought from a leading Melbourne manufacturer. **35/-**

Ground Floor. Lay-by!

Ideas from the Animal Kingdom

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What Lovely Violinist Says About Our Men . . .

WHERE rank and money introduce princesses and millionairesses to the most distinguished, cultured people of Europe, Miss Flood has met them through her musical talents and her youthfully dignified charm.

Ambassadors have sent her flowers, titled women have entertained her, young counts and barons have taken her dining and dancing, and one of her most charming experiences was a talk about Beethoven with an old gardener in Vienna.

Leona has played in all the great cities of Europe—Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, Stockholm, Oslo, Copenhagen, Frankfurt, Milan, and London. With her travel her mother, Mrs.

Princesses and millionairesses might envy a nineteen-year-old American girl her experiences of the last two years.

She is Leona Flood, the young violinist whose brilliant technique and fullness of tone in her playing have astonished the critics of Europe. Her Australian season begins this week.

Frank Flood, who as L. H. Flood is well known as a song writer; her manager, Mr. Frederic Shipman; and her teacher, Dr. D. C. Downia.

Leona's mother looks like her elder sister, and their relationship seems more like that of sisters than of mother and daughter.

Mrs. Flood's parents were Danes,

and both she and her daughter have the smooth cream skin, large blue eyes, and fair hair that characterise the Nordic races.

An only daughter, Leona grew up in the Danish community at Spokane, Washington.

She led the life of an average school-girl, except that in her later school

days she reduced her school hours to devote more time to violin practice, and at last had to give up baseball and other games that endangered her hands.

"Leona was never an infant prodigy," said her mother. "She hasn't been dragged round by her baby hand from concert hall to concert hall."

"She has played the violin ever since she was five."

"Music has been part of her everyday life, and she did not play in public until two years ago, when she and her teacher felt her talent was sufficiently developed to be heard by an audience."

"I do hope I won't be regarded as a solemn highbrow while I'm here," said Leona, with a smile that produced a dimple in one smooth cheek.

"I would like to meet some young people, and I want to see everything that makes Australia different from other countries."

"I would like to see a ranch—you call them 'stations,' I think—and an aboriginal settlement, and everything exciting like big game fishing and surfing."

"Naturally I take my career as a violinist seriously, but I'd be very 'queer' if I didn't like all the things that girls of my age do. I love clothes, though so far mother has had to choose mine for me because my time is so occupied, and I like dancing, and reading biographies and meeting new people and trying to talk strange languages."

Charming Men

"WHICH country has the most charming men?"

"That's rather a tremendous question. There are charming men in every country. The Englishman is very charming, his manners are so good, but he is rather reserved compared with men in southern countries."

"I think, possibly, the most fascinating men I have met are the cultured Greeks. Their culture is not affected, it is a background to their lives; their natures are warmer, their manners are perfect, they have a keen sense of humor, and they are gallant and chivalrous but not so overwhelmingly as some of the other Mediterranean races."

"But now that I've met a few young Australian men I'm afraid the Greeks

will take only second place. I'm transferring all the superlatives to the Australians."

Leona has no special diet, but she drinks a lot of Viennese coffee—black coffee with an inch of thick whipped cream on the top. She thinks Australian coffee is as good as, if not better than, American.

When she is giving a concert her dinner is a dish known under different names in Nordic countries, Germany and Belgium.

Collect Recipes

IT is raw, fresh, delicately flavored meat—usually fillet steak—chopped fine, mixed with a raw egg and served with caviare on the top.

She is very interested in cooking, but says she has not yet had enough experience to call herself a cook. She and her mother collect the recipes for their favorite dishes in the different countries they visit.

In their concert tours in America and Europe, Mrs. Flood and her daughter have been able to keep in almost daily touch with Mr. Flood—"my very charming husband," Mrs. Flood explained.

When they arrived in Sydney they found it would be weeks before they would receive a letter from him and he could receive letters from them.

"At first we sent daily cables, till I found how costly it was."

"We were very strong-minded for several days, then could bear it no longer, so we thought up the shortest message we could, and sent a cable. 'How are you?'"

"The answer beat ours for brevity. 'It just said 'fine,' but it cheered us up for days."

Leona will give her first concert at the Conservatorium Hall on May 19; others on May 24 and June 1.



MISS LEONA FLOOD, the lovely 19-year-old violinist now touring Australia.

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9d	10s	Qd	4c	8h	3
Jd	Ks	8s	5s	9c	4
Ad	7s	10h	5c	Jc	4
5h	4h	Qc	2h	7d	2
9s	10d	2d	Ah	2s	4
8	2	2	4	5	2
TOTAL POINTS - 45					

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Her Royal Highness**



AN UNUSUAL GLIMPSE of the Duke and Duchess of Kent snapped while they were en route to a public function.

Intimate Life Story of The DUCHESS of KENT By... Baroness Helena Von-Der Hoven

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly
Commenced March 19

BORN to Royalty... exiled, restored to the throne... exiled again, flying from the revolutionaries of Greece to the shelter of Russia, then France.

So runs the story of Princess Marina. From childhood she was interested in art, beauty and fashion.

Last week her life story told how she met Prince George, their romance and engagement. How she met the English Royal Family is told in this instalment.

CHAPTER XI

All the World Loves a Lover

WHAT can one say of an engaged couple? Nothing except that they were happy.

Prince George and Princess Marina were as happy as the village lad and his young girl, as happy as any other man and girl who had just found the happiness of their lives, and as they in their turn congratulated the village couple who had become engaged about the same time, they all laughed because they all were happy.

They had one link in common—love which united them to all the happy lovers of the world. And because of that great link and that wonderful experience which had come into their lives they were ready to respond to other people's joys and sorrows.

There are three great events which link humanity of every class and every country and every race, which none can wilfully change or avoid. Birth, love, and death.

Of birth unfortunately we are not conscious and death, alas, comes too late to link us in sympathy and understanding with other people.

But love, real love, if such a miracle comes into our life, makes us more human and understanding.

It links us with the universe and in breaking down our own selfishness makes us love others because of that great love which has come to us.

And this great love had come to Princess Marina and her fiancé, for

now the messenger had returned from England with the King and Queen's blessing, and the Royal couple were officially engaged.

A visit to Salzburg was planned and the young people went by car accompanied by Prince Paul and Princess Olga.

Those were a wonderful few days, but with all the newspapers of the world proclaiming the happy event, and the smiling photographs of the Royal lovers confirming the news, the couple themselves awoke to the world and to the call of their lives.

Prince George had to go back to England to continue his round of duties, and Princess Marina had to return to Paris with her mother to get ready and face the new life awaiting her.

THE parting hour came too soon and to prolong the magic spell which they themselves remembered only too well Prince Paul and his wife suggested on the spur of the moment to pay a visit to the Countess Törring at Munich and thus accompany Prince George part of the way.

Needless to say that Princess Marina fell in with this plan and when the villagers gathered on the platform of the station to see off the English Prince they saw their Princess, accompanied by Prince Paul, board the train as well.

The crowd cheered, for they were delighted not to witness a parting, however short.

The village girls were represented in large numbers, so that "the Princess would not feel lonely standing there alone when the train had gone," as one of them naively said.

A charming thought, but better was the expression on their faces as the train moved slowly away and the Royal lovers side by side at the open window of the carriage waved happily and blew kisses to the delighted people.

Parting is a horrid word and it was not until Paris was reached eventually that the Royal lovers kissed good-bye.

Have I been indiscreet? I said before that love is the same whether it enters a palace or a workman's cottage. The surroundings vanish and the

lovers' castle is the same magic web of golden dreamland.

The papers talked of the engagement ring, of the wonderful jewellery Prince George chose for his bride-to-be. "Princess Marina likes sapphires. Princess Marina prefers modern jewellery and square stones." Did she?

Perhaps she did, but those who saw her opening her post saw that it was not the wonderful piece of jewellery which was discussed by everyone and envied by many that Princess Marina sought out first, but a certain letter with a certain initial on the envelope. Whilst she read that letter her eyes shone brighter than the beautiful square emerald on her engagement finger.

"Marina is radiantly happy. It's too wonderful to see her and George," the Archduchess Beana wrote to me immediately after the engagement, and it was really so.

They smiled for their photographs and posed for the camera, but when their friends saw them in daily life there was no mistake.

The expression on their faces and the smile on Princess Marina's lovely lips made the world want to smile with her.

She was now busy all day long answering letters, receiving messages, seeing people.

Her trousseau had to be planned, a supply of clothes prepared for her coming visit to England to meet her new family.

Her mother's and her own charities had not to be forgotten.

Whatever happened to her she must

not let them down, and true to herself and to the tradition of her family, Princess Marina rose early and went to bed late, but got through her programme of the things that had to be done.

They say that film stars become celebrities overnight. Great was Princess Marina's surprise on alighting from the train at Paris.

People were swarming on the platform and, in front of the station, were hanging on lamp-posts to see her and her fiancé.

She was suddenly in the limelight. She had become a public character.

In the town where once as a child she had received Royal homage, where later on she had spent her girlhood unnoticed except for personal good looks and charm, she was once more cheered and fêted.

People who had once turned away from her family or treated them as exiles were now

buzzing round fussing over her, trying to regain her good grace.

What an opportunity for settling old grievances, for paying back for those hurts, however small, which the higher you are placed the more you feel!

I am afraid that many of us would have succumbed to temptation. Princess Marina's faith saved her from falling.

"And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." In Princess Marina's heart there was no place for resentment. She was happy. She thanked everyone with sincere gratitude, she smiled at everyone with that radiant happy smile.

As she returned to Paris earlier than usual, her parents' flat was still shut up after the summer. Prince and

Princess Nicholas went to an hotel,



THE ROYAL DUCHESS as she looks to-day.

ENGAGED! Prince George and Princess Marina, in a picture taken soon after the announcement of their engagement.

whilst Princess Marina accepted hospitality from a friend.

Hospitality, but no privacy. Journalists, photographers, cameramen invaded the flat.

They broke down all barriers, pushed aside every resistance. They demanded her to speak into the microphone.

They simply overwhelmed the simple Greek Princess who tried to protest that she was not used to all this publicity; but they would not let her escape.

She smiled and complied with their wishes. Hated it all, but smiled. Once, however, Princess Marina nearly fainted with fatigue, yet she carried on.

After an exceptionally busy day when she had been helping her mother with the arrangements for her charity fête, she returned home to find the place swarming with photographers who demanded a sitting.

"We can't disappoint them now, poor things! They have been waiting so long," exclaimed Princess Marina, forgetting about her own fatigue and thinking only of others.

A TRAGEDY which shook all the world with its unnecessary cruelty temporarily relieved the tension from Princess Marina and allowed her for a time to rest in the shadow of grief.

King Alexander of Yugoslavia was murdered at Marseilles on his official visit to France. This happened on Princess Marina's return from England.

"Sandro," as they called him in the family, the first person who had been to congratulate her on her engagement, was dead, and his body was now carried back to his country on a Yugoslav cruiser with the Royal Standard flying at half-mast.

Princess Marina, who only a few weeks ago had left Yugoslavia with a radiant smile, was now standing among the black-robed, heavily-veiled figures and grave-faced men.

It was not the King, it was her "Sandro" they were burying, and turning to Prince George as to her natural protector Princess Marina cried, simply and unashamed to show her grief for the man who had been so kind to her, for her young cousin, Queen and for that silent little figure, King Peter, who stood with a marble-white face as if carved out of stone.

"I ALWAYS wanted to live in England," Princess Marina had told me; and now she was looking upon the white cliffs of Dover which were coming nearer and which would soon become her home.

As she said good-bye at the Gare du Nord in Paris to the numerous people who had come to see her off and wish her good luck, it was not the usual Princess Marina who kissed her friends but a tremulous girl, who felt that all her future life and happiness depended on that first visit to the country and the people of the man she loved.

For she loved him and she was ready to love his country and his people. But would they love her? Every woman who has had to face the ordeal of meeting her fiancé's family for the first time after her engagement will know what Princess Marina felt, but not everyone will realize that, besides that, she was royal.

She had to face responsibilities, the critical eye of a country, a nation, and she would have to smile because she was "in the public eye."

Continued on Next Page

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VICKS COUGH DROP

Intimate Life Story of the DUCHESS of KENT

Continued from Previous Page

PRINCESS MARINA was silent as the train sped through the attractive county of Kent. Kent with its cottages and fields of green hops, with its gardens and shady, succulent trees... She would soon be the Duchess of Kent. England, the country where she "always wanted to live."

Poikestone... a crowd... The train was drawing in. She saw one face, and her heart gave a leap of joy. As Prince George kissed his bride-to-be in front of the cheering crowd, all fears were forgotten, all doubts vanished.

At Victoria the King and Queen and all the members of the Royal Family were there to meet Prince George's fiancée and her parents.

Thousands of people crowded the station and the streets to see the beautiful Greek Princess and welcome her to her new country-to-be.

"The reception was wonderful," Princess Marina told me afterwards. "I was so touched I could hardly speak. They were all so friendly and they made me feel so at home. All those people who came to meet me. It was kind of them to give me such a wonderful reception."

Those who came to see the future bride of their Prince will have the satisfaction of knowing that they helped a girl through the most formidable ordeal of any girl's life.

CHAPTER XII

Before the Great Day

IT was the first time that Princess Marina had been entertained by the King and Queen officially, as on her previous visits to England she had only privately lunched or taken tea with the Royal Family.

The King, who was obviously very

proud of his son's beautiful bride-to-be, introduced her to all the people at Balmoral in a simple and charming manner.

She found herself joyfully accepted by everyone. Queen Mary, too, extended a warm welcome to the young Princess, who said later that "it felt like coming home again."

"I think England is a wonderful country," exclaimed Princess Marina. "There is such order and happy feeling about it. The crowds were marvellous. So good-natured and well-behaved. They gave me a wonderful welcome. I also think the English police are so wonderful."

"When I used to stay in England before I often used to ask a policeman to direct me. They always seem to know everything and are so obliging."

The late King George loved her. She was lovely to look at, she was charming to be with, amusing to talk to.

She was quaint in her ways, like a warm breeze coming from sunny Greece over the turbulent Continent.

She asked original questions, she enjoyed everything, and, above all, she loved life. Everything was a novelty, a thrill, and a marvellous experience wrapped up in the golden web of her own wonderful romance.

Queen Mary, who is, as I said before, Princess Marina's god-mother, loved her. She had sweet ways, she adored art, she was a good needlewoman, and above all she loved Prince George.

The Dukes loved her. She was friendly and sporting, she danced well, she looked well. What masculine ideals could withstand this?

Between her and the present Queen there sprang up a spontaneous sympathy. As for the little Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, Princess Marina adored children.

No wonder that Princess Marina was sorry to leave, but she had to return to Paris before her second journey, the great journey of her life.

THERE came the question of the trousseau. Where would Princess Marina order her trousseau? The British papers hoped that the future wife of their Royal Prince would get all her things from her new country.

The French houses which had dressed Princess Marina for the last few years of her life in Paris wondered whether, now that she was going to another country, she would abandon them.

The Russian exiles who looked upon Princess Marina a little as their own Princess prayed that she would remember them and give them the much-needed work.

Everyone fought, everyone thought that they, and only they, had a right to make the Royal bride's trousseau. Princess Marina, with her characteristic decisiveness, solved the problem by a judgment of Solomon. She divided the work.

"When I am a British Princess I shall adopt my new country," announced Princess Marina firmly, "but now I shall divide the work. British employment for the future British Princess, Russian work for those who are my kin and need it badly, and French employment for the country which gave me hospitality in years of exile, and to those who have been kind to me."

For one thing above all Princess Marina never forgets a kindness. Thus the Royal bride was dressed, and thus she made in England, her new home, her new life, her new happiness.

As a going-away color, Princess Marina chose almond-green, which shows that she was not superstitious about it.

She also adopted the fashion of small hats which even the Parisian women found a little trying, but with her artistic sense Princess Marina promptly solved the problem by alter-

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THE DUKE OF KENT leaving Belgrave Square for St. Paul's. —Air Mail photo.

ing her coiffure and adding masses of small soft curls as a background to the small hat which instantly became a jaunty article lightly perched at the right angle.

The same resourcefulness was shown by Princess Marina over her bridal coiffure.

The design, which had been created

for her by a famous hairdresser, was charming, but somehow it did not go well with the bridal veil, so Princess Marina promptly took pencil in hand and altered it to her satisfaction as well as to that of those who had a glimpse of her on her wedding day.

To Be Continued

It should be PRINTED on the Plate!



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WRITTEN STARS

IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Most Taurians are popular. They have attractiveness that demands regard, even if it be given unwillingly. In short, they have "It."

TAURIANS are those individuals born between April 21 and May 22, and those during whose birth-hour this zodiacal sign happened to be peeping over the eastern horizon.

The former influence endows a Taurian "individuality," while the latter bespeaks a Taurian "personality,"—two entirely different facets of human expression and nature.

Most of those born with this planetary influence in their lives are rather easy to judge because they possess some very definite characteristics both as to habits and appearance.

Their build is generally rather pronounced—short and thick-set, with sturdy, short necks, roundish faces, wide-open eyes, and a reddish or yellow glint to the hair. Oft-times they are startling "red-heads."

There are other Taurians, however, who, although possessing the same general facial characteristics, develop into large-built (but still thick-set) people.

Strangely enough, though most Taurians can move quickly enough when on war or pleasure bent, they are, as a regular thing, rather slow, sure and placid in behaviour, refusing to be hurried and not infrequently earning the disfavor of more active people.

They have a great love of food; in some, in fact, there is a tendency to become gourmets. The greatest danger to their health often lies in this pandering to the sense of taste, for it brings about indigestion and other more serious ailments.

If Taurians feel unwell, or suffer from skin and bronchial disorders, or overweight, they should get on to a diet.

Sweets should be reduced or eliminated, as also should pastry, fats and rich condiments. Their place should be taken by fresh fruits and vegetables, salads, exercise in the open air, and the drinking of plenty of water between, not with, meals.

Happy Natures

MOST Taurians, independent of sex, love to cook, and unfortunately, for that much-desired sylph-like figure they like to taste and nibble continually. This tendency should be controlled, and the food not only reduced (for nearly all Taurians eat too much), but regulated to three meals a day.

One of the nicest and most lovable things about people born strongly under this sign of the zodiac is usually their happy nature.

When really upset they can be mean and violent, but as a regular thing they are good-humored, friendly, and cheerful. They prefer placidity and harmony 70 per cent. of the time.

Also they are so easily excited and pleased about emotional pleasures and favors, so ready to laugh and enjoy the dinner or the entertainment offered, and so lavish in their thanks, that the donor feels his own pleasure doubled.

They love a party of any kind, but particularly a birthday or Christmas party with the gifts entailed, for most

of them have something of that "gimme" complex which makes them anything but conservative in their demands and expectations. However, their appreciation and excitement sometimes seem to outweigh this fault.

To give them their due, it must be admitted that they are some of the most generous and kindly in the world, not above parting with their last penny to help others and make them happy.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 17 just fair, but go slowly on May 19 and 20.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Make a strong effort to finalise important matters already started, or to begin new ones, on May 18 and 19. But don't risk delays and upset on May 20, 21 or 22.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Some good times ahead, so begin to plan now. Get ready on May 20, 21 and 22, but wait until next week for active campaigning. Meanwhile ask favors and seek promotion.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Just fair on May 23 and 24.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be very cautious on May 20, 21 and 22, for losses, opposition, delay and arguments can cause upset. Make no changes and take no risks then.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Utilise the friendly rays aiding you on May 18 and 19, by starting or finalising new ventures and other important affairs then. Work hard; seek aid from others.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Things should now begin to favor you after a period of the doldrums. So plan ahead for the future. Meanwhile May 20 and 21 are fair and May 22 better.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Quiet and cautious living still advised this week, especially on May 20, 21 and 22. Take no risks and avoid changes in all affairs then; losses, difficulties, partings and worries may follow over-confidence.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Try to complete any important matters on May 17, but live cautiously on May 23 and 24.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Speed up your affairs on May 18 and 19. Hard work can help thrifty and capable Capricornians then. Be optimistic and confident.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Don't be too assured yet, for difficulties will catch up with unwary Aquarians. Slightly better after May 21.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Try to rush semi-important matters (which cannot possibly wait for some weeks) and either start or complete them on May 18 and 19. May 23 and 24 very mixed. Caution advised.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.)



HENRY, a cat owned by Marion Allison, of Lawrenceville (U.S.A.), always drinks his milk from a bottle with a rubber nipple on it. None is wasted, for Henry (as is shown in the picture) goes about extracting the last drop in a workmanlike manner. —Air Mail photo.

Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing, and fear catarrhal deafness, or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears, go to your nearest chemist or store and get a 4/- bottle of Parment (double-strength) and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy, and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to take. Anyone who is threatened with catarrhal deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial. Get Parment at any chemist or store.

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Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

In "NO EASY WAY,"

Naomi Jacob writes a brilliant book on the stony road to opera stardom.

NAOMI JACOB, in her latest book, "No Easy Way," tells with a rare quality of insight and understanding of an opera singer who wanted success, but was not prepared to take the easy way of hitching his wagon to an established opera star.

According to Miss Jacob there are two ways of success for a singer.

He can accept patronage and get to the top in double quick time or he can take the hard road dependent only on his own efforts and ability.

Paul Manchini chose to take the hard road.

Born of an Italian father and a Yorkshire mother, the road was stony for him from the beginning.

His people, with the exception of his father, could not understand his ambition to be a singer.

Everything that family ingenuity could contrive was used to wean him from the idea, but Paul persisted and went to Milan to train for opera.

Paul was handsome, and women found it easy to help the unpolished young boy with the wonderful voice.

One or two Great Ladies of the stage attempted it, but Paul preferred to win success as an individual without outside aid, and certainly not by the patronage of beautiful women.

Paul reaches La Scala, mecca of all opera singers, but tragically enough not without the aid of Iva Ifano, a beautiful soprano at the height of her fame.

His Big Chance

THERE are terrific quarrels between them when Paul senses that Iva is trying to smooth the way for him. But he is in love, and does not see all.

He does not realise that his big chance is brought about by Iva's interest in him.

While the whole music world is talking of Iva's lover and his sudden

Books To Read

"CARDBOARD CASTLE." P. C. Wren. The author of "Beau Geste" writes a swift-moving story of blackmail.

"THE PUBLICAN." Dornford Yates. A well-written story of a modern couple and their marriage.

"PARADISE FLOW." Jean Devanny. Novel of North Australia. Excellent characterisation, and well-handled plot.

"DEATH UNDER GIBRALTAR." Bernard Newman. Fascists attempt to seize Gibraltar. Thrilling adventure.

"THE FACTS ABOUT FLOYD." Sydney Parkman. South Sea Island adventure.

rise to fame, Paul thinks that he has reached the heights by the beauty of his voice alone.

The intrigues and jealousies of the opera stage do not touch him at all. He is just a man with a magnificent voice determined to succeed.

Iva, who has begun with a friendly interest in the boy, suddenly realises that she is mad in love with him, and when she discovers that Paul is losing his voice she is distracted.

With his voice gone forever, Paul refuses to stay as Iva's manager.

He cannot accept the indignity of such a position.

He returns to Yorkshire, and his family, but the call of Italy and Iva proves irresistible, and he returns to become the singer's husband and her manager.

The story, as briefly outlined, is told with sympathy and insight. The poignant



NAOMI JACOB writes of singers and the opera in her novel, "No Easy Way," reviewed on this page.

passages when Paul knows his voice has gone are splendidly written, and the musical atmosphere of the book has a genuine ring.

Perhaps the ending of the story is a little over-sentimental, but there is justification for this in the love of Paul and Iva which has survived stage jealousies, quarrels, disappointment, and partings.

As a story of opera singers it is first class.

There is no concession to the popular idea that a glorious voice is enough to win fame.

Iva, stricken with the news that Paul has lost his voice forever, gives way to a hurricane of tears, but dries them for an hour's practice.

She is singing that night, and there is no applause at La Scala for a singer whose voice is off the note, no matter how heartbroken she be.

The highlights of drama are reached in that section of the book which deals with Paul's fight to regain his singing voice.

His exile in Germany at Christmas time, and the discovery that after all his hopes the specialist cannot cure him are conveyed with great skill.

His tragic acceptance of his fate and his revolt against life, his misery and despair and his sudden flight from Germany to his mother are heart-breaking incidents which linger in the memory.

Real People

AS usual, Miss Jacob has a large number of minor characters in the book, and all of them are real people.

Paul's mother, Martha, stout hearted Yorkshire woman, is a brilliant piece of literary portraiture. She is warmly human, and her conversation a sheer delight.

Her second marriage to a Yorkshire farmer and their joint efforts to rebuild Paul's life are touchingly tender.

Paul's Italian father is a splendid character-study, and his brothers and sisters who come into the story only incidentally are real people.

The early days of Paul's stage career in England are treated with a nice humor.

The students in Milan are also living characters.

There is a collection of other human beings fighting poverty and loneliness for the sake of their ambition, some to succeed, others, like Watson, the Yorkshireman, to return to England to marry a milliner and forget his dreams of a career.

McMullin, the Scots student, who quotes Bobby Burns to tourists in front of Da Vinci's painting of the Last Supper, and Evans, the sneering high-brow, are excellent types.

Paul's landlady, an Englishwoman living in Italy, and her collection of noisy and argumentative boarders are also splendid studies. To her, Paul was only "half English," but he represented home to her, and the beloved things she had left behind her.

"No Easy Way." Naomi Jacob; Hutchinson.

"Look at me,
I'm 40 but
I look 30."

To thrill a friend, to encourage an acquaintance, to exasperate an enemy, make your skin clear, young, and lovely with Creme Charmosan, and ask judgment of the world.

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"Live Dangerously"— Film Star's Advice Gwen Munro's Fame Recipe

Life is only lived to the full by taking chances—dangerous ones, if the occasions arise.

That is the firm belief of Gwen Munro, lovely Melbourne girl, who will play the leading feminine role in "Let George Do It," the new Cinesound comedy, starring George Wallace.

THIS Wednesday, at 11.45 a.m., in The Australian Women's Weekly session, Miss Dorothea Vautier will bring this talented Australian film star to the microphone in an interesting interview.

"The lives of so many people run in grooves, narrow little grooves of a deadly sameness," said Miss Munro.

"I have always had a horror of monotony, and whatever success I have had has been because I have fought hard against living in a groove."

Educated in Switzerland and a finishing school in Paris, Gwen returned to Australia to take her place among Melbourne's young socialites.

But the desire for a career, and her test for the exciting and the unknown, made her take her first big chance.

She entered the "Paramount Search for Beauty" run by The Australian Women's Weekly.

It was her first big chance, and against hundreds of other lovely Australian girls she won the contest and a trip to Hollywood.

The fun of working in a large American film, the thrill of meeting famous Hollywood stars, were wonderful experiences.

But instead of returning to Australia at the end of her contract, Gwen decided to take another chance and try for stage work in America.

Her experiences were varied. Stock companies were hard work, but

When "location" moved to the jungle growth of the Russell River she admitted that hundreds of tarantulas and wild pigs crashing through the undergrowth made the night hideous.

But even the heavy tropical rains could not dampen her enthusiasm. It was part of her creed of living dangerously to gain success.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS FROM STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, May 18: 11.45 a.m. Serial, "Fride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. 2.45 p.m. The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, May 19: 11.45 a.m. Serial. 2.45 p.m. People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, May 20: 11.45 a.m. Serial. 2.45 p.m. Musical Cock-tail.

SATURDAY, May 21: 2.30 p.m. "Let's Go Places." 9.30

p.m. Ronnie Munro and his Orchestra, and Judy Shirley (vocalist).

SUNDAY, May 22: 4.30 p.m. Celebrity Singer Recital, Enrico Caruso. 6.10 p.m. Nelson Eddy with Eileen Joyce.

MONDAY, May 23: 11.45 a.m. Serial. 2.45 p.m. Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, May 24: 11.45 a.m. Serial. 2.45 p.m. The Home-maker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

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CHARLES COUSENS, who conducts the children's newspaper session, a popular feature, from Station 2GB.

eventually she was offered the feminine lead at Pasadena Playhouse, playing with Leslie Fenton and Colin Clive.

"I was still pretty inexperienced, but I decided to try it. I'm afraid it was a failure," she says.

"The play was by an Australian, Jim Warwick, and was called 'Dear Nell'."

"After my performance I've always had an idea Mr. Warwick would not have called me 'Dear Gwen' had he met me."

"That experience did me the world of good. It effectively proved to me that I had many limitations which could be corrected."

"So I worked hard, after gracefully limping down to a smaller part." Back in Australia, Miss Munro tried to settle down to the social round, but an offer of a small stage role made her take another chance for a career.

Touring with the "Wind and the Rain" company and playing the second feminine lead, she received her opportunity when Joy Rowarth left the company. She was given her part.

This led to a screen offer when Cinesound began casting for "Orphan of the Wilderness." Other parts followed which helped to establish her as a screen actress.

Recently in her movie career Miss Munro lived in a tent for two months on an island off the Queensland coast.

The discomforts and dangers she lightly dismisses, although the underwater swimming among the coral reefs and the very real danger of sharks gave her a few bad moments.

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HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 6

"ONLY the legs are visible," said Ellery softly. Andrea stopped by the table, looked at it, hesitated. Then Ellery sprang at her and his arm descended toward her head. Andrea drew in her breath.

"The criminal attacks Andrea from behind, knocks her unconscious. The woman works swiftly. She sees now when she has assaulted. It is necessary to leave a note of warning. She has no writing implements herself; she searches Andrea's bag; none there. She searches the house; no pen or pencil. The pen on Gimball's body has run dry. There is no ink in the desk-set. What to do?"

"Then she sees the cork which came from the tip of the paper-knife; has an inspiration. She tears off a piece of wrapping-paper, goes to the table with the cork, takes the knife out of the dead man's body, sticks the cork on its tip again, begins to char the cork with paper-matches. She chars, writes, chars, writes, dropping the burnt matches on the plate. Finally the note is finished—a warning to Andrea to say nothing whatever about what she has seen this night, or her mother's life will be forfeit."

Ellery gestured with one hand. "The woman thrusts the note into Andrea's limp hand. She leaves, drives off in the Ford. Andrea comes to, about nine. She reads the note, sees the body, recognises her stepfather, thinks he is dead, screams, and flees. Then Bill Angell arrives; talks to the dying man—"

"That," said Ellery with a peculiar intonation, "is the script as it has been related to me."

Then Senator Frueh said slowly, quite without anger or rancor: "What do you mean, Queen?"

"I mean," said Ellery in a cold voice, "that a page of the script is missing. Something has been omitted. Andrea! What did you see when you came in here the second time, before you were struck on the head? What did you see on the table?"

She moistened her lips. "The lamp. The plate. With—"

"Yes!"

"With six match-stubs on it."

"How interesting." "Did you hear that? Six match-stubs. Well, let me go into this a little more scientifically. Andrea says that before she was struck, while the murderous was still here, she saw six half-burnt match-stubs on the plate. An obviously significant fact. It changes everything, doesn't it? But this was before the cork was charred. Therefore those six matches had not been used for charring the cork—the deduction I made when I thought that all twenty matches had been lighted after the crime. No, no, six of them were used, for a different purpose altogether."

"Why?" asked Ella Amity swiftly. "Simple—so simple. Too simple!"

Why are matches struck, generally speaking? Well, for conflagration. But nothing was consumed by fire—there were no debris or ashes anywhere on the premises, inside or out, as I've once before explained; not to char the cork, for the knife was still in the body when Andrea says she saw the six stubs. So conflagration is out.

"For light, to find a way in the dark? The light was on in here, and outside there were no footprints except Gimball's. But Gimball would have needed no illumination outside; it was still daylight when he returned to get a knife in his chest. They were used for smoking."

"Smoking!" Ella Amity's lips parted. "But you said at the trial that they couldn't have been used for smoking!"

Ellery's eyes flickered. "I didn't know then that Andrea had seen six matches before the cork was charred."

"Andrea?"

"Yes?"

ELLERY snatched an envelope out of the discarded suitcase. He shook its contents on to the plate on the table. Half-burnt matchsticks poured out. They watched him, puzzled. He put all but six back in the envelope.

"Come here, please."

Andrea rose wearily, trudged toward him with stiff limbs. "Yes?" she said again.

"It works out so neatly, doesn't it?" Ellery murmured. "All right. You're back here at eight thirty-five that night, at the table, about to be hit on the head. Here are the six matches on the plate."

"Look at this table, Andrea. The lamp. The plate with the six matches. Was that all?"

"Wasn't there something else? Think, Andrea! Think and look and tell the truth." He added in a merciless voice: "I want the truth, Andrea, this time."

Something in the way he said it touched a live nerve somewhere in her; she glanced about at the instant, stupid faces wildly. "—And then the most incredible thing happened."

Her glance returned to the table, to the plate with the matches. It remained there for an instant and moved to a spot three inches beyond the plate. A bare spot; there was nothing there.

But Andrea saw something there; her face said so, her eyes, the clenching of her hands, the quick breath.

"Oh," she whispered. "Oh, dear—"

"What lie, and Ellery's voice cracked like a whip, 'are you going to tell me now, Andrea?'"

"Lie—" choked Andrea. "What"

do you mean? I was just going to tell you—"

In the light of the lamp Andrea stood fast, cemented to the floor by what was so horribly evident to them all—her guilt. Then, with a swiftness that caught them—already steeped in horror—by complete surprise, Andrea streaked toward the side door and was gone.

IT happened so suddenly that until the cough of an automobile engine came muffled to their ears, they were too stupefied to stir. Even Ellery stood rooted to the spot. Then the motor roared and they heard a car thunder away, receding with incredible swiftness. Senator Frueh screamed: "What's she done?" and scrambled toward the door. In a moment the shack was empty except for the old man in the wheelchair.

Outside they stumbled over one another in their haste. In the darkness the tail-light of a car was rapidly diminishing on Lambert Road in the direction of Duck Island. Everybody ran for a car.

A voice shouted: "My car—it won't go—"

Other shouts arose. "Mine, too! What—"

"The gas. Smell the gas!" mut-

BEAUTY IN THE CITY

I THOUGHT there was no beauty

Saw that which came from God,

The glory of the growing things

That grace the earthly sod

—And then I saw a man-made spire

That pierced the pearly clouds.

And watched a tower that stood serene

O'er heedless, life-racked crowds.

—Edith Beckett.

tered Ellery. "Someone's drained the tanks—"

"That confounded Angell!" There was a hissing oath. "He's in caboots with her! The two of them—"

And then someone else yelled: "Mine—there's still some—"

They heard a flywheel turn over. A car shot out of the driveway and careened on two wheels into Lambert Road. It was soon lost to sight behind the first car.

They grouped themselves in the road, straining into the darkness. Everything was unreal. Nothing seemed possible on this night, on this road, by this house, under this sky. They could only stare and breathe, stupidly like animals.

Then Ellery said: "She can't get far. There must be some gas left in each tank. We'll pool the dregs and follow!"

THE occupant of the second car, nerves singing, drove recklessly, intent on the speck of crimson light far ahead. The road was pitch-dark; they were somewhere on Duck Island already.

Crash! that red speck in the distance danced, bobbed, fell, stopped. It grew larger and larger as the second car hurtled towards it. Something had happened. In Andrea's condition—panic-stricken, blind, driven by fear—it was a wonder she had managed to control the car at all.

The brakes of the second car squealed, the car staggered, stopped dead, throwing its driver against the wheel. Across the road Andrea's face, behind her wheel, was a cerulean smudge; she was slumped in the seat, staring hopelessly into the sea of the night. She had taken a huge sedan in her flight; it had run slightly off the road and smashed into a tree.

The only light came from the stars, and they were far away.

"Andrea!"

She did not seem to hear.

"Andrea, why did you run away?"

She was afraid now, very plainly afraid. Her head turned slowly, pivoted by her terror.

The pursuer stood calmly in the road between the two cars, hands hanging loosely. "Andrea, my dear. You needn't be afraid of me. Heaven knows I'm tired of it all. I wouldn't harm you. If you only knew—"

The dim face between the two cars

stirred, settled, was still. "They'll be along soon. Andrea, you did remember seeing on the table that night the—"

Andrea's lips moved soundlessly.

Far up the road a car was coming. "Before they come—"

The speaker stopped, sighed with a childlike weariness. "I wanted you to know—"

"I never intended you any harm. I mean after you walked in on me that night so unexpectedly. I didn't know it was you when I struck. Then, when you fell—"

"I couldn't kill you, Andrea. That would have been insane. I killed Joe Gimball because he was no longer fit to live. Only death could wipe out what he had done, and someone had to send him along. Why not I—"

"Well, it's done. It's over. This man thinks you killed Joe—"

"ran away because you are guilty. I know why you ran away, Andrea—because just now you remembered what it was you saw on the table that night."

"Of course I can't permit you to keep quiet any longer when you yourself are suspected. I thought you were clever; I didn't see why I should sacrifice my life in taking a life which had to be taken. I see now that I should have done it simply, without plan, and then given myself up. It would have been—well, cleaner."

There was a wry smile on that steady face. Andrea cried out suddenly, a sobbing cry torn from her throat not by horror but by pity. "Something flashed in the hand so near her. There was a lightning movement from inside the sedan, simultaneous with the calm words. "Good-bye, Andrea. Remember me—well, remember me. I hope—"

"she will remember me."

The hand flashed again, upward this time.

Andrea screamed: "Oh, don't!"

Bill Angell roared from the back of the sedan: "Andrea, for heaven's sake! Down!"

Men were speared forth from the side of the road behind the sedan, guns in their hands. The rear door of the sedan swished open; Bill Angell sprang down to the road.

The face of the pursuer on the road convulsed; a finger tightened, there was a stunning report, smoke, a flash of fire. But the figure merely staggered. It did not fall; an expression of immense surprise came over that handsome face, to be replaced instantly by bitterness and then determination.

Please turn to Page 42

Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

Never mind what people say. If you have varicose or swollen veins and want to reduce them to normal, go to any good chemist and ask for an original two-ounce bottle of Emerald Oil (full-strength).

Apply it to the enlarged veins as directed and improvement will be noticed in a few days. Continue its use until veins return to normal size. It is guaranteed to reduce swollen veins or your money promptly refunded.

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Mandrake the Magician



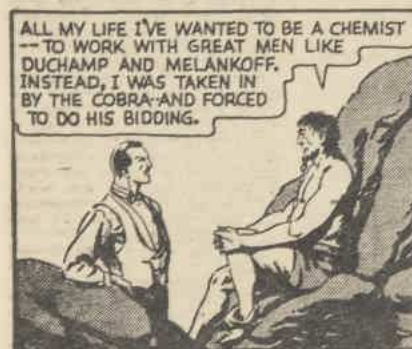
THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to the rescue of
M. DUCHAMP: Eminent Parisian chemist, who, with his
daughter,

SUZETTE: Has been taken to the cavern lands of
THE COBRA: Wizard of hypnosis and telepathy, in Tibet,
where he is forced to work on a formula for trans-
muting base metals into gold. Mandrake, in return

for Lothar's life, declares a truce with the Cobra,
provided that no harm comes to M. Duchamp or
Suzyette. However, as soon as Duchamp completes the
formula the Cobra orders

IGOR: His henchman, to destroy him. Igor, followed by
Mandrake, carries the chemist, bound and helpless, to a
precipice, but cannot bring himself to throw him over.
NOW READ ON.



TO BE CONTINUED

Eczema

AND OTHER SKIN DISEASES

Phenomenal results have been secured by the well-known chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, of 22 Rawson Place, Sydney, N.S.W., and the following letter is typical of hundreds received from all parts of Australia:



"My complaint had resisted the treatment of several chemists and doctors for several years, but after about a month of your course it disappeared. This was almost two years ago and I have had no recurrence of the trouble. Thanking you for the relief you brought me—H.J.S."

"SOLD out!" The voice muttered. Then the figure leaped forward, dropping the useless revolver, and grappled with Bill, groping fiercely for the weapon in Bill's hand. They struggled all over the road, brilliantly illuminated by the headlights of the third car, just roaring up. The men who had materialised from the side of the road were upon them like ants, swarming, clutching, shouting.

There was another report; as if it were a signal, the struggle ceased, the men fell away, there was silence under the dark sky. The people pouring out of the third car stopped in their tracks.

This time there was no surprise on the face of the executioner of Joseph Kent Gimball; only peace. Andrea said stiffly: "Bill. Oh, Bill. You've killed—"

"Suicide. Fought me for the gun. I couldn't prevent it," said Bill. Chief De Jong was squatting in the road, listening with his head on the motionless chest. Then he rose, looking grave. "Dead, all right... Mr. Queen."

Ellery ran up. He demanded abruptly: "Are you all right, Andrea?"

"All right." Her voice was muffled. Suddenly she fumbled with the front door of the sedan, slipped down, stumbled weeping into Bill's arms.

"Mr. Queen," said Chief De Jong again; he seemed embarrassed. "We got it all down—stonographer took it from the side of the road. It's a confession, all right, and you've prevented... well, I guess Pollinger and I owe you an apology."

"The one to be congratulated," said Ellery softly, "is this young woman. Well done, Andrea; you followed my instructions to the letter."

The group at the third car said nothing, did nothing, nothing at all. They just stared at the body lying in the road.

"NATURALLY," said Ellery on Monday morning, "although I'm a busy man I wouldn't have missed this for the world."

They were in Judge Ira V. Menander's private chambers at the Mercer County Court House. Certain formalities had prevented the

release of Lucy the previous day, Sunday. But this morning Bill had made a motion before Judge Menander for a new trial on the ground of "new evidence" in which Prosecutor Pollinger had automatically joined.

Now they were back, at the o. Jurist's request, Lucy quite bewildered at the suddenness of her freedom, dumb and flushed with happiness, Paul Pollinger was with them, looking sheepish.

"I have been told, Mr. Queen," remarked Judge Menander after he had made his apologies to Lucy for the ordeal she had gone through, "that there is an extraordinary story connected with your solution of this case. What magic did you perform this time?"

"Magic," muttered Pollinger. "That's what it was, all right."

Ellery glanced at Bill, Lucy, Andrea; they sat on the judge's leather sofa with their hands joined, like three children.

"Magic? For old hands, gentlemen, that's naive. The ancient formula: pick out the facts and put them together. Mix thoroughly with plenty of logic. Add a dash of imagination. Presto!"

"It sounds delicious," said Judge Menander dryly, "but not very informative."

"By the way," said Pollinger, "how much of that little scene Saturday night was planned?"

"All of it. It was our job, any-

Continued from Page 40

was the guilty party?" asked the prosecutor.

"Certainly; the plan could not have been concocted without that vital knowledge to build on. How would I have known whose car to let alone if I hadn't known who killed Gimball?"

"It seems like a nightmare now," sighed Andrea. Bill said something to her and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"Well, Mr. Queen," said the Judge, "when am I going to hear that story?"

"If your Worship please, right now. Where was I?" Ellery repeated for the benefit of the old gentleman and the prosecutor the reasoning he had gone through in the shack on Saturday night. "So you see, it was evident that the six burnt matches Andrea saw before the criminal charred the cork had been used for smoking. The logical question, then, was: By whom had those six matches been used for smoking?"

"On Andrea's first visit to the shack at eight o'clock that night, there was no one in the place and the plate on the table, she said, was quite clean and empty. At that time Gimball's car was parked on the side driveway. When Andrea returned at eight thirty-five, the car was still there, and another car stood before the house, on the main driveway. And inside the shack the plate contained the six burnt match-stubs."

"Clearly, then, those six matches were burned in Andrea's absence, between eight and eight thirty-five. Who was in the house during Andrea's absence? Gimball, of course, returned to be killed. And the evidence of the tyre-tracks established that the other car, the Ford, was the only car to come while Andrea was away. No one came on foot: for there were no footprints in the mud except Gimball's. Therefore, since Gimball was killed in the interim between Andrea's two visits, and only one car arrived in that interim, and no one came on foot, the criminal must have come in that one car. Therefore, the only ones who could have burned those six matches were Gimball and his killer."

Please turn to Page 44

SHE WAS X-RAYED 12 TIMES

Tried Electric Treatment for Rheumatism

To suffer for five years with pains in the back... to be X-rayed 12 times... to undergo electric treatment for three years... and then to find that Kruschen was what she really needed to get relief. That was this woman's experience. She writes:—

"Five years ago, I was taken ill with pains in my back. After three weeks in bed I was sent to hospital. At first, spine trouble was suspected, but after 12 X-rays I was found to have serious lumbar rheumatism. For over three years, I was given electrical treatment three times a week. Last year, I tried Kruschen Salts, and it has done wonders. I have left off hospital treatment, and last winter, the first for five years, I was free from pain. My friends are amazed to see me so well, and no stick to help me along."—(Mrs.) E.P.

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GIRLIGAGS



"EARLY to bed and early to rise makes a girl healthy, wealthy and not so wise."

way, Pollinger. When Andrea told me the story of the six matches, I saw through the whole fantastic business. I could develop a logical case, but none that would satisfy your courts of law. So it was necessary to be subtle. My criminal had to be trapped. It had been evident to me all along that one of the most curious characteristics of this criminal had been a really remarkable solicitude for Andrea.

"So, I reasoned, if the criminal was solicitous of Andrea's welfare, my logical plan was to put Andrea in danger."

"The best way to do this was to make it seem that I thought her guilty of the crime. The criminal could do only one of two things after this: kill Andrea to prevent her from finally disclosing the dangerous knowledge she had; or confess to the crime to save Andrea from further complicity. I didn't believe the criminal would attempt her life because of past performances; however, I took no chance and had the teeth drawn from the criminal's weapon. And, of course, I had De Jong and his men waiting at the place planned for the 'breakdown' of the 'escape' car, and Bill here waiting outside the shack in the car itself, hidden from sight and armed. He didn't go to Trenton; that was just an excuse to get him out of the shack; he raced his motor while some of De Jong's men emptied the necessary gasoline tanks and then left for the rendezvous. I had instructed Andrea beforehand in her role, and when to do it, arranged for Andrea's and the criminal's car to be let alone while the others were tampered with; and thereby ensured the criminal's following Andrea a little in advance of the others and providing an opportunity for the confession to Andrea."

"Then you knew in advance who

What Women Are Doing

Girl Guide Officer

MAKING her first visit to Australia to rejoin her husband, Commander V. A. R. Poole, of H.M.A.S. Canberra, Mrs. Poole has just arrived by the Cathay.

Interested in the Girl Guide movement, Mrs. Poole was an officer in the Surrey company, and hopes to renew her association with the organisation as soon as she has settled into her new home in Sydney.

Love of Children Makes Her Work Enjoyable

LOVE of children makes her work as director of the Paddington Free Kindergarten, Brisbane, very enjoyable to Miss Grace Edmondson, of Brisbane. In fact, she says she could not possibly consider it work. Besides her fifty-three pupils, ranging from the ages of two to five and a half, she instructs three students from the Kindergarten Training College in Kindergarten methods.

Miss Edmondson spent some of her school days at Glennie, Toowoomba, before going to Melbourne, where she trained at the Melbourne Kindergarten Training College. She has had experience of directing kindergartens in Melbourne, and last year was in charge of the Kindergarten at Somerville House.

Devotes Much Time to Red Cross Work

MRS. H. R. HIGGINS, who has been associated with the Red Cross Society in Victoria since its inception, still gives a great deal of her time to the cause. She is chairwoman of the home hospitals committee, established quite early in the war days, under the leadership of Lady Creswell.

Over 250 invalid soldiers at the Caulfield Repatriation Hospital benefit considerably by the efforts of the Red Cross, and Mrs. Higgins and her enthusiastic band of helpers (which includes Mrs. D. Rankin and Miss Oaten) meet one day each week at the Malvern Town Hall to cut out warm garments for the soldiers.

Famous Needlework

THIS week some famous needlework, heavily insured and carefully packed, will arrive in Sydney from London for the Tapestry Exhibition to be held in Sydney from June 8 to 28 in aid of the Industrial Blind Institution. The Queen has sent a child's bed quilt made by the Studley Women's Institute and presented to Princess Elizabeth. A beautiful piece of her own work has been lent by the Queen's mother, the Countess of Strathmore.

The Administrator, Lord Huntingfield, has promised to lend a piece of petit point—his own handiwork. Other men exhibitors include Earl Spencer and Mr. Ernest Theiseger, the actor. Lady Wakehurst, wife of the Governor of N.S.W., is president of the committee and is taking a keen interest in the arrangements.

Worked Among Chinese Refugees in Shanghai

MISS I. HUGHES, a Melbourne missionary, knows what she is talking about when she speaks of work among the Chinese refugees in Shanghai. She was stationed at one of the refugee camps there for some months.

It was mainly under the control of the International Relief Committee, and was situated in the University buildings and grounds. Miss Hughes had her time fully occupied investigating the needs of about 15,000 refugees.

Miss Hughes' 40 years of missionary work in China, added to the four months spent at the Shanghai camp, have left her with grim memories, but a great admiration for the stoicism of the Chinese.

Gives Talks on Decorative Treatment of Homes

MISS E. LINDQUIST, who now lives in Launceston, Tasmania, has adopted interior decoration as a profession. She specialised in the work in Melbourne, and as well as giving practical advice on decoration wrote many articles on the subject.

This led her into the radio sphere, where she gave talks on decorative treatment of home interiors. Going to Launceston for a short holiday, Miss Lindquist continued her radio work there.

She has also studied beauty culture, and in her talks over the air she frequently introduces interesting beauty sidelights, which she links up with the original subject.

Looked-in at Television Programmes in London

AN Australian girl has had the honor of being invited to play Shakespearean roles by the directors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. She is Miss Adele Quinn, who recently returned to Sydney from nine months in England, where she did radio work with the B.B.C.

She took the part of Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," in a B.B.C. presentation. Miss Quinn said it was unusual for Australians to be chosen to play Shakespeare.

Being interested in radio development, probably the greatest highlight of her trip was to be admitted to the Alexandra Palace to see the inner workings of the television studios, where rehearsals follow so closely on the heels of performances that there is scarcely a still minute at the palace. Authorities, she said, say that a far greater number of programmes could be televised if there were more studio room. Among programmes she "looked-in" at were a circus at Olympia and an Eileen Joyce programme.

Secretary of Cricket and Kennel Clubs

TWO widely diverse interests keep Miss Alfreda Stockwell, of Brisbane, very busy. She is honorary secretary of the Queensland Women's Cricket Association and acts in the same capacity for the National Kennel Club of Queensland.

Miss Stockwell has been playing cricket for about six years and has frequently played in important interstate matches. Early this year she attended the interstate carnival in Adelaide, and was a Queensland delegate to the Australian Women's Cricket Council.

Miss Stockwell was the first Queensland woman to go to New South Wales to judge all breeds of dogs. She has always been interested in the breeding of dogs, and at one time had a number of cattle dogs of her own.

Now, under the auspices of the Kennel Association of Queensland, she spends most of her time acting as cattle and kelpie dog specialist judge.

Physiology As Aid in Beauty Culture
ALWAYS interested in physiology, Madame Aimee Claude, a charming Russian now living in Sydney, finds her knowledge of it of great value in her work as a beauty specialist. Madame studied physiology as part of her training as an art student in Russia, where she was a Free Painter at the Academy of Arts, Petrograd.

When the revolution came Madame and her husband went to Paris. Here she continued her artistic career as a portrait and figure painter. She is a member of the Union of Women Painters and Sculptors of France. Madame spent sixteen happy years in the intensely interesting world of artists, writers, and poets in Paris.

Recently she came to Australia, one of the few countries she had not previously visited, and opened an individual beauty treatment salon and laboratory in Sydney.

Establishes Centre For Permanent Art Exhibition

AN idea of interest in art circles is being tried out by Mrs. Constance Smith at Warrandyte, Victoria.

She has turned the lovely old studio, built by the late Penleigh Boyd, into a permanent centre for the exhibition of paintings, sculpture, pottery and textiles by contemporary Australian artists.

Mrs. Smith is a great lover of the arts, and it is her ardent desire to establish this permanent gallery out of town. It is already well known because she and her husband lent the studio at the end of last year for a general exhibition for local charity, and it aroused so much interest that it suggested a permanent affair.

Artists from Sydney, as well as from Melbourne, are exhibiting. From time to time the pictures will be changed, pottery and textiles added, but always the work will be contemporary to suit the modern trend of thought and taste.

Superintendent of Girls' School in Bombay

FIRST hand news of the progress of Indian women in their bid for emancipation is brought by Miss Naja Contractor, a visitor from India, who has just arrived in Australia. Miss Contractor is a Parsee. She is a B.A. and a fellow of the University of Bombay, and also a J.P. and an honorary magistrate of the children's court of Bombay.

Miss Contractor is superintendent of the Chahda Lami Girls' High School, which sends 600 girls up each year for matriculation, and in the past 11 years there has not been one failure. The curriculum includes all the fine arts, vernacular languages, and English, which is compulsory. Physical culture is also taught.

One of Miss Contractor's friends, Mrs. Hameed Mehda, has been appointed secretary to the Prime Minister of Bombay, being the first woman to hold that position. Miss Contractor says that tuberculosis is a great problem in India, and she pays a tribute to Lady Lumley, wife of the Governor of Bombay, who is working hard to raise funds to build hospitals and for research work.

Her Home Is On Desert of Black Lava Rock

FOR the past two years a petrol station in Iraq, set in 100 square miles of black lava rock, has been the home of Mrs. R. Ferraro, who arrived in Sydney last week on a visit to her mother, Mrs. M. A. McDonald. Mrs. Ferraro will be joined later by her husband, who is attached to the Iraq Petroleum Company.

She says it is impossible to live a normal sort of life in the conditions of this desert of rock, which is so hard that no horse can keep its feet on it. There are only ten Europeans at the station, as few people can stand the intensely hot climate. In summer it is often 125 degrees during the day. All supplies have to be brought over 100 miles by motor truck, and in wet weather the few tracks become impassable. Then the only means of transport is by aeroplane. All travel is also done by plane.

The houses are of stone, with electric light, hot and cold water, and steam heating. The small community plays billiards and tennis, and dances. Mrs. Ferraro managed to get some soil and attempted to make a garden, but with small success as the plants soon died.

Aim to Advance Literary and Theatrical Work

IN aid of the After-Care Paralysis Fund, the Melbourne Judean Repertory Society put on four

one-act plays at Central Hall, Collins Street, Melbourne. This society, which was formed last year, is a constituent body of the Judean League of Victoria, and its object is purely for the advancement of literary and theatrical work. There are approximately 40 members, with Miss Yetta Ashkenasy, one of the founders of the society, as president.

Miss Ashkenasy had a part in one of the plays. Another playing a role was Betty Rapke, daughter of Mrs. Julia Rapke, one of our most public-spirited women. Betty took the part of leading lady in Barrie's "Half An Hour." This is only the society's second production, but it hopes when it is more firmly established to increase the number.

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HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 42

"Now, if the six matches had been used for smoking, I could eliminate Gimball at once. He never smoked—scads of testimony and evidence to that effect. That left only the criminal. . . . Theoretically, of course, it was possible that Andrea had used the six matches herself, despite what she told us to the contrary. But it was she who found the match-stubs and it was upon her story that the entire logical structure of my solution rested. If I doubted the veracity of her story I simply could not proceed.

"So, working on the assumption that she was telling the truth, I eliminated her. Obviously, if she came in and found those matches, then it wasn't she who had used them."

The old jurist's eyes narrowed. "But, my dear Mr. Queen—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Ellery hastily. "Trust the judiciary to put a finger on the weakness. But it isn't a weakness, as I shall demonstrate later. Let me go on. I know now that the criminal had smoked in that shack before Andrea's arrival at eight thirty-five, and had used six matches in the process. Well, what had the criminal smoked? I saw at once how important and at the same time arresting the question was."

"Important," smiled the judge, "but to me baffling."

"Had the criminal smoked cigarettes? Quite impossible."

"How the deuce," demanded Pollinger, "do you arrive at that?"

Ellery sighed. "Six half-burnt matches meant as many as six cigarette butts; cigarettes scarcely ever require more than a single

match. Six matches, well burnt-down as they were, surely implied a multiplicity of cigarettes, if cigarettes were smoked. Very well. What had the smoker done with those butts? Where had they been ground out? We know that the criminal used the plate as an ash-tray, for Andrea found the six burnt matches there. Wouldn't the criminal have ground cigarette butts out in the plate as well? But Andrea saw no butts or ashes in that plate at a time when the killer could not have anticipated being interrupted and therefore would have had no reason to hide the butts elsewhere. If the killer had been smoking cigarettes before Andrea's arrival the butts and ashes should have been either in the plate on the table, on the rug, in the fireplace, or under the windows outside the shack. But they weren't in the plate or on the table; there wasn't a trace of even a single butt or the slightest speck of ash on the rug or anywhere inside the shack—not a shred of tobacco or anything else, for that matter.

"And so it was quite clear, after this analysis, that although the criminal had smoked before Andrea's arrival it had not been cigarettes."

"That left," continued Ellery with a shrug, "only a cigar or a pipe, as possibilities."

"How did you eliminate?" asked Pollinger curiously.

"Well, obviously a cigar would have left ashes, too, although not necessarily a butt. The same analysis that eliminated ashes in the case of cigarettes would eliminate ashes in the case of a cigar. On the other hand, a pipe would leave no ashes at

all, unless it were knocked out to dispose of the dottle, which wasn't necessary; and besides the use of six matches was consistent with the theory of a pipe. Pipes are always going out and having to be relit. It wasn't essential for me, however, to pin it down specifically to either a pipe or a cigar. The true significance arose from the mere elimination of cigarettes. If the criminal smoked a cigar or a pipe, then the criminal was a man!"

"Beautiful," Judge Menander nodded enthusiastically. "Quite so. A woman would naturally be ruled out by that line of reasoning. But all the evidence indicated that the criminal was a woman."

"Then all the evidence," retorted Ellery, "was wrong. If you rely on logic, you must stick by it or fall back on mere guesswork. The deduction pointed indisputably to a man; the evidence indicated a woman; the evidence, then, must have been either misleading or false. The evidence said a heavily veiled woman committed a crime; the deduction said, no, it was a man; therefore it was a man dressed as a woman, and the veil becomes important and significant as the essential cloak to a man's undisguisable features."

"As a matter of fact, the more I thought over this deduction the more convinced I became of its truth. There was at least one psychological confirmation of the sex of the criminal—a small point, but it is on small points that the world's most startling discoveries are built."

"What was that?" demanded the judge.

"It was the curious phenomenon of the lipstick that wasn't used," smiled Ellery.

They were puzzled. Pollinger scrubbed his chin and said: "The lipstick that wasn't used? By George, Queen, that sounds like something out of Doyle."

"A handsome compliment. Surely it's evident? We knew that the criminal, who at the time we supposed to be a woman, found it necessary in an emergency to write a note to Andrea. We knew that there were no ordinary writing implements available—I'll take that up later—and that 'she' was forced to char a cork in order to write. A laborious process, eh? Well, didn't it occur to you that every woman, almost without exception, carries with her a natural writing instrument? A lipstick! Why go through the slow and unsatisfactory process of charring a cork when all she had to do was open her bag, take out her lipstick, and write? The answer was, psychologically, that she had no lipstick. This in itself pointed to the fact that the 'woman' wasn't a woman at all, but a man."

"Well, suppose by chance this was really a woman and she didn't carry a lipstick?" argued Judge Menander. "It's possible."

"Very well, it's possible. But there was Andrea lying on the floor, unconscious! Didn't Andrea have a bag? Didn't Andrea, a woman, carry a woman's natural weapon, a lipstick? Of course she did; it was unnecessary to mention it. Then why didn't this 'woman' open Andrea's bag and borrow Andrea's lipstick to write with? The answer again was that 'she' didn't think of it. But a woman would have thought of it, being a woman. Again a psychological indication of a man."

"But lipsticks in these modern days of scientific criminology,"



WHITE BROADTAIL is used in this short, cosy coat. Florence George, Paramount player, wears it over a plain beige frock. Her white halo hair is trimmed with beige ribbon.

objected Pollinger, "can be traced by the chemical formula."

"Can they? How nice. But then why didn't the criminal use Andrea's lipstick? Even if it were traced it would be traced back to Andrea, not the criminal. No, no, no matter how you look at it, there is still psychological confirmation in this point that the criminal was a man masquerading as a woman. We now have, in fact, two points of description in the murderer's portrait; he is a man, and he smokes most probably a pipe."

"Beautiful, beautiful," said the judge again.

"Now," said Ellery briskly. "The use of paper matches inevitably suggested a match-pocket. I asked Andrea specifically if she couldn't remember having seen anything else on the table—with a packet in mind."

"Of course, the criminal might have put the packet away in his pocket; but then again he might not have done so. Remember again that Andrea's appearance that night was unexpected and came directly after the crime when the murderer was still not finished with the bloody work at hand. Yes, said Andrea, she did remember that when she saw the six matches in the plate there was also a closed paper match-pocket on the table near it. Perfect! It gave me the last clue."

"I confess," said the judge ruefully, "that I don't see how."

"Well, perhaps you aren't aware of a further fact which also came out in Andrea's story the other day. That was that when she recovered consciousness the packet was gone. Now, if it was gone, the criminal had taken it away. Why?"

Please turn to Page 45

SHOPPING'S all fun if you avoid the DEAD-POINT with TEA



Shopping is always fun, of course, but an hour or so in wet, windy streets, losing your way through hurrying, impatient crowds, soon lowers your energy.

Before long you start to feel a little tired . . . What you need then is a cup of Tea. Tea revives you, gives you the extra energy you need to finish the afternoon's bargain-hunting and enjoy every minute of it.

No one can work efficiently once energy drops below the point where fatigue causes carelessness, mistakes, accidents. . . . Avoid this Dead-Point with Tea—the one drink that lifts vitality and restores energy quickly and safely.



THE DOWN CURVES INDICATE FALLING ENERGY, SHOWING THE TIMES YOU NEED TEA TO BEAT THE "DEAD-POINT"

TEA *revives you*



"DAMP-SET" your own wave with VELMOL

IT works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave . . . and takes but four minutes!

It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save time and expense. And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and a little VELMOL.

A Velmol Damp-set keeps hair fastidiously fresh . . . never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes a "perm." last a lot longer.

Ask for VELMOL.

All Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers . . . 2/-



3 STEPS. Just run wet comb through hair. Brush through a little Velmol. Then simply arrange hair as you wish, with fingers and comb.

The EASIEST way of all to REDUCE

Tens of thousands of grateful women know that Marmola Prescription Tablets gently enable you to reduce, safely and gently. You can continue to eat what you like, at the same time avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and salts.



Four times a day they take a little Marmola tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer. Since 1907 more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? Today—buy a package of Marmola and start at once. When you have slimmed to your liking and are once more the proud possessor of a beautiful slender figure, stop taking Marmola.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, S.S. Sydney, N.S.W.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR 'CREAMED AWAY'!

Simply spread this white, sweetly-scented cream on the skin. Wash off with water. You wash away every trace of hair. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No coarse stubble like the razor leaves, because the hair is dissolved away below the skin surface. This amazing new discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET'. Prices 2/6 and 4/- (double size). Successful results guaranteed with New 'VEET', or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

HALF-WAY HOUSE

A LITTLE flicker of interest disturbed the beatific expression on Bill's face. "Why not, Elly? Smokers do that all the time. Especially pipe-smokers; they're always running about of matches. They use the packet and put it right back in their pockets."

"Touche," murmured Elly, "but not in a vital spot, my son. Putting it back in your pocket implies that there are still matches left in the packet, n'est-ce pas?"

"Of course."

"But, you see, said Elly gently, "there couldn't have been any matches left in the packet the criminal first used."

"Hold on, young man," said the judge in haste. "This seems to be the magic I referred to. How do you arrive at that remarkable conclusion?"

"By a simple process. How many matches were found in the plate—all the matches, those used for smoking and those used for charring the cork?"

"Twenty, I believe."

"How many matches are there in these cheap, common, universal match-packets?"

"Twenty."

"Precisely. What does that mean? That means that at least one packet of matches was fully depleted by the criminal in the shack that night. Even if the criminal didn't start with a full, fresh packet, but with, say, a packet already started and having only ten matches left, and then pulled out another packet to complete the total of twenty found, the first packet would have been emptied in the process. Well, there we were with one empty packet. Yet the criminal took it away with him. Why? People don't do that, you know. When you use up a packet you throw it away."

"Ordinary people, perhaps," retorted Pollinger, "but you're forgetting that this man was a murderer on the scene of his crime. Queen. He might have taken his packet away out of sheer caution—not to leave a clue."

"Aply phrased," murmured Elly with a sly grin. "Not to leave a clue."

"Now, remember this. From the beginning the murderer was afraid that Andrea had seen something damning on the scene of the crime. It couldn't have been his face or figure; he had struck her from behind and she had never had an opportunity to glimpse the person who assaulted her. Yet he must have considered what Andrea saw of terrible importance; he took time out, on the scene of his crime, still

smoking with the blood of his victim, to go through that slow and difficult process of writing the note, he wired her another warning only last Saturday when he felt the trail getting hot. These things were fraught with peril for him, even though he negotiated them without detection. Nevertheless, he persisted in warning Andrea to keep quiet. Why? Why? What had she seen, or what did he fear she had seen, that made him so apprehensive? It could only have been that match-packet which he had taken away and which she had observed on the table with the six match-stubs just before she was struck on the head.

"But we're looking for a reason for his having taken the packet away. There's only one feasible reason. The packet was closed; he knew that; it was lying on the table in full view; whatever it was that worried him about that packet it was something simple, direct, seen at once, understood in a flash, and connected with the outside of the

Continued from Page 44

ous effusion shortly after the crime, when I pointed out that you could not say who had been killed—Gimball or Wilson?"

Pollinger made a wry face. "I do. I remember you said it would prove important in the solution."

"How important even I didn't grasp at the time. It's proved incalculably vital in the solution. Without this knowledge—in which personality the man was killed—no final logical elimination could have been made. For this knowledge led to the most revealing characteristic of the murderer. The picture of the murderer would have been vague and meaningless lacking the answer to this question. I can't stress too much the totality of the point."

"You make it sound portentous," observed the judge.

"It has, proved portentous to the murderer," replied Elly dryly. "Now. In what personality had our victim been killed—as Gimball or as Wilson? I was now in a position to answer the question."

"Follow me: Since the murderer had killed his victim and framed Lucy Wilson for the murder, then he must have known that Lucy Wilson would be believed by the police to possess a powerful motive for the crime. For no one frames an innocent person without knowing that that person has a conceivable and credible motive. The mere fact that Lucy was the wife of the victim didn't make her in any sense a logical victim of the frame-up."

"Well, what were Lucy Wilson's motives? What motives, in fact, were actually ascribed to her during her trial? It was pointed out by our clever friend here that, one, she could have learned just before the crime that Joseph Wilson was really Joseph Kent Gimball, having deceived her about his true identity and other life for ten years, and that this knowledge would turn her love to hatred; two, that by his death she stood to gain a million dollars."

"These," it was said, were Lucy Wilson's motives—there were no others, for she and Wilson had led an ideal domestic existence. But for the murderer to have visualised these motives for Lucy Wilson meant that the murderer was aware of them. He knew, then, that Joseph Wilson was really Joseph Kent Gimball; he knew, then, that at the death of Joseph Wilson Lucy Wilson would be paid the million dollars of Joseph Kent Gimball's insurance."

Please turn to Page 46

Music

THE wash of a stream over sand and stones;
The rustle of vines;
The night wind's voice as she sobs and moans
Thro' the mountain pines;

The lapping of water lightly stirred
By a passing breeze;
The throaty coo of a sleepy bird,
And the sigh of trees.

The silver sound of a reed-harp played
By the great god Pan;
The liquid ripples of sweetness made
By the hand of man;

The carefree, echoing laugh that rings
From a child at play,
And the thousand songs that Nature sings
Through the living day.

—D. Moran.

packet. Was he afraid he had recognised it as belonging to him? Impossible; people don't ordinarily recognise match-packets, and even if they do anyone else might be using an identical one. So it could only have been that there was an insignia, a monogram, perhaps, some simple inscription on the cover of that packet which Andrea identified at once with a specific individual."

"It's so funny, all this," said Andrea, with a catch in her throat. "To think—"

"The irony of it," said Elly grimly, "was that Andrea didn't remember anything special about the cover of that packet. She saw it, but it didn't register in her mind, upset and scared as she was at the time. It was the other day, while I was planning our little drama for Saturday night, that I recalled it to her mind by a direct question after I'd deduced the answer; and then, for the first time, she remembered. But the criminal couldn't take the chance that she hadn't seen; after all, he had observed her staring directly at it. He never doubted for an instant that she had read what was on it and knew his identity as the murderer."

"And so I now had another element in the description of the murderer. He was a man. He smoked a pipe. He used match-packets with some sort of identifying inscription on their covers."

REMARKABLE

muttered Judge Meander, when Elly paused to light a cigarette. "But surely that isn't all? I still don't see—"

"All? Scarcely. It was merely the first link in the chain. The second was forged by that charred cork. I've demonstrated in the past that if the criminal used the cork as a writing instrument, then clearly there was no more practical writing instrument at hand that he thought of—I add this last, of course, because of the lipstick which he didn't think of using, being a man. This meant that he himself carried no pen or pencil on his person at the time—remember, the necessity for writing the note arose unexpectedly—or, if he did have a pen or pencil, there was something about it that made him unwilling to use it."

Elly paused again. "Pollinger, do you recall my little extemporane-

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—the gentle Liquid Polish for your Silver



THERE is nothing better than Silvo to preserve and retain the glow that is Silver's real charm. Silvo will coax away the dimness—quickly, gently and with kindness. You may safely trust Silvo to keep your Silver new and radiant.

Silvo is excellent, too, for polishing Chromium and Glassware.

A Reckitt's product—Made in Australia



Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce of Oriz Compound, and a ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Look, mummy! My head isn't clogged up now!



That's fine, sonny. And the next time we'll use Va-tro-nol SOONER and STOP your cold BEFORE it starts.

CERTAINLY the nasty stuffiness of a head-cold or nasal catarrh is quickly banished with a few drops of Vicks Vapo-Rol on each nostril. The moment you use it, you feel the tingle of its keen, stimulating action as Va-tro-nol quickly relieves irritation, clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, and drains the sinuses. It makes every breath delightfully clear and cool again.

BETTER STILL, don't wait until your nose gets stuffed up. At the first warning snifle or sneeze use Va-tro-nol at once—and avoid many colds altogether.

Va-tro-nol is specialized medication for the nose and upper throat where 3 colds out of 4 begin. Used

in time, it stimulates Nature's own defenses in this "danger zone" to throw off a cold before it starts. Doctors have proved, in years of scientific tests among 17,353 people, that Va-tro-nol can often help you to escape entirely the days and nights of misery that a cold brings.

Use Va-tro-nol to banish that stuffiness you are suffering now. Then keep it handy, use it early, and prevent your next cold. At all chemists.

More people use it than all other medications of its kind put together



Woman of Sixty-Four Recovers from Arthritis

—and goes on World Tour!



One of the most amazing recoveries from ARTHRITIS recorded in recent years by medical men is that of an English society woman, who at the age of 64 was advised to make her will and put all her affairs in order. Suffering from Arthritis, she was told she could not hope to get better. Her doctor recommended her to take a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. She has now made a wonderful recovery and has regained so much vitality that she has gone on a world cruise.

Wonderful Tribute to Amazing New Prescription for the Arteries and Blood Stream



This is not one of the many remarkable testimonials in our files which tell how Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids have brought lasting relief and new health to suffering victims of High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Arthritis, Nervitis, and Kidney Trouble. Menthoids all over the world are amazed how quickly a short treatment of Menthoids effects an all-around improvement in health, with even the most difficult cases. For every medical man has prescribed Menthoids as the quickest and safest way of clearing the bloodstream of the poisons that cause High Blood Pressure and other painful ailments. If you suffer from Chronic Headaches, Bad Nerves, Dizziness, Fullness and heaviness at the Head, Flashes to head and throat, Insom-

nia and Nervousness, Failing Eyesight, Loss of Memory and Power to Concentrate, Fear of Impending Disaster, Irritability and Depression, Loss of Will Power, Bladder Weakness, Drowsiness and Loss of Energy, go to your chemist and get a box of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and begin a three months' course today. Take one Menthoid occasionally before meals and see how quickly Menthoids bring your blood pressure to normal, drive away acids and poisons, and give you a new sensation of youthful vitality. Menthoids cleanse your bloodstream of all poisons, rejuvenate your arteries, and strengthen your heart. Careless and negligent to take this great pure, natural, herbal prescription contains no harmful, habit-forming drugs, and is safe for even the most delicate patients.

Every box of MENTHOIDS contains the valuable diet chart which tells you what to eat and what foods to avoid. Be sure you get genuine MENTHOIDS in the green cartons—reduce your cholesterol.

12 Day Treatment 3/6 Month's Treatment 6/6 FROM YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST

FREE DIET CHART

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"She Cut Her Teeth

easily—thanks to Steedman's," writes a mother. During teething keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by using Steedman's Powders—mother's standby for over 100 years. The safe aperient for children up to 14 years.

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END YOUR DREAD OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

NO DELAY—RELIEF BEGINS AT ONCE

Here's a message of hope to every man and woman living in dread of Kidney Trouble

Kidney trouble can be ended. There is no need to stay in danger. There is no need for you to endure painful, distressing symptoms, bad back, aching muscles, rheumatism, stiff joints, dizziness, baggy eyes, too-old, worn-out feeling. We tell you that if you start to-day taking De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours you will have proof positive that they are moving the cause of your pain and weakness from the system.

ENDS PAIN—GIVES NEW VITALITY

The wonderful thing about De Witt's Pills is the fact that they bring quick relief and lasting benefit. Gone the "Oh! my poor back!" Stiff, swollen knees loosen up. No more agonising, rheumatic pains. Hands with joints enlarged, encrusted with deposits of uric acid, can once again be moved easily. Gone are those dizzy spells, that haggard, baggy-eyed, too-old look that kidney trouble always gives. Once again you want to be up and doing, for De Witt's Pills not only make you pain-free, but make you feel and look years younger.



Weak Kidneys cause that Pain in the Back

De Witt's Pills just dispel completely the excess uric acid and impurities, the root of your trouble. No purging. Nothing violent or likely to upset man or woman at any age or at any time. Every dose you take fortifies you against further attacks of pain. Give De Witt's Pills a trial and prove these facts for yourself.

FAMOUS FOR 50 YEARS

Only you can avoid the terrible consequences of neglecting kidney and bladder troubles. Don't wait to become bed-ridden. De Witt's Pills can, will and must benefit you. Their 50 years' reputation proves this. Get your supply to-day and prove this fact, as so many thousands of others have done.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/6, 3/- and 5/6. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 45

To know these two facts the murderer therefore must have learned somehow that his intended victim was both Gimball and Wilson, that the man had been leading a double life for many years.

"But if the murderer knew his intended victim was leading a double life, he also knew that he was killing not Joseph Kent Gimball alone, not Joseph Wilson alone, but both. The man was murdered, then, in neither personality exclusively, but in the two collectively."

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave it to you," grinned Pollinger.

"If the murderer killed Gimball-Wilson, the man of two lives, knowing that he was killing Gimball-Wilson, the inevitable question was: How had the murderer learned of those two lives? How did he know that Gimball of New York, the society man, was also Wilson of Philadelphia, the itinerant pedlar? For years Gimball had taken every precaution to keep his double life a dead secret; for years no one suspected; for years apparently Gimball made no mistake and went unsuspected; and Wilson kept his Gimball identity equally secret for the same length of time. He had told Bill here in so many words, according to the story Bill told De Jong and me on the night of the crime, that no one he knew was aware of the existence of the shack. Yet the murderer chose Half-way House for the scene of the crime."

"Gimball, we know on good authority, never relaxed his vigilance. The two telegrams, had they fallen into the hands of the murderer, would have revealed nothing but the location of Half-way House—I love that phrase! But if the location of the place had been the only thing the murderer learned, it would not have been enough. The murderer must have known well in advance of the day Gimball sent the telegrams—the day he died—all about the Gimball personalities. He had to know not only the location of Half-way House but the identity of Gimball's real

wife, where she lived, something of her character and background; he had to have time to plan the crime, to find out about Lucy's car, to learn her Saturday-night movie habit so that he could depend on her probable lack of an alibi, and so on. All this would have taken time, not a day, perhaps more than a week, if the man were investigating surreptitiously, as he must have. No, Bill, hardly an accidental discovery."

"Then how?" cried Pollinger.

"How? There was one means by which the murderer could have learned which was so plain I couldn't ignore it. While it's impossible by pure logic to eliminate beyond doubt the murderer's accidental discovery of Gimball's dual-life background, we can discard the unlikely accident-theory for a positive indication, which clearly exists. Gimball was slain very shortly after he decided to make a clean breast of his predicament and tell the story of his double life to representatives of both his families. When you consider that his first step along the road to confession was to change his insurance-policy beneficiary from his false wife Jessica to his true wife Lucy, the fact becomes too overwhelming to be coincidence. Don't you see? At last there was a record of his double life—nine records, so to speak; the name and address of the new beneficiary on the original application and on the eight revised policies! And then, on the heels of these records, he was murdered. How could I doubt that it was by this means that the murderer had learned that Gimball was Wilson and Wilson Gimball? Anyone who learned of this change, or had access to the policies, could have investigated, learned the secret from the name and address, followed Gimball on one of his stopovers at Half-way House, and in two weeks discovered all that was necessary to plan the murder and implicate Lucy as the murderer."

"And so," said Ellery. "I now had a complete portrait of the criminal. My deductions eliminated all women. The criminal had to be a man."

"The process of elimination completed, I had painted the picture of only one person, who fitted all characteristics so perfectly that there could be no doubt whatever. That person, of course, was Grosvenor Finch."

THERE was a long interlude, during which the only sound was Lucy's sobbing.

"Remarkable," said Judge Menander, again, clearing his throat.

"Not at all. Sheer common sense. How did Finch fit?"

"1. He was a man."

"2. He was addicted to smoking, and a pipe at that; the day I visited his office his secretary, Miss Zachary, offered me some of his personal pipe-tobacco, blended for him by a famous tobaccoist. Now, only a hopelessly incorrigible pipe-smoker goes to the length of having his tobacco specially blended for him."

"3. He possessed match-packets even more distinctive than logic had indicated! Finch possessed numerous match-packets with his name on them! Not a monogram, not an insignia, but his name in full. No wonder he was worried, no wonder he snatched that empty packet away. He had every reason to believe that Andrea had seen the name Grosvenor Finch on his cover."

"Good Lord," exclaimed Pollinger. He threw up his hands.

"4. The criminal had motive against both Gimball and Mrs. Wilson. This followed as a result of the criminal's learning about Gimball's double life, which I shall come to in a moment. But, knowing this, it is clear that anyone from the Gimball side of the fence would have reason to wish the death of Gimball, the author of Jessica's shame, and might seek to revenge himself on Lucy, the living symbol of Gimball's double life. And Finch was very close to Jessica."

"5. The writing implement? Curious note. The same day I visited Finch's office he offered me a cheque as a retainer for investigating the crime for the National Life. Be-

fore my eyes he wrote on that cheque with a fountain-pen I saw him take from his pocket. When he showed me the cheque the only thing in script was his signature written in green ink. Green ink! Distinctive; not at all usual. He could not afford to take the chance of writing the note on the scene of the crime in that ink."

"6. Certainly he came from the Gimball side of the fence. He had known both the Gimball and Borden families intimately for years."

"7. That he had a tender feeling for Andrea is unquestionable—we've had repeated evidences of it from his actions. As for Andrea's mother—well, there are no specific facts to base the opinion on, but his solicitude for her, his constant attendance on her since Gimball's death, were clear enough implications of a fondness that may have been even more."

"That's true, I think," said Andrea in a low voice. "I'm sure he—he was in love with her..."

"Love for your mother was the only plausible reason I could ascribe to Finch as the murderer of your stepfather, Andrea. Discovering that Gimball had betrayed your mother into an illegal marriage, that he was spending most of his time with another woman in another city, that his own sacrifice had been in vain, Finch decided to kill your mother's betrayer."

"8. The criminal was right-handed, or at least used his right hand in striking the lethal blow. This was rather indeterminate in adapting Finch to the complete portrait, but in the light of the overwhelming evidence of the other eight points it was unimportant. At least it was possible for Finch to have used his right hand."

"9. The last point and in many ways the most important. That Finch knew of the change of beneficiary of the million-dollar policy. The point was simply resolved. Who knew of this change of beneficiary? Two persons. One was Gimball himself. But Gimball had told no one; I've been over that ground already. The other was Finch. Finch, and Finch alone of the possible murderers, had known of the beneficiary change before the crime."

BILL was suddenly very serious. He gulped twice and then said in a formal voice: "Judge Menander, sir—"

"What is it, young man?" said the old gentleman a little testily. "If you're worried about that insurance I can promise you there will be no hitch in the proceedings. Your sister will be paid the full amount of the policy."

"No, no, Judge," stammered Bill. "It's not—"

"I don't want that money," said Lucy simply. She had stopped crying. "I wouldn't touch it for..." She shuddered.

"But, my dear child," protested Judge Menander, "you must take it."



DUSTY-PINK velveteen fashions the afternoon cocktail suit worn by Gloria Stuart, 20th Century-Fox player. A rose and silver lame blouse and a turban in matching colors complete the ensemble.

It's yours. It was the will of the deceased that you should have it."

Lucy's black eyes, shadowed and tired as they were, managed a sudden smile. "You mean it's mine—to do with as I wish?"

"Of course," he said gently.

"Then I give it," said Lucy, putting her arm about Andrea's slim shoulders, "to someone who, I think, is going to be related to me very soon... Will you accept it, Andrea, as a gift from me and... Joe?"

"Oh, Lucy!" cried Andrea, and then she began to weep.

"That's what I wanted to speak to you about, Judge," said Bill hastily; his cheeks were fiery. "I mean, Lucy's feeling that Andrea—You see... Well, last week Andrea and I drove out one day to... Well, sir," he managed to blurt at last as he took something out of his pocket, "here's the licence. Will you please marry us?"

The Judge laughed. "I should be delighted to."

"Trite, trite," said Ellery gloomily. "Here's a book, my friend, that will teach you pretty phrases."

"Nevertheless," said Bill, with a nervous grin, "I'd like you to be my best man, Ellery. Andrea, too—"

"Ah," said Ellery. "Now that's different." He walked over to the leather sofa and stooped and raised Andrea's tearful face and kissed her resoundingly. "There! Isn't that the prerogative of best men? At least," he chuckled, dabbing tenderly at his lips with a handkerchief. "I've had my reward!"

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NO NEED TO WEAR GLASSES

Glasses DO sometimes afford relief and temporary eye comfort, but they do NOT remedy the trouble. The fact that every wearer of glasses HAS CONSTANTLY TO CHANGE THEM FOR STRONGER LENSES proves that glasses actually cause the eyes to become weaker.

Learn how to discard YOUR GLASSES with Eye Culture.

EYE CULTURE is a natural scientific method of restoring the eyes to normal WITHOUT THE AID OF GLASSES. It is a simple treatment which has restored to thousands of eye sufferers the perfect, natural sight that is rightfully theirs. EYE CULTURE can do this for YOU, too! It makes no difference whether you suffer from:

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OR ANY OTHER FORM OF EYE TROUBLE

You must benefit by EYE CULTURE. You'll find untold relief and be able to see clearly without hampering glasses; to once more be able to look a person in the eye without peering through a "window" (glasses), and to be able to go among friends without the disfigurement which indelibly brands you "Weak Eyes," and which positively does not improve your looks. EYE CULTURE can do all this for those wearing glasses, and for those whose eyes are strained and weak. It means fresh, healthy eyes again, PLUS the fact that it saves you endless expense.

HERE IS AN EXTRACT FROM A REPORT JUST RECEIVED:

"My eyes have never relapsed since commencing with Eye Culture. The only time I wear glasses is occasionally at the pictures. It seems a miracle and I never dreamed I could ever do without them. I always drive the car now without glasses, and find my vision is clearer each time I go out."

Call and see me personally... Consultation is Free, or send a 2d stamped addressed envelope, giving particulars of your eye trouble to—Eye Culture, No. 1 St. James Buildings, 107 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Tel. MA3167.

EYE CULTURE

Sniffing, Snuffling

Get a 1/2 tube of NASAL BALM for Colds in the Head and Throat to clear your congested nostrils. NASAL BALM is a product of The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Pitts., U.S.A. See you get the package with the six-pointed star on it. At chemists and stores.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

May 21, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

DEVELOP a Graceful CARRIAGE

... It is the girl who knows how to walk, to sit, to stand correctly who attracts and holds attention.



By Our
Beauty Expert

the feet in the correct position, straighten the legs, throwing the weight of the body on your feet.

Straighten the back, and pull the weight away from your hips.

Try to lift your back without raising the shoulders.

The chin should be held upwards and you should feel as if you are ready to walk. Because, after all, standing is only a pause in your walking, and you should appear, and feel, as if you were ready to start off at any moment.

Another problem is the manner in which you may sit. If you glance around any restaurant you will notice that nine out of ten women sit very badly.

A graceful way to place your legs when sitting is with one foot slightly in front of the other, or with both feet pressed together, slightly raised on the toes, and a little to one side of the chair.

You may cross your legs, providing they are long enough from the hips to the knees to cross easily. If you do sit with your legs crossed, see that the calf of each leg is far enough away from the other, not pressed against it so that it looks double its ordinary size.



STATIONARY RUNNING, as demonstrated by lovely Ann Millar, prevents the muscles from becoming relaxed, and gives ease to walking. Shipping is good, too.



SITTING ATTRACTIVELY is an art which may be acquired by attention to detail. The girl above, by easy mastery of muscle, maintains her pose with charming grace. Above, right, without particular beauty of face, this girl, by her poise and carriage, would command attention anywhere.

THERE are many girls who envy the actress and the mannequin for their grace in movement, their lithe suppleness, and the unconcerned manner in which they enter or leave a room, and sit down.

But that which you envy has only been achieved by training, and it is quite easy for you to acquire a graceful carriage.

The girl who can sit down easily and who can walk correctly is one to be envied. No matter how well you may be dressed, it is your carriage that makes or mars your costume.

No one is born with it; it is acquired. And if you are prepared to study your movements, and are willing to correct bad habits, there is no reason why you should not acquire a carriage which is equally as good as any mannequin's.

Those girls, whom you admire when they display clothes, are trained to walk, sit, and stand correctly and attractively, until it becomes a habit with them, and with a little perseverance you can also attain these graces.

Attention to walking should be

the first consideration. The whole of the foot and ankle should be employed, with the weight of the body placed on the balls of the feet. Carry the feet forward as though you were placing them on a definite object.

Your shoes should fit you perfectly. If they are too short or narrow you will not be able to swing your feet comfortably.

Practice skipping or stationary running, which prevents the muscles from becoming relaxed, and thus gives ease to walking.

Helpful Exercise

THE following exercise is excellent for producing a good carriage.

First, stand at attention with hands on hips and feet together. Then slowly bend forward from the hips, holding the back stiffly, until the body forms a right-angle with the legs. Keep the chin up, and the head level with the body. Do not allow it to droop forward.

Now walk around the room with perfectly straight legs and stiff knees. You will not be able to advance far with each step, and you may perhaps have a cramped feeling at the hips. Then suddenly straighten your back, standing erect with the chin held well in and back.

Continue your walking, and you will find that all the stiffness has left the legs, and you will be walking with an easy swing from the hips.

Don't worry about your feet. They will walk quite naturally. Concentrate on your head. Keep it up. That is the danger point with acquiring poise. The head is allowed to fall forward under the mistaken idea that it is more comfortable.

For the first few weeks of trying to walk correctly you may feel as if you are exaggerating your movements, and the muscles may cry out for relaxation.

Don't give in.

Once you acquire the habit of walking correctly you will feel uncomfortable if you try to slouch.

You must also learn to stand correctly. Some physical culture authorities say that if you stand well you will then automatically walk well.

To learn to stand correctly, walk a few steps, then come to a sudden stop with the feet together. The inside of the feet should be almost parallel.

If the toes are turned outwards it shows that the body aways when you walk.

Now that you are standing with

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FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Habit Training Begins at the Baby's Birth

By A
TRUBY KING
SPECIALIST

EVERY baby has to learn habits. "Once is a habit with a baby," someone has said, and this applies to good and bad habits alike.

At birth a baby's brain is like a blank sheet of paper on which, with its rapid growth and development, countless impressions are constantly being recorded.

Each act and every thought make an impression or pathway over the nerves, and the next time another impulse or "wave" travels over the same path it deepens the impression.

The more times anything is done the deeper the pathway becomes, and a habit is formed. Therefore, the longer a bad habit is kept the harder it is to get rid of, while the oftener the right things are done the stronger the good habits become.

If the training of infants and toddlers were quite neglected, they

would still go on learning habits, but they would be bad habits of their own choosing, instead of having the good guidance and good example of their parents in the formation of good habits.

It is well always to remember that habits, good or bad, are fixed more by what baby sees, feels, and senses in other ways than by what he is told.

Some children develop habits more easily than others.

Likely Types

THE highly-strung, imaginative child, who is restless and inquisitive, is the type of child who will learn habits quickly. Therefore, a child like this will need particularly careful training to see that it only forms good habits.

This type of child is called the "nervous" child, not meaning by that a timid and easily-frightened child, but one whose brain is particularly active and sensitive, giving it an unusual amount of nervous energy.

This sensitive nervous system is often inherited and cannot be

altered, but as this type of child is very intelligent it responds very readily to good training.

However, a sensitive nervous system is not always inherited.

The smooth working of the brain depends very much on the health of the rest of the body, and if any other organ is not functioning properly the effect on the brain is to make it more sensitive and irritable. Then habits are more easily formed.

The part of the body in which baby is most easily upset is the digestive system. And so we find that chronic upsets of digestion are very likely to bring such nervous troubles as sleeplessness, nightmares, talking in sleep, and sleep-walking.

Thumb sucking is the earliest habit of body manipulation. Some babies, often those born with nervous instability, acquire it in the very early days of life.

The action, associated in the baby's mind with suction at the breast, is soothing, and a hungry babe quickly acquires the habit.

If after the first three months when the teeth are pushing their way up through the gums, and making themselves felt, safe, hard things, such as a bone teething-ring, or bone "bite" should be provided for



MOTHER AND SON—a happy picture.

baby, otherwise the habit of finger-sucking is often formed.

An overstimulated baby—one entertained, and constantly having his

The prevention of the habit in the early days of it is the best cure.

The best treatment in the toddler and older child is to try to direct the child's attention to other and more interesting things. Often in these children there is an overflow of energy which should be used up in healthy occupation.

It is during the unoccupied waking period after a child has been put to bed and before it falls asleep that this and other nervous habits are indulged.

It is most important to keep a child well exercised and occupied with something of interest up to bed.

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IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299Y, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

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(without clothing).

Have you written before? (Yes or no)

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something of interest up to bed.

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INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF LUXURY HOME

New, lovely color schemes, richly-polished woods, lavish draperies are features

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in London.

WITH the growing interest in home-making all over the world, there has been of recent years in London an amazing increase in the numbers of trained interior decorators, who are taking over the complete planning of homes, and achieving new, artistic effects.

One of the most talented creative decorators in London is Laszlo Hoenig, who has a modest salon in South Audley Street, Mayfair, from which he plans the interior decorations of some of England's loveliest homes.

This attractive Hungarian does more than select colorful fabrics and advise on schemes for using them.

He is an architect, as well as a decorator, and a furniture and fabric designer.



CORNER OF A SITTING-ROOM designed by Laszlo Hoenig. The walls are ivory, the curtains heavy ivory satin, with nigger-brown spots, the carpet beige. Note design of the built-in fitment.



GUEST ROOM designed by Hoenig. The color scheme is made up of two shades of soft green, and the fabric is used on reverse sides for the bed coverings and the curtains. The furniture is of natural curly birch, polished. There are indirect lights and a radio loud-speaker is concealed in the single bed fitment which forms the back of both beds.

One of the smartest houses just completed by him contains eighteen rooms—and everything that the comfort-loving heart could desire is incorporated in the furnishing of that home.

While he uses luxurious curtains, draperies, and coverings, his furniture is simple and practical. And, in common with other modern decorators, he delights in using up spare corners, and economising on space, even when there is no need, so that each room while complete with every luxury achieves a restful, spacious effect.

In the sitting-room there is a permanent fitment built in around the room, forming at one point the back for both a couch and a desk. At one end of the couch is a curved table which conceals two others beneath it, "nestwise."

What Next?

A CLEVERLY-ARRANGED radio above the desk is at once convenient and unobtrusive. There are concealed loud-speakers in all of the rooms in the house (including bathrooms), controlled from this central point.

Small compact alcoves are a feature of his designing, and are found in bedrooms, halls, and all living-rooms, giving an intimate, liveable air to the most luxuriously-appointed room.

The large, formal drawing-room reveals the practical mind.

There is a massive table at one end of the room which can be moved by an intricate set of rollers, on occasions when the room is cleared for a big dinner.

The ceiling of this lovely room has an indented centre, and the lower rim or border is faced with gold leaf. Concealed lighting behind it gives a magnificent effect on gala occasions.

In the main bedroom of this house pale apricot is used for the walls, pale blue for the carpet, a deep apricot for the silk tufted couch, and a darker blue for the velvet upholstered chairs.

Pale blue and apricot are combined in the striped glass fabric curtains, and soft apricot nylon is draped back on either side.

A guest room in two shades of soft green with covering and curtains to match has an almost austere air. Twin beds have small oblong cushions matching the covering, and the plain dark green carpet is supplemented by a luxurious rug.

The individual touch is revealed in the polished wood backing to the beds, which conceals the indirect lights and loud-speaker, and in the perfectly rounded mirror of the dressing table.

Against such often severe but always interesting backgrounds, Hoenig lets imagination run riot with accessories.

He uses many carved figures, masks or animals, done in lovely smooth polished woods, in glass or stone.

Notice in the picture of the sitting-room the quaint figures along the wall and back of the couch.

He uses outside artificial flowers made in tinted papers and fabrics to suit the scheme of the room. They are always arranged with care and grouped with balance.

Oh, the JOY of

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THE joy of being able to serve different soups every day—eleven different Heinz Soups—needing nothing but heating and eating. Heinz Soups are slowly simmered to bring out all the goodness of the prime ingredients. How prime Heinz ingredients are! Thick sweet cream. Vegetables grown for Heinz, picked and used at their perfect prime. The choicest cuts of meat—young tender chickens. So good that they're GUARANTEED! If any variety fails to give satisfaction, your storekeeper is authorised to refund the full purchase price. Try all the eleven varieties: the CREAM SOUPS, Chicken, Tomato, Asparagus, Green Pea, Spinach, Celery, Onion, and the MEAT SOUPS: Ox Tail, Kidney, Vegetable, Mollusques.

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READY TO SERVE

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knit it for yourself

THIS easy-to-knit two-piece suit is designed on simple, tailored lines, with a novelty treatment of puri and plain which provides a raised rib-



CLOSE-UP of the attractive stitches used in the making of the suit featured at right. Accurate directions for making are given below.



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Address _____

bing on jacket, running into skirt, which is very slimming.

The rest of the suit is knitted in a basket pattern.

Materials: 25oz. 3-ply fingering wool, mignonette-green, 1 pair needles (No. 10), 1 short spare needle (No. 10), 1 belt, a length of petersham, 6 press studs, 6 buttons.

Measurements: Cardigan—Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches; bust, 36 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches. Skirt—Width at lower edge, 42½ inches; length, 32 inches; waist, 26½ inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, puri; tog., together; cr., cross; st., stitch.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch; 10 rows to 1 inch.

CARDIGAN RIGHT FRONT

Commence at lower edge by casting on 69 sts. (k into back of cast-on sts.). p. 1 row. Then work in pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): K. 15, p. 2, cr. 2 (i.e., slip 1 st. on to spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. the next 2 sts., then k. the sts. from spare needle), p. 2, cr. 2, p. 2, cr. 2, p. 2, cr. 2 (these sts. form the foundation for the vertical stripes) * p. 12, k. 4, repeat from * to last 6 sts., p. 6.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): K. all the sts. that were p. in the previous row and p. all the sts. that were k. P. also the sts. that were crossed, and knit the 15 border sts. in every row.

3rd Row: Repeat 1st row.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

5th Row: K. 15 (p. 2, cr. 2) 4 times, p. 4, * k. 4, p. 12, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

6th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

7th Row: K. 5, cast off 5, k. 5 (p.

2, cr. 2) 4 times, p. 4, * k. 4, p. 12, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

8th Row: Repeat 2nd row to last 15 sts., k. 5, cast on 5, k. 5. Repeat last 8 rows throughout, but working a buttonhole every 33rd and 34th row: as for the 7th and 8th rows, at the same time shape side seam by k. 2 tog. at armhole edge of the 19th row and every 2nd row following twice, work 12 rows even; then increase 1 st. at armhole edge of the next row and every 10th row following 10 times. Work 2 rows even; shape armhole by casting off 4 sts. at armhole edge of next row, and every 2nd row following twice, then k. 2 tog. at armhole edge of every 2nd row twice. Work even for 40 rows; shape neck by casting off 4 sts. at neck edge of next row, then every 2nd row twice. Then cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of every 2nd row 10 times. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge of next row. Then decrease 1 st. at neck edge, and cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge of next 2 alternate rows. Work even at neck edge and cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge of next 3 alternate rows.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 69 sts. and work to correspond with right front, working rows from end to beginning and omitting buttonholes, as follows:

1st Row: P. 6, * k. 4, p. 12, repeat from * to last 31 sts. (cr. 2, p. 2) 4 times, k. 15.

2nd Row: Repeat 2nd row of pattern. Continue in this manner, shaping as for right front.

BACK

Cast on 112 sts. (k into back of cast-on sts.), p. 1 row.

1st Row: * p. 12, k. 4, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K. all the sts. that were p. in the preceding row, and p. all the sts. that were k.

3rd Row: Repeat 1st row.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

5th Row: P. 4, * k. 4, p. 12, repeat from * to last 12 sts., k. 4, p. 8.

6th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

7th Row: Repeat 5th row.

8th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

Repeat last 8 rows, and shape seams by decreasing 1 st. each end of the 19th row and every 2nd row following twice. Work even for 12 rows, then increase 1 st. each end of the next row, and every 10th row following 10 times, work 2 rows even; shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. K. 2 tog. at each end of next 5 rows. Work 53 rows even; shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Work 1 row. Divide sts. into two equal parts and work separately.

1st Row: Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge, work to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast off 8 sts. at neck edge, work to end of row.

3rd Row: Repeat 1st row.

4th Row: Cast off 6 sts. at neck edge.

5th Row: Repeat 3rd row.

SLEEVES

Cast on 56 sts. (k into back of cast-on sts.) and work in pattern as for back, increasing 1 st. each end of the 18th row and every 9th row following 20 times. When increased to 96 sts., work even until work measures 19 inches; shape top of sleeve by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. K. 2 tog. at each end of next 21 rows. Then cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

COLLAR

Sew in sleeves carefully. With wrong side of work towards you, pick up 144 sts. around neck and work in pattern as for back for 4 inches. Cast off loosely. Turn a narrow hem and stitch neatly.

THE SKIRT

Back: Cast on 160 sts. and work in pattern as for back. K. 2 tog. at each



A SUIT that every woman will be proud to own and acknowledge as her own making. It may take you a fair time to knit, but what an acquisition to the wardrobe, and what a delight to wear!

end of the 20th row and every 10th row following 21 times. When skirt measures 32 inches, cast off.

Front: Cast on 162 sts. (as shown in illustration the front of the skirt is composed of a centre stripe in purling, two side stripes in the vertical stripe pattern. The remainder of the front is worked in the checker-board pattern.)

1st Row: * (k. 4, p. 12) 3 times, (cr. 2, p. 2) 4 times, p. 34 (p. 2, cr. 2) 4 times, * p. 12, k. 4, to end of row.

2nd Row: As 2nd row of pattern. Continue in pattern, decreasing in the 20th row and every 10th row

following 21 times. When front measures the same as the back cast off.

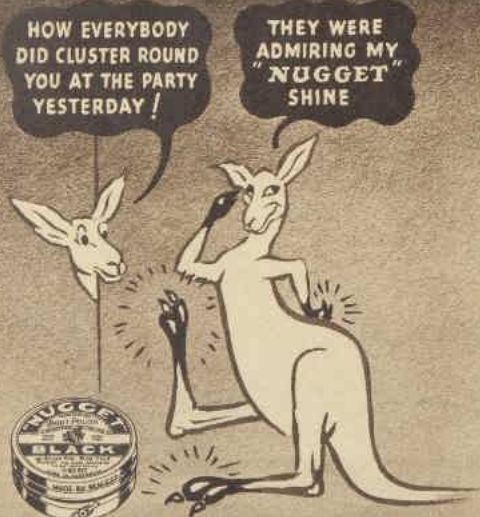
TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. In sewing in sleeves it is important to see that the exact centre of the top fits into the shoulder-seam.

Allow a slit 8 inches long on the left side seam of skirt. This is fastened with press-studs.

Make a dart on each side of front and back of skirt at waist, adapting the size to the figure. Sew the upper part of skirt to a waist-band 1 inch wide.

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This is the way to PRUNE Your Own FRUIT TREES

Correct pruning improves quality of fruit and keeps trees in good bearing condition. Here's the way!
—Says THE OLD GARDENER

The pruning of large and backyard orchards is an absolute necessity, and will have to be done in a few weeks' time.

All deciduous trees are pruned during the winter months, according to the district in which you live. As a rule the work is carried on from May through into July.

To ensure fine fruit and prolific bearing for the future systematic and regular pruning must be carried out. All trees must be trained from their infancy.

Some few weeks ago gave advice on the planning and planting of or-



IF YOU follow the Old Gardener's advice on pruning and spraying of fruit trees you can look forward to a prolific yield of fine, large-sized fruit next season.

a step-ladder has to be used for the picking.

Remember that the low, sturdy tree will stand up to wind and storm, and the fruit will hang better than that on the lofty tree which is battered by the wind.

All deciduous trees, as soon as

they are pruned, should be sprayed well with either lime sulphur or bordeaux mixture. Peaches and nectarines particularly should be sprayed for fungus diseases. Leaf curl is one of the greatest menaces in the growing of these two trees, and during the coming winter and early spring will be prevalent. Spray immediately the tree is pruned. Lime sulphur is most effective and should be used during the winter, using one part of lime sulphur to twenty parts of water.

Then in the spring, just as the buds begin to burst, spray with a solution of one part to 60 parts of water. When the tree has all its leaves, spray again with a solution of the same strength.

After the pruning is completed, gather up all cuttings and burn them, otherwise they will help to breed all kinds of fruit trouble.

If you are methodical, prune, spray, keep down all weeds, lime well around the trees, and dig in, the trees will never be troubled with fruit pests.

If time cannot be spared to give the trees the necessary attention, it is better to cut them down rather than let them spread disease to your next-door neighbor's orchard.



chards. The first pruning of the young trees is usually termed "heading back," and consists of cutting the stems of year-old trees back to about 18 inches from the ground. Thus they will make good progress during summer, and will produce three to five sturdy growths.

The following winter the tree is pruned by cutting back to from nine to twelve inches from its base. By doing this you achieve a good shape, stability, and strong growth. Always cut to an outer bud, and be careful to make the cut at the correct point.

Again, I wish to remind you that the pruning of the tree in the first year after planting is to secure correct symmetry from the beginning, at the same time allowing for healthy growth, which is now concentrated over a reduced number of branches or buds.

Neglect Is Fatal

A TREE neglected in the pruning will produce only small fruit. The tree, weakened in its early growth, grows wild, becomes disease-infected, and a home for all kinds of destructive insects.

Pruning also conserves the energy of the tree, directing the sap in channels where it is most useful. It becomes well balanced between leaf and fruit growth, so that no part of the tree is taxed at the expense of the other.

Peaches, apricots, nectarines, and plums produce their fruit from auxiliary buds. Plum and apricot fruit on the spurs of two-year-old wood. Pears and apples represent what is known as the terminal bud or spur-bearing type. The terminal fruit buds are the first to appear

and the first to bear. Of all trees in cultivation the young wood of the apple remains in bearing for the greatest number of years. Peaches and nectarines are the two varieties that bear their fruit on the young wood of the previous year's growth.

Study these trees, and you will notice the blossoms rising immediately from the bud, and it is seldom that that same shoot bears fruit in the second year.

So in pruning these trees the whole aim should be to secure a succession of yearling wood. Beginners are apt to leave wood which is really past bearing in the hope that it may carry two or more crops.

The pruning of fruit trees can be very simply understood by constant observation of the trees in their growth, and of their bearing characteristics.

Cherry trees produce their fruit upon small spurs, or, as some call them, studs, from half an inch to two inches in length, which may be noticed growing from two, three, or four-year-old wood. New spurs will continue to shoot out right up to the extremes of the branches, and this important fact must be kept in mind by the pruner.

In most districts cherry-tree pruning is of a very light nature.

I would strongly advise those who value their fruit trees and do not understand the methods of pruning to secure the services of one experienced in the art rather than mutilate the trees themselves.

All deciduous trees should be kept low. Thus better quality of fruit will ensue, and the picking and general work will be much easier.

No tree should grow so high that



LIGHT FAIR-HAIRED

Girls Have 47% More Sex-Appeal Than Dark "Fairs"

RECENT scientific tests made show that light fair-haired girls have 47% more sex-appeal than dark "fairies." But how many fair-haired girls know how to keep their hair beautifully light—prevent its going dark?

Dark hair is coarse and strong; fair hair, fine and delicate. Yet every day some fair-haired girls use ordinary soap or soapless (saponaceous) shampoo. No wonder the lovely lights in their hair darken! When they wash in Sta-Blond, the shampoo made specially for fair hair. It not only prevents light hair from darkening but washes darkened hair two to four shades lighter—gives it the golden beauty of childhood. No other hair-shampoo does this.

Sta-Blond contains "Vitamin," the amazing Hair-Vitamin which Nature puts in all fair hair and which ordinary shampoo washes away. That's why Sta-Blond not only prevents brittleness and dandruff, but makes the hair and scalp gloriously soft and supple. If you want a bleach, don't buy Sta-Blond! But if you want to keep your hair lovely and light as it grows, Sta-Blond is the only shampoo to use. Try it just once—try it today! Now Sta-Blond contains enough for two shampoos.

CONTAINS NO DYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHES

STAY FAIR WITH **STA-BLOND**

MARIE MAKES A DATE WITH OLD DUTCH!

"...IF OLD DUTCH LASTS LONGER—OBVIOUSLY IT IS MORE ECONOMICAL!"



"...OF COURSE!—BUT YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF, MARIE. HERE'S A PENCIL. NOW WRITE THE DATE ON THAT TIN!"

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER!

"...JEAN WON HER BET! OLD DUTCH DOES LAST LONGER—AND CLEANS MORE THINGS TOO!"



If you make the "date the tin" test, just as Marie did, you too will be convinced that Old Dutch does for more cleaning per penny of cost. Old Dutch is made with Selamotte—the best cleaning and polishing material science has yet discovered. Selamotte particles are flat and flaky. They cover for more surface than the sharp, gritty particles of ordinary cleansers, sandpapers and pastes.

Because Selamotte (Old Dutch) particles are flat, they don't scratch. They cleanse softly, quickly and with less labour. It's a good plan to buy TWO tins of Old Dutch and keep one in the bathroom and one in the kitchen. This new convenience saves lots of steps and time every day.

Laboratory experts evolved this simple test to prove Old Dutch doesn't scratch. Sprinkle some Old Dutch on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll hear no harsh, grinding sound because Old Dutch is made with Selamotte and can't scratch. Try this test with any other cleanser and note the difference.

After thorough tests, the Good Housekeeping Institute of Australia granted its seal of approval to Old Dutch Cleaner.



PAIR OF FISH EATERS for 3/-

Send to-day for this Special Offer of A.J. Guaranteed Fish Eaters for only 3/- P.N. and 2 Windmill panels from Old Dutch labels. Or make your choice from the 10 units listed below. This lovely "Old English" pattern silverware and hand-painted, stainless cutlery is made by Viner & Hall Ltd., Imperial Works, Sheffield—The World's premier cutlery and silversmiths.



SEND NOW! OFFER CLOSES JUNE 30, 1938

HOW TO GET THIS SILVERWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 3/- Postal Note for EACH unit listed. You may order one unit or as many as you wish. They are all guaranteed A.J. Silverplate or Stainless Steel. Offer closes June 30, 1938.

1. 4 TEASPOONS (value 15/- per dozen).
2. 2 DESSERT SPOONS (value 13/- per dozen).
3. DESSERT KNIFE and FORK (value 11/- per pair).
4. 2 SOUP SPOONS (value 10/- per dozen).
5. TABLE KNIFE and FORK (value 4/- per pair).
6. 2 TABLE SPOONS (value 37/- per dozen).
7. 1 pair FISH EATERS (value 5/- per pair).
8. 3 FRUIT SPOONS, Gold-lined bowls (value 22/- per dozen).
9. 3 FRUIT FORKS to match Fruit Spoons (value 22/- per dozen).
10. 1 SERVING SPOON, Gold-lined bowl (value 8/-).

ORDER FORM

CUDAHY & CO. LTD., Elger St., Glebe, N.S.W.

I enclose _____ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and Postal Note for _____ for which please send me (post paid) Units number _____

Name _____

Address _____

Offer does not apply in S.A. or Queensland.

D. 48.36

APPETISING — NOURISHING



A cube to a cup

OXO CUBES

Sales Agents: Hodgson & Co. Pty. Ltd. Sydney and Melbourne.



Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

FROCKS, COATS, AND
CHILDREN'S WEAR OF
NEW DISTINCTION
Send for Patterns Now

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

WINTER COAT

WW2253. — A smart, form-fitting coat for winter wear. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



SIMPLE STYLE
WW2258. — Chic, simple style for day-time wear. Sizes, 32in. to 40in. bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART MODE
WW2259. — Delightful mode for day occasions, with becoming contrast vest. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Chic Blouses
and Skirt

Patterns
Cost 3d.

THE three delightful blouses and skirt shown at right may be made from this week's three-in-one concession pattern, price 3d. Sizes available, 32, 34, 36-inch bust. To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our office. Material required, 36 inches wide:
No. 1—Skirt, 2 yards.
No. 2—Blouse, 2½ yards.
No. 3—Blouse, 3 yards.
No. 4—Blouse, 3 yards.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three-pence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 3854, G.P.O.
BIRMINGHAM—Box 4007, G.P.O.
WELBURN—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 51, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 4910, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 5200, G.P.O.
If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 3. PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE Size Pattern Coupon, 21/5/38.



BECOMING MODE

WW2255. — Gathered bodice and slim-fitting skirt are becoming features on this day frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

LITTLE BOY'S COAT
WW2256. — Double-breasted, easy-to-make little boy's coat. Sizes, 2-8 years. Material required: 2½ to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

DINNER GOWN

WW2257. — Charming, informal style for dinner or cocktails. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1½ yards net. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WEE PYJAMAS
WW2252. — A warm and comfortable style for the little tot 1-4 years of age. This design covers the feet and is very snug. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

FOR DRESSY WEAR
WW2254. — A smart, distinctive model for dressy occasions. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Relief from PILES



Rexona Ointment
REXONA OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. Now also extra large tins, three times the quantity, for 3/6.

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP
—9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)

Thousands of sufferers have found quick and lasting relief from this distressing affliction by the use of Rexona Ointment. The soothing medications reduce the inflammation and provided a course of laxative is taken with the Rexona treatment a complete cure will result except in such rare cases as require surgical treatment. The regular use of Rexona Soap, containing the same mild but effective medications as the Ointment, is recommended for bathing.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

9.507.32



PAIN

YOU HAVE TO KEEP TO YOURSELF

Already, five out of every nine women in this country have changed to Myzone for relief of pain, headache, sick-feeling, muscular cramps. For Myzone's amazing *actoin* (anti-spasms) compound brings such immediate relief and bright comfort — without "doping". Just take two Myzone tablets with cup of tea, or water, any time. Try it on your next headache! Find relief that is more complete—more lasting, than any ordinary aspirin or a.p.c.

2/- a box. All Chemists.

BRONCHIAL COUGH !!

Just a Few Sips and—Like a Flash—Relief!

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist or store for a bottle of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—take a couple of sips and sleep sound all night long—your irritating cough or bronchitis is under control. Buckley's Canadiol, now available in Australia—is by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all blizzardily cold Canada—one little sip and the cough is quieted. Use 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help. If not joyfully satisfied money back.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE
Product of W.R. BUCKLEY LTD.
Toronto, Canada. — Rochester, N.Y.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 180-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

NOVELTY Supper SET!

Especially charming for bridge parties, but smart and effective for any supper or afternoon tea occasion. Send for it!

WHEN cards have been put away, and guests settle down to a little light refreshment and a chat, this supper set will make attractive adornment for the tables.

And with its strikingly smart and effective design it will be charming for any other party occasion.

The four card suits have been used in the design, traced ready for embroidery on good quality linen. Hearts, clubs, spades, and diamonds border cloths, traycloths, serviettes, cosies and d'oyles, and give new interest to the working.

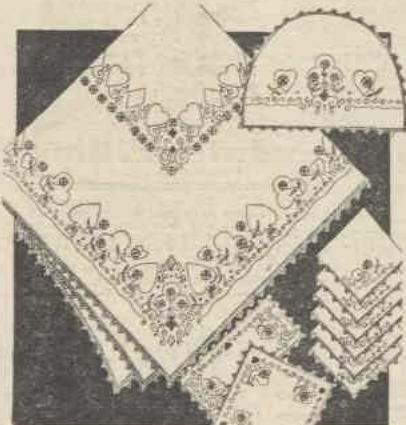
Nor have flowers been neglected. In trails and scrolls they add color and beauty to the striking design.

It will not take long to work. Start embroidering it now—the complete set, as illustrated, or make it up yourself with any individual pieces you fancy. They make delightful gifts, and interesting work for winter embroidery.

The set is obtainable in best quality white, cream, or blue linen.

Here are listed sizes and prices:

36 x 36 inch cloth, price	7/6
45 x 45 inch cloth, price	8/9
54 x 54 inch cloth, price	11/6
11 x 11 inch serviette, price	1/-
13 x 10 inch tea cosy, price	3/6
5 x 11 inch sandwich d'oyley, price	1/-



WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Is there a cure for impetigo? How can this disorder be overcome?

IMPETIGO is a common ailment of the skin. It is an annoying disorder, and, when overlooked, may lead to long-continued disability. But when recognised and properly treated, it is quickly overcome.

Unfortunately, at the onset of this skin disturbance, too many resort to the use of home remedies and patent medicines. But since the disease is definitely caused by a germ and is highly contagious, it is best that it be given competent medical attention.

It is wise for everyone to be familiar with the early appearance of impetigo. First, there is the appearance of small, round blisters on the skin. These blisters multiply rapidly and soon become filled with pus. They break open, discharge the pus and form dry and yellowish crusts.

A characteristic sign of the disease is the tendency for the crust to curl up at the edges, causing it to resemble a wafer. Within a few days the crusts fall off, leaving behind reddish spots on the skin. The color gradually fades

and when healing takes place no scar or deformity is left.

Impetigo may be found on any part of the body, but is most commonly seen on the face, hands and legs.

Since it is highly contagious, it readily spreads from one individual to another.

A form of this disease is encountered in new-born infants. Then it is called "impetigo neonatorum." Here it is particularly important to recognise the disease immediately because, if neglected, it will rapidly spread to others.

In former years, when little was known about the disease, it was a dreaded infection of maternity wards and hospitals. To-day, as a result of better hygiene and enforced cleanliness, the disease is not as frequently encountered.

Once the disease is recognised, it is best to apply a soothing antiseptic ointment. A one or two per cent. ammoniated mercury ointment is extremely beneficial. Never use a strong or irritating salve as it may lead to further irritation and inflammation of the skin.



Charming hostess idea. When the game is over, lay the tables with this unusual supper set, worked in a smart card motif in black and red. See prices.

8 x 8 inch d'oyley, price	1/-
14 x 25 inch traymobile cloth, price	4/6

Postage is free.

The hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds may be either satin-stitched or stem-stitched in black and red. The smaller daisy flowers should be buttonholed, and the lines satin-stitched, with french knots to finish. Lines should be brown with touches of green to finish.

The edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet or lace finish.

These items are available now from our Needlework Department. We regret no C.O.D. orders.

Fresh Stocks of Linen

LIMITED quantities of traced linens featured in earlier issues are still available.

"Good-morning" breakfast set, comprising traycloth, serviette, tea-cosy, egg-cup cosy, in white, cream, pink, blue or yellow linen. Traced with blue bird and daisy design. Price, 5/9 set.

Linen cutwork sideboard or table mats traced with lovely grape design. Sizes, 18 x 18, 12 x 18 and 9 x 9 inches. Price, 5/9 set.

Blue, green, pink or yellow silk-finished huckabuck guest towels with lavish edges ready for embroidery. Price, 2/6 each.

Cloths, serviettes, traycloths, d'oyles, tea-cosies available in the supper set traced for working on good quality linen. Note design at left.

Gibbs IS SO CONVENIENT TO USE...SO HANDY TO PACK TOO



"CHILCURE" for CHILBLAINS

STOP THAT BURNING MADDENING ITCH!

It matters not what you have tried before.

"CHILCURE"

is guaranteed to give instant relief and clear up the complaint overnight. No drugs to take. You simply paint the affected part. "Chilcure" is sold with a money-back guarantee.

Price, 3/6, direct only from HALVORSEN CHEMICAL LABORATORIES, Box JJ1856, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

BLUE stops your clothes from turning Yellow

Without blue, your cottons or linens (so white when new) take on a yellow tinge. To restore their lovely WHITENESS—just add a swish or two of Reckitt's Blue to the last rinse.



Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!
Reckitt's BLUE

BEST Chicken RECIPES

Readers Win Cash Prizes in Our Cooking Competition

THIS week the £1 prize in our weekly recipe competition goes to the best chicken recipe received, for savory ways of cooking chicken.

This entry contains seven good, economical ways of cooking chicken for invalids as well as for hale and hearty members of the family.

Consolation prizes of 2/6 have been awarded to other splendid chicken recipes given on the page.

INVALID CHICKEN

HERE are seven different invalid recipes which can all be supplied from one chicken.

Divide the chicken in this way: Grilled chicken, one fillet of breast; roast chicken, one fillet of breast; steamed chicken, one thigh; fricassee chicken, one thigh; chicken ramekins, drumsticks of chicken; chicken cream, scraps off breast bone; chicken broth, carcass and giblets. It is best to use the giblets and carcass first, because they do not keep as well as the other parts.

Chicken Broth (carcass and giblets): Small piece onion, 1 sprig parsley, 1oz. barley, 1½ pints water. Wash barley and put all ingredients into saucepan with a little salt and simmer for 3 hours.

Chicken Ramekins: Roll drumsticks and cut meat off. When cooked, mix with 1 tablespoon cream, ½oz. butter, and salt. Melt butter

and stir in ½oz. flour, mixed with water the drumsticks were boiled in. When thick, put in sprig of parsley. Grease ramekin cases and sprinkle with breadcrumbs, put mixture in and sprinkle with breadcrumbs; put piece of butter on top of each and bake until golden brown.

Steamed Chicken: Trim thigh, rub over with lemon, and wrap in buttered paper, allow to steam gently for half an hour until tender. Serve with parsley sauce.

Roast Chicken: Breast, 2oz. butter, chopped parsley, salt, lemon juice. Wrap breast in buttered paper and stand in fireproof dish with half the butter, and cook for 1 hour. Baste well. Mix remainder of butter with parsley, salt, and lemon juice. Lift chicken out on to hot dish and spread mixture over it, then serve.

Grilled Chicken: Breast of chicken, 1 tablespoon butter. Have grill iron very hot, spread butter on breast and grill for eight minutes, turning over every two minutes and spreading with butter. Put on hot plate, spread with butter, chopped parsley, lemon juice and a little pepper mixed.

Fricassee of Chicken: Simmer the other thigh of chicken in ½ pint stock. Melt ½oz. butter and stir in ½oz. flour. Stir until smooth, then stir into stock until boiling, cool slightly, and stir in an egg well beaten. Reheat and serve.

Cream Chicken: Scraps off breast and body bones. Simmer in 1 cup of milk until tender, then add a table-

EACH week we give £1 for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prizes. Write out your favorite recipe, attach full name and address, and send to us.

spoon cream, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Thicken with cornflour.

First Prize of £1 to Miss D. Stagatch, 15 Duke St., Alberton, S.A.

CHICKEN AND PINEAPPLE

Steam an old fowl in a saucepan with 1 pint water, to which has been added 2 chopped onions and ½ teaspoon salt. Simmer gently with lid on till tender, then lift out and remove all flesh from the bones. Slice half a pineapple and add this with the juice to the liquor in which the fowl was steamed. Also add 1oz. preserved ginger, a few spring onions, and 6 leaves of small beet or small pieces of celery. Simmer gently for 20 minutes. Thicken with a large tablespoon of flour mixed with water and serve with rice. Rabbit may be served in the same way.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. D. Wood, 32 Mulgrave Street, Launceston, Tas.

CHICKEN PILAU

One young chicken, 5 to 6 oz. rice, 1 onion, squeeze lemon juice, soft breadcrumbs, 4 rashers bacon, stock, salt, pepper.

Wash rice. Cover with cold water. Bring to the boil and drain away water. Cover with stock and cook slowly till stock is absorbed. Joint chicken. Squeeze lemon juice over each piece, and season with salt and pepper. Remove rind from bacon and cut rashers in three pieces. Peel and slice onion thinly.

Put a layer of rice in the casserole. Add breadcrumbs, then onion, salt, and pepper. Add a layer of chicken,



A DELICIOUS SAVORY breakfast dish as shown above can be made this way: Slice 4 or 5 tomatoes and 1 onion, add any left-over vegetable, 2 tablespoons butter, seasoning and chopped parsley. Place in saucepan and cook gently for 10 minutes. Mix 1 pint of cream with 1 teaspoon flour, add and cook for another 10 minutes.

then bacon. Add more rice and continue with the layers in this way. Fill the casserole with stock. Put on the lid and replace in the oven. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer for about two hours. More stock can be added during the cooking.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Campbell, Pindimar, Port Stephens, N.S.W.

BENGAL CHICKEN CURRY

One chicken, 2oz. butter, 2 small onions, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons cornflour, juice 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon chutney, stock.

Cut chicken into joints. Melt butter in stew pan, add onions finely sliced, and chicken, and fry for 20 minutes. Remove chicken, add curry powder and cornflour, mixed to a paste with a little stock. Add slowly enough boiling stock to make a smooth, moderately thick sauce. Let cool a little, then return chicken to pan, with juice of lemon and chutney. Add salt to taste, simmer gently for one hour, skimming thoroughly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Alice Prentice, 4 Edith St., Caulfield, Vic.

THIS WEEK

Delicious Sandwich Fillings

HERE are more of the sandwich fillings submitted by readers for the school luncheon box. They will be found helpful for afternoon teas and supper parties.

Nut and Orange: Mix ½ cup chopped nuts with ½ cup orange marmalade. Spread on slices of bread and butter.

Dates: Chopped dates, mixed with a little lemon juice and syrup from preserved ginger. Use on buttered brown bread.

Honey and Nut: ½ cup honey, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, enough finely-chopped nuts to form a stiff paste. Use preferably on slices of wholemeal bread.

Peanut Butter: Use with little watercreams or some seeded raisins.

Creamed Chicken: Chop chicken finely, add little chopped parsley and celery, salt, some chopped olives and mix with a small quantity of white sauce.

Veal and Carrot: 1 cup chopped cooked veal, 1 finely-chopped white onion, 1 small shredded carrot, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon of lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together, moisten with a little olive oil.

Cheese and Celery: 1 tablespoon cream cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together and moisten with a little olive oil.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. F. Hansen, Renaldston, Makhedda, W.A.

Mash: 1 cup stewed apricots, add ½ cup chopped nuts, and if desired whipped cream; spread lightly. Combine orange marmalade and cream cheese; peanut butter and luney; peanut butter, add chopped, crisp bacon; egg and onion, tomato and onion; sardine and cucumber (chopped very fine), and add a little lemon juice.

Tostad: 3 slices of bread. Place lettuce leaves and cheese on first slice, cover and lay tomato and little onion on second slice and then cover again.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. R. Buchanan, Flat 7, 115 Brighton Road, St. Kilda, S.E.2, Vic.

Cheese and Almonds: Mix grated cheese and chopped almonds, little salt and pepper into a paste with either cream or butter.

Dates and Ginger Filling: Chopped dates mixed with a little lemon juice and a little preserved ginger spread on brown buttered bread.

Mint and Cheese Filling: Grate a little cheese, add 1 tablespoon of chopped mint, pepper and salt to taste, add little butter to soften for spreading between brown bread.

Banana Filling: Spread slices of bread with butter, place sliced bananas between.

Cheese and Meat Extract: 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 small onion, a little chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon Marmite, squeeze of lemon, mixed together and spread between thin bread and butter.

Meat Extract and Nut: Spread butter and Marmite on brown bread and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Cheese and Tomatoes: Thin layer of sliced tomatoes, sprinkled with grated cheese.

Sardine and Egg: Mash up a small tin sardines and a hard-boiled egg with little butter, pepper and salt, squeeze of a lemon.

Bacon Butter: Soften butter, chop seeded

raisins finely, add a little preserved ginger. **Fruit and Nut**: Equal parts chopped nuts, dates, seeded raisins, moistened with lemon juice to form a paste, spread on thin bread and butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. A. Williams, East Terrace, Owen, S.A.

How to make delicious gravy

It is all so easy, just get your cook to put one good teaspoonful or more of Bisto into a basin and mix thoroughly with a half a pint of warm (not boiling) water.



Pour the mixture into the meat tin, from which the fat has been strained. Stir well and boil for a few seconds.



The result is a delicious, rich gravy, free from lumps and welcomed by all. A gravy that will make your roasts far more appetising and make the meat go further.



BISTO

for delicious gravy

Distributed by Carsons Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney



Light, Fluffy
CAKES
are made with
'Fountain'
BAKING
POWDER

Glorious Flaky Pastry!

Light, Fluffy Cakes! Brown, Crunchy Scones!

Can be made by every housewife. The secret is "FOUNTAIN" BRAND PURE CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER. Prove it for yourself!

Make this practical test in your own home!

COFFEE CREAM CAKE

½ lb. plain flour ½ lb. butter ½ lb. sugar ½ pint milk
1½ teaspoons "Fountain" Baking Powder 3 eggs Walnuts
1 tablespoon "Planet" Coffee Essence Mock Cream Coffee Icing

METHOD: Cream the butter and sugar well and gradually add the well beaten eggs. Add the coffee essence, and lightly stir in the well sifted flour and "Fountain" baking powder alternately with the milk. Cook in two well greased tin in a moderate oven (Temp. 350°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. When cold join together with mock cream, flavoured with "Planet" coffee essence, and chopped walnuts. Ice with coffee essence, and decorate with walnuts.

Save on every Cake you bake!

Collect "FOUNTAIN" COUPONS for Lovely FREE Gifts

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Lovely Free Gifts exchangeable for Coupons. — Box 218 D, G.P.O., Sydney. Enclose two 2d. Stamps.

EVERY TIN
IS FULLY
GUARANTEED

SATISFACTION
OR MONEY
REFUNDED

FOUNTAIN

KITCHEN-TESTED

Baking Powder

ALSO USE "FOUNTAIN" SELF-RAISING FLOUR—It's Kitchen-tested

The above reference to free gifts does not apply to States where free gifts are not permitted by law

All Kinds of Delicious DOUGHNUTS ... Try Them!

ALL IN A ROW, delicious doughnuts, made in the American manner. And there are variations, too, for you to try. See recipes on this page.

*Serve Them Hot with
Jam or Syrup for Tea or Supper.*

DOUGHNUTS, according to the dictionary, are small cakes of dough, fried in lard.

They are often thought indigestible, but if these simple rules are carried out such is not the case:

(1) Have the right proportion of ingredients.

(2) The dough should be soft and handled as little as possible.

(3) The fat should be at boiling point—365 deg. Fahr.

(4) Turn frequently while cooking to ensure even browning.

(5) Drain well on kitchen paper to absorb all the fat.

(6) Place several in paper bag with icing sugar, and shake well.

The dough should be soft enough to handle, but if too soft it requires a heavily-floured board for cutting.

Roll about 1-inch thick. Cut with plain cutter, then small one to form a ring. Drop immediately into boiling fat, turn when they rise to the surface. Drain well on unglazed paper to absorb all fat.

DOUGHNUTS

One pound self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 dessert spoon sugar, small tea-cup milk, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste.

Sift flour, cinnamon and nutmeg, rub in butter, add sugar. Make into dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to a floured board. Knead slightly, roll out, cut into rounds and with a smaller cutter make into rings. Fry in boiling fat till brown on both sides. When cooked, drain on paper. Serve on a paper doyley. Sprinkle icing sugar over the top.

CHOCOLATE DOUGHNUTS

Half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 3 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, salt, cinnamon, and nutmeg, 1/2 oz. grated chocolate or cocoa.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then milk, lastly, flour, spices, chocolate, salt, well sifted. Turn on to floured board. Knead slightly. Roll out. Cut out with doughnut cutter. Fry in deep boiling fat till golden brown. Drain well. Sprinkle with icing sugar.

VIENNA DOUGHNUTS

Four cups plain flour, salt, 2oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 1oz. compressed yeast, 6 tablespoons warm milk, 6 tablespoons cream—(or all milk can be used)—jam, lemon rind.

Sift flour and salt. Cream butter and sugar well, add yolks and lemon rind. Crumble yeast into warm milk and cream. Stir well, add to sugar mixture, then stir in flour, etc. Beat well. Cover and allow to stand in warm place to rise until doubled in bulk. Roll out 1-inch thick. Put a little jam on half the rounds, glaze round edge, then cover with remain-

ing rounds. Let rise again till double the size. Fry in deep boiling fat until brown all over. Drain on paper. Serve at once.

ENGLISH DOUGHNUTS

One cup warm milk, 3oz. compressed yeast, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 4oz. currants, cinnamon, nutmeg, 1 cup plain flour, 1 egg.

Add yeast to milk, then stir into flour. Allow to stand 1 hour. Cream butter and sugar well, add egg, then yeast mixture with fruit and spices, and the second quantity flour. Knead lightly. Stand aside till double the size. Roll out, cut with doughnut cutter. Wet fry in boiling fat till golden brown. Drain well. Sprinkle with icing sugar before serving.

COFFEE DOUGHNUTS

Two tablespoons butter, 5oz. sugar, 1 egg, nutmeg to taste, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 cup milk, 1oz. yeast.

Crumble yeast into warm milk. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, nutmeg, and coffee, then yeast mixture; lastly work in sufficient flour to make a dough. Leave to stand for 15 minutes or till double the size. Roll out 1/2 inch thick. Cut into rounds with plain cutter, then with smaller cutter cut centres out to form rings. Fry in boiling fat till brown. Drain. Sprinkle icing sugar over them.

LEMON CREAM DOUGHNUTS

Four cups sifted flour, 11 teaspoons baking soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 6 egg-yolks, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon

juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup evaporated milk.

Mix and sift flour, baking soda, cream of tartar, salt and nutmeg. Beat yolks well, stir in sugar, add lemon juice, rind and milk, mixing well. Add flour mixture, stirring until dough is almost smooth. Turn in small portions on lightly-floured board and roll to 1-inch in thickness. Cut with floured doughnut cutter and fry in deep hot fat (365 degrees Fahr.) until golden brown, turning frequently. Drain on unglazed paper. This quantity makes about 3 dozen doughnuts.

A CRISP DOUGHNUT

Four cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon nutmeg or mace, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, well beaten, 1 cup milk, 1-3rd cup water.

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and nutmeg. Cream butter, add sugar and cream well. Add eggs and blend. Combine milk and water, add to creamed mixture and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add flour mixture, stirring until almost smooth. Turn small portions onto floured board, pat out 1 inch thick and cut with floured doughnut cutter. Fry in deep hot fat until brown, turning frequently.

POTATO DOUGHNUTS

Two eggs, 2oz. butter, 1 cup cold cooked mashed potatoes, 1 cup milk, 2 1/2 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, salt.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder, rub in butter and potato. Mix with beaten eggs and milk. Roll out 1/2 inch thick. Cut with plain cutter, then smaller one to form rings. Fry in boiling fat till golden brown all over. Drain well. Roll in icing sugar and serve at once.

SOUR CREAM DOUGHNUTS

Four cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, salt, cinnamon, 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 3 cup sugar.

Sift flour, cinnamon, baking powder, and salt. Beat egg. Add

milk and sugar, and stir well. Add to flour, making into even dough. Roll out 1/2 inch thick. Cut with doughnut cutter. Fry in boiling fat until brown. Drain on white paper. Sprinkle with icing sugar, and serve at once.

By MARY FORBES, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

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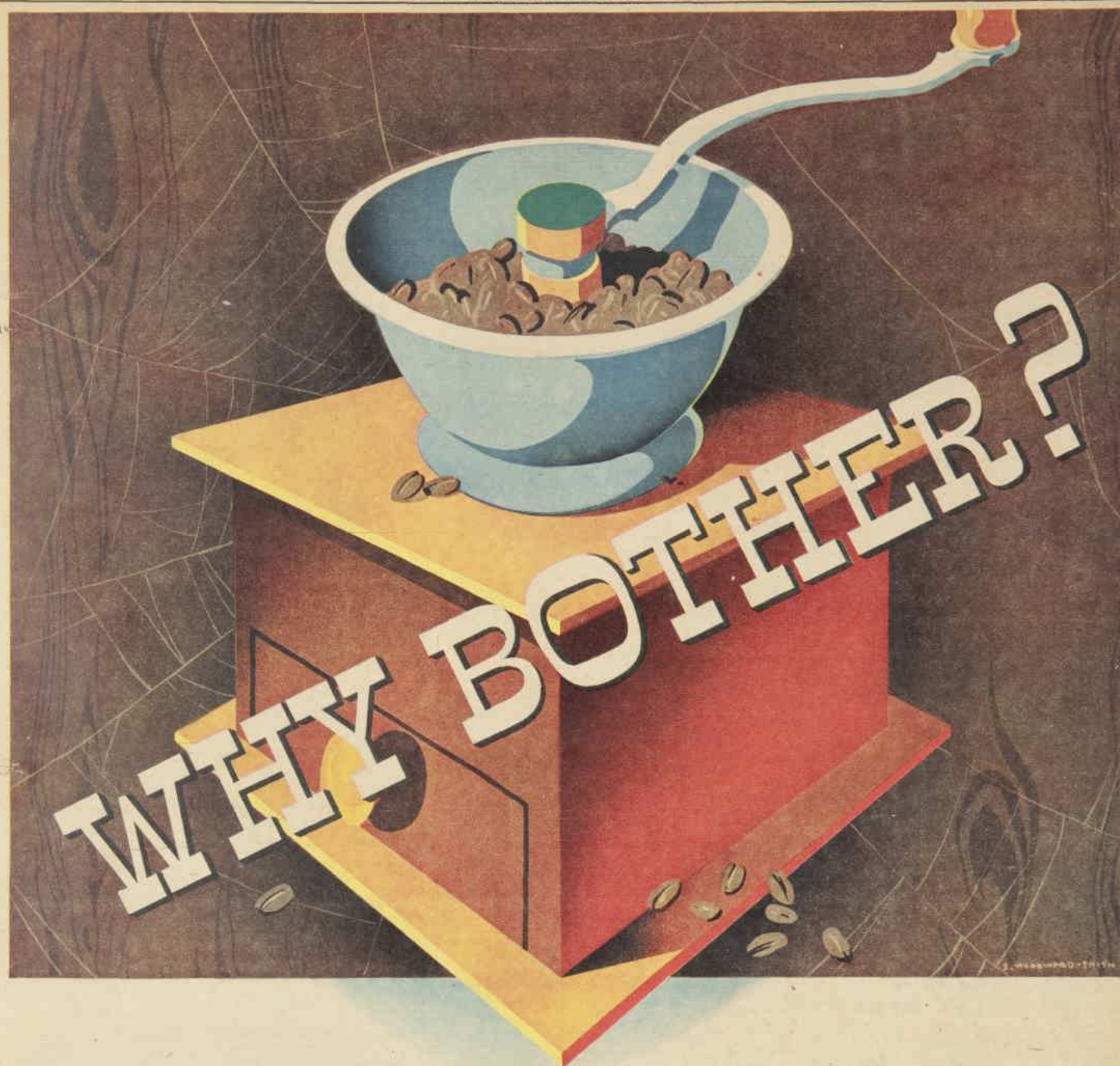
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The Cripple in Black

By E. V. Timms



IN the year 1653, even as today, the important cities of the Italian littoral were trodden by the shod and naked feet of a cosmopolitan population. Genoa was no exception. There, most of the world's tongues cried aloud or whispered low. Song, laugh and sob were to be heard along the covered Merchants' Walk, in noisy, meaner streets, so narrow that the overhanging balconies almost shut out the light of day and where two sedan-chairs had barely room to pass, on the busy waterfront where proud noblemen walked haughtily past chained slaves and criminals, and even in the dim light and sanctified calm of the numerous churches.

In both the churches of the city and the palazzi of the great nobles were treasures of gold, silver, jewels, and priceless works of art in the form of paintings and statuary by famous masters. These precious things were guarded jealously. The nobles relied upon faithful Genoese retainers and mercenaries from Germany and from Corsica, and the churches were protected by the power of reverence and the fear of superstition.

The wealthy nobility of Genoa took pride in lavishing their money upon their magnificent homes and upon the delightful gardens that surrounded these marble edifices, the interiors of which were filled with costly ornaments, furniture, tapestries, and unique objects of art brought from the ends of the earth.

But the reverse side of the canvas was far from being agreeable or pleasant to look upon. Genoa held much that was glorious and also much that was degrading and offensive to the moral and physical welfare of its people. In common with other cities of Europe at this time, Genoa was cursed with the extremes of poverty and wealth, excessive piety, and was spotted with the festering sores of oppression and crime. Indeed, so frequent had been brutal murder and stealthy assassination that the syndics had made it a galley matter for those rash enough to carry a pointed knife. This edict, of course, did not strictly apply to the wealthy and powerful.

Persons went abroad at night at their own risk, and all too frequently the sound of blows, followed by groans or silence, told those who listened that some man had been attacked and had suffered robbery and violence. Sometimes the shrill scream of a woman rang upon the air, at which other women trembled and paled, and men who sprang to their feet were restrained from going forth by the frantic efforts of their families. Who could tell whether the scream was one of genuine agony or merely the age-old ruse employed to snare a too chivalrous victim?

Giuseppe Balsamo, was one, the cripple

whose wealth and enterprise were topics of constant wondering discussion on the harbor fronts and sea lanes of the Mediterranean. His right leg had been shattered by a blow from a broken oar swung with savage vigor by one of those who had trapped him with the urgent, blood-chilling appeal of a woman's scream. But he had escaped with his life, although doomed by the adventure to limp heavily for the rest of his days. To show his gratitude to God he had surrendered to the Archbishop of Genoa a portion of the annual profits from all his ventures on land and sea. Furthermore, he freely forgave the men who had so grievously injured him, to the secret, though great, relief of Romano Mascagni.

He was born in the year 1613 in a lonely hut on the northern slope of the Apennines, within a few miles of the town of Parma. His parents were pious and honest—there were many who were pious but not honest—and, although poor to the point of poverty, were industrious and uncomplaining. To them a strip of lean goat's flesh was a delicious morsel, and a flask of thin, sour wine was ambrosial nectar precious to the last drop. Such occasional luxuries proved to the Balsamos that the Loving Mother did not forget her children however lowly. Giuseppe's father was a muleteer. He perished in one of the blinding blizzards that sometimes swept all life from its icy path. So the youthful Giuseppe bound himself to conditions little better than slavery and procured four mules with which to provide for himself and his mother. Before the crucifix of her beloved rosary he prayed with the fervor and faith of an unspoiled heart. He vowed that, should God bless him and permit him to prosper, he would devote himself and his money to lighten the burdens of those who plod the dark, heavy roads of life. His wits were early sharpened by the grindstone of life, but his bleeding feet and aching back did not harden his heart. By dint of energy and self-denial he prospered.

He was master of three mule trains when his mother died, and within a year of the time when he piled the great rocks high above her grave and fashioned a cross for it, a cross which he kissed and wet with his tears, he had purchased an interest in a felucca that touched at all the ports of the Gulf of Genoa. And so he slowly and cautiously progressed. He acquired interests in many other craft, waiting with infinite patience until they became his sole property. Time proved that his judgment was sound, and it also enabled him to study the details of this new source of wealth.

But his modesty forbade him to style himself merchant until the day came when his first large vessel, a battered, weather-beaten carrack of two hundred tons burthen, laden with the finest English wool and the products of the East India Company's trade, arrived at Genoa after a safe voyage from London.

There were in Genoa two persons who held the keys to the inner heart of Giuseppe Balsamo. Of these two, the man Girolamo Panizzi had been with the merchant as friend and companion since the night he was crippled for life. Panizzi was by nature a philosopher who believed firmly in his religion when necessary, in all religions at other times, and most profoundly in what he loosely and ambiguously termed the doctrine of Destiny. This deeply-rooted belief, however, was guarded with zealous secrecy, for he was a wise man and knew the sharpness of the inquisitorial teeth. Of course, the jocund Panizzi realised that God was behind even destiny. By force of circumstances he had been a peripatetic vendor of cheap baubles that delighted the eyes of the women, a sharpener of knives and swords, and a patcher and mender of leather. An avocation of this description, he did not always work, speedily acquainting one with the barbs of adversity. He had felt the sting of those barbs. At times he froze; at times he sweated; sometimes he smiled upon a dish of fish, some good olives, and fairly good bread; sometimes he laughed and ate nothing, not because he was fastidious, but because there was nothing to eat.

HIS appearance was singular. His head, except for a tuft of dark hair over each ear, was as barren of growth as a dome of polished marble. His brow was broad, high and prominent, a massive sweep of flesh and bone that caused his brown eyes to sink back in their sockets, where they twinkled like faraway lights on a clear night.

The presence of Girolamo Panizzi in one of the mean streets of the city was always announced by the swarm of urchins, whose grinning faces and upturned, adoring eyes proclaimed him their idol. A general sigh of regret escaped their youthful lips when the man who sang so funnily, or told such entrancing stories, while his stone twirled or his needle flickered to and fro, passed on to another street.

It was Panizzi's stout staff that saved Balsamo's head, and thereby his life, and after the rogues had vanished it was he who placed his humble cellar at the merchant's disposal and then procured with the last of his slender store of money the service of a man who posed as a surgeon of wide knowledge and reputation. This callous impostor had set the limb in such a crude fashion that even were it again broken and reset it would not improve matters.

The fact that this cheerful stranger should give his all to succor a stranger moved Balsamo deeply. His benefactor had risked his life and limb and had spent all his money so that one unknown to him might first live and then find relief. It was no fault of his that the surgeon was a hypocrite and, in his way, was as deadly a rascal as the fellow that swung the broken oar. Balsamo gave to

Panized the love of a brother, and never was he to regret it, for throughout all the storms of passion through which they were destined to pass together his friend never failed him, not even when he knew his soul to be stained and imperilled.

TWO hours before sunset on the last afternoon of September, 1888, William Roland, Earl of Castlehaven, emissary, rather than envoy, of Charles Stuart, exile, cavalier, and bitter enemy of "Oliver the Devil" and his pernicious Roundheads, was closeted with Romano Mascagni. The meeting with the syndic, however, had nothing to do with Royal intrigue. It was a purely personal matter.

The house of this powerful Genoese magistrate was situated in a narrow, tortuous street within a pistol-shot of the Ponte Carignano, the high-arched bridge that links the more elevated portions of the City of Genoa. It was a gloomy habitation, the home of a man whose dark, subtle plots were the subject of whispered comment from the walls of the city to the waterfront.

Entrance to the house was gained by stepping from the narrow pavement up a short flight of well-worn marble slabs in a porch mean and unpretentious, and through a doorway guarded by a heavy door studded with iron and brass. Before any man or woman was admitted, keen eyes scrutinised the visitor through the bars of an iron grille constructed for the purpose.

Apparently the guarded conversation of the Earl was of peculiar interest to the syndic, whose black, grey-rimmed eyes, partly hidden by the grizzled hair sprouting above them, gleamed as the carefully-chosen words fell from the Englishman's lips. A broad ray of light escaping through the heavy, red portieres pointed spear-like to the massive table of bardiglio marble that stood on the floor of parquetry. The decanter and goblets of Venetian glass glistened in the mellow light.

Mascagni leaned forward in his chair and listened intently to his visitor. One hand caressed his beard, while the other toyed with the slender stem of his goblet. His thin, seamed face, with its sharp, pinched nose and hard, bloodless lips, was a marked contrast to the bold, handsome countenance of his companion. When his lordship ceased speaking there was a minute of silence during which he experienced a slight uneasiness. For a man that had sold, and would again sell, his soul for money, this Genoese magistrate hesitated overlong for the Earl's peace of mind. But at last Mascagni spoke, and Castlehaven hastily stopped his wine to dissipate his relief. It was, after all, merely a question of price.

"My lord," the harsh voice had a cutting sound, "you have my sympathy. I agree with you that this merchant prince, this upstart, this Balsamo of mean and lowly origin, is a pompous mountebank in spite of his wealth and religious pretence. He is not liked in Genoa except by the rabble. The filthy worship him because he purchases popularity with cant and generosity—which is one and the same thing. You say this woman he dotes on hates him, despises him? That all is arranged for—"

A fit of shrill, crackling laughter convulsed the Genoese magistrate. He was the merchant's most crafty and implacable enemy. How he planned to contrive and witness Balsamo's torment! How he laughed and chuckled!

"Signor Syndic," interrupted the Earl, casting apprehensive glances about the

room, "I pray you to moderate your voice. What if this thing be overheard? What of the pretty woman who was seated in conversation with you, and who almost ran from the room when I appeared? Such beauty hints at a keen ear. She has wit, I vow, and I would gladly do homage to such a pretty dear."

Mascagni's brows lowered and he flashed a sullen, distrustful glance at Castlehaven. Then he shrugged his narrow, bent shoulders and laughed harshly. It was an unpleasant sound.

"We will not discuss her," he said brusquely. "And, as for your fears, my lord, there is naught to fear in this house. It holds many secrets. Why—" here he paused and chuckled, "I could tell of trembling men and lovely women here in this room—" again he paused. The evil smile faded and was replaced by a grim-set look. "This matter, now. If the City of Genoa extends to you its favor and protection until dawn to-morrow, doubtless you will permit me to distribute your gratitude to those whom I think most deserving of your liberality?"



MASCAGNI smiled slightly and peered at his visitor over the rim of his goblet. Castlehaven, secretly elated with his success, inclined his head courteously and then rose to his feet. He named a certain sum of money, and the eyes of the syndic glittered with greed and satisfaction.

"Signor, an hour before sunset the money will be here. I have already arranged it. You think the plan discussed will not fail?"

"It will not fail."

"And now, as time is precious and as I have promised my friend Balsamo to be present at his banquet, I pray you pardon this abrupt departure."

"I, also, shall attend the banquet of my dear friend, Guiseppe Balsamo," replied the syndic, his lips curling with sardonic humor, his strange, repellent eyes glowing.

Still smiling, Mascagni rose from his chair and was about to add to his remarks, when upon the calm air there came a slow, deep-toned throbbing of a bell. His lordship was amazed at the effect of the sweet sound upon the syndic. The man seemed to shrink within himself and his face became livid, either with fear or fury, possibly the latter, for he reached and caught up his goblet and sent it crashing to the floor.

"A thousand curses on those bells!" he snarled, his hands trembling, his body quivering. "Bells, bells, bells! Why does he always give bells? To mock me? He has given more bells to more churches than any other man on earth. The air resounds with the pealing of Balsamo's bells. They ring at morning, at noon, and at night, to forever remind me of—of—not the Angelic Salutation, by heaven! There is the bell again. Bah! The hypocrite—the liar—the thief!"

The expression on the Earl's face was one of contempt. His eyes were bleak as he turned on his heel and walked from the apartment. Mascagni seemed unaware of the Englishman's departure. His rage had

reduced him to something strangely inhuman. He collapsed in his chair, to stare at phantoms that mocked and threatened him. His hand plucked with nervous energy at his loose gown of velvet—a dark, quilted, voluminous thing. The skull-cap, of the same rich material, slipped more and more to one side as his head nodded to the rhythm of the bell.

The Earl was nauseated at such unaccountable and swift terror, and yet he was interested in the transformation. He questioned the trembling man who made haste to unbar the heavy, studded door.

"What is the meaning of your master's strange conduct?" he inquired. "He is monstrous uncivil. Is he a madman?"

"Ah, go quickly, milord," the man replied hastily, darting fearful glances back to where the syndic crouched in his chair. "It is the bell. Afterwards he will be a devil, a fiend without pity or conscience. Please, hurry, milord."

"I have no desire to remain. Faugh! what a sickening performance. And who is that comely wench—the dark-eyed one, whose face reflects the beauty and severity of the Madonna? The one your master so hurriedly banished from the room as I entered?"

"Milord, milord . . . no wench is she," stammered the man. "She is his daughter, and she is as pure as he is vile—a saint, milord. May God and His angels guard her—the Signorina Vittoria. She is the only creature the master shows a kindness. He places her even above his wealth. He adores her. But please hurry, milord—do not tarry, I beg, or my back will show the marks of his displeasure."

His lordship wondered at the garrulity of Mascagni's servant. It must take a great love or a deep hate to put such daring words into the mouth of one who lived in a daily sweat of fear. He descended the steps and entered his sedan-chair, and quickly passed from the oppressive house of the syndic into the sunlight and life of the Strada Nova, the exquisite marble street designed by Rubens.

Having arrived at the waterfront he dismissed his bearers and, turning, looked out over the forest of masts in the harbor formed by the steep, circling hill-slopes that were crowded with buildings and lined with tree-bordered roads. Craft of all description moved or rested upon the shimmering, grey-green water that towards the sun showed a glowing, rippling path of dancing, golden light.

The Earl smiled as the eager padroni of gondolas shouted, manoeuvred, and fought for his favor; and his manner was confident and buoyantly insolent as he nodded to a swarthy fellow whose lungs of brass sent his deep voice thundering above the shrill cries of his competitors.

The moment Castlehaven stepped upon the boards of the craft he showed his impatience. His glance became sombre as it rested upon the crimson sash of the padrone, who stood with ragged shirt open, and thick, sturdy legs apart as he urged his four rowers to greater effort. He did not like the sash. His left hand rested upon the jewelled hilt of his rapier and his fingers tapped restlessly. His right hand alternately caressed his dark, narrow-pointed beard and small, upturned moustache.

"Faster, you filth," he murmured. He ignored the swift surprise and ill-concealed resentment of the epithet so lightly bestowed upon them as he continued: "If I am not upon the beach of Signor Balsamo before the sun drops behind yonder moun-

tain I will have the syndics make it a galley matter."

The potency of the threat caused those at the oars to exert their strength to the utmost, and before a mile had slipped by under the keel of the heaving gondola their powerful chests were rising and falling as they gulped in the cool air.

Lord Castlehaven turned his elegant back upon the now surly padrone and the half-naked men straining at the oars, and removed the black, broad Flemish beaver hat with its drooping feathers. One white, jewel-encrusted hand steadied him as he allowed the wind from the gulf to ruffle the wealth of curls that partly concealed the wide collar of spotless point-lace. His eyes, as vividly blue as the sea beneath him, stared at the City of Genoa, fast dropping astern. He looked before and about him with the intent interest of one who knows he is looking his last upon a scene and wishes to impress upon his mind its manifold charms and appeals. His mouth, thin and straight above a strong, square chin, again smiled cynically as a thought arose in his mind. The nostrils of his high-bridged nose dilated as his heart beat with swift passion.

"**A**H, Genoa! Beautiful, sun-kissed mistress of mountain and sea! There is only one mistress more fair," he whispered. "What a purblind fool the cripple is. But she loathes the fellow, and naturally. I win again. To-night, my fair, beautiful Austrian, the face of the past few weeks comes to an end. Richard Cromwell? Pish! the dog will not last a month!"

These disconnected and rambling words were prompted by a perfectly-linked chain of thought in the mind of the speaker, a pleasant train of thought that was terminated by the padrone, encouraged by the aloofness and indifference of his distinguished passenger, breaking hoarsely into a rhythmic sea chanty to help the swinging oars of his men. The song had an immediate effect upon the four rowers; their muscular bodies, glistening in the evening light with the sweat caused by their labor, seemed to gather new strength from the ditty. They partly rose with the oars, and the light craft cut the leaping sea and sent the spray hissing upon the breeze. A glad light shone in the dark eyes of the singer, and he showed white teeth as he grinned. But Lord Castlehaven was intensely annoyed at the shattering of his reverie, and his cold voice cut the song as a whip cuts the air.

"For heaven's sake, fellow!" he swore bitterly, "cease that vile croaking!"

The padrone was so surprised that for a moment he stood rigid, staring in astonishment at his noble client; then he smiled, for it became clear to him that the English lord was strange to the sea and the ways of seafaring men. He bowed humbly as he murmured:

"Your pardon, milord, but it is a privilege. Some padroni use foul oaths, some few a whip. I use a song, and this is the fastest gondola from Nice to Livorno. You will not think me impertinent, but I venture to remind you that this is not England, milord. We are your very humble servants, but not your slaves; nor are we filth, being free men and not galley-men."

Now it was the Earl who stared with surprise. His tall, lithe body was as stiff as amazement and fury could make it.

"Sirrah, you are forward and insolent," he said menacingly. "Think you can speak

so to a nobleman of England? Dog! We are a different breed to your vinegar-drinking nobles, who cringe to every black-and-scarlet robe and to every grimy, ear-ringed rascal that carries a blunt knife in his belt. What say you that I should not crop your great ears?"

"Milord, your very humble servant," replied the padrone in soft, respectful tones. Nevertheless, his dark eyes were beginning to gleam and his wide, sloping shoulders poised as though for swift action. The gondola, answering his touch upon the helm, swept in towards the beach, the bows shedding spray, the wake a white eddy of seething froth.

"So you scum!" rasped the Earl, who was now thoroughly roused, "you would make a mock of me? I had a mind to be lenient, but for that—split me! Taste that—"

But, however skilful his lordship might be with steel, he found that for once his rare ability was of no avail. Even on firm ground timing and distance are sufficiently difficult, but upon the swaying boards of a gondola such judgment is apt to be faulty. The sharp-pointed blade with which he had determined to pierce the padrone's arm, and so let out a little of the vile blood imprisoned therein, penetrated instead the tough wood of the tiller. A lurch of the craft giving weight to the stroke caused the blade to snap near its point. Doubtless he would have continued to prosecute his nice intention even with a rapier so robbed of its efficiency, but the other, seeing that the English lord was undoubtedly a man of his word, sprang and wrenched it from his hand. The rapier gleamed in the fading light as it fell far out in the sea. And then followed another surprise for the infuriated aristocrat. He found himself in the grip of hands hardened by years of toil.

"This is a darnable outrage," he spluttered, writhing in the grip to the detriment of his rich garments. "This is—"

"This, milord," panted the padrone, for the Earl was no weakling, "is where we take a reluctant leave of you. We go no farther—but you do! Yietra . . . Giovanni! To me . . . to me!"

Instantly the two burly rowers near him slipped their oars and sprang to his aide.

"It is his hot blood! Cool him, my children," he gasped, whereupon three pairs of incredibly strong hands lifted the fighting, kicking, swearing Castlehaven high in the air.

"Away!" was the command, and the rage-maddened nobleman was flying through the air. The gondola waited until he came to the surface, and then the courteous padrone favored his late passenger with a sweeping bow, in which my lord's plumed hat played a considerable flourish. Then, with a flip of the hand, the hat was sent spinning to its owner.

"Should you require a gondola, milord, we shall always be your humble servants—but not your slaves. Please do not forget that." The booming voice dropped to its normal shout as he addressed his men. "To Nice—to Nice, my wolves! Genoa is not for us just yet. Eh, my children? To Nice, then, and thank the blessed St. Elmo."

Faces dark with fury glared momentarily at the man tossing the salt water from his curls and eyes. Voices trembling with rage cursed him.

"Good-bye, milord," came to his ears as he turned and struck out for the beach. "We are your humble servants—may St. Christopher blast your vitals! Good-bye—you out-cast rat!"

Some minutes later the aristocrat emerged from the sea and staggered up the narrow,

rough beach. Here he paused to turn and survey the gondola. To him, on the breeze, came faintly the same lilting chanty, and his face assumed a very sour expression as he listened.

"Stab me!" he said grimly, wringing the water from cloak and doublet and picking the strands of seaweed from his long hair. "But that filthy fellow is croaking vilely again. Oh, rot me! I look like something spewed forth by Neptune. I trust that m'dear, the pretty Marie, is with that doting Balsamo. I believe the clod would give his life for her. Faugh! I am chilled, but whether by water or the caprice of women, I know not."

THE merchant and his friend, Panizzi, stood upon the promontory that overlooked the narrow beach where the Earl of Castlehaven was wringing the salt water from his sodden garments. They had witnessed the encounter between the Englishman and the crew of the gondola from first to last, and, while Balsamo's manner was grave and full of concern for his friend and guest, Panizzi took no pains to conceal or control his delight at the Earl's plight. He bubbled with mirth and the tears of joy rolled down his fat cheeks, while his sides shook with laughter. Again and again he roared with laughter. Balsamo placed one hand on his shoulder and spoke in his quiet manner and tone.

"Restrain your mirth, my Girolamo," he said. "It really is not an occasion for laughter, and I would not offend one who is my guest. Control yourself, my friend."

"Dear friend and master, I will try—try hard," gasped Panizzi, his face almost purple with the visible effort.

The two men gazed in silence at Castle-

haven, who was now winding his way up the steps cut in the rock. Balsamo was in pensive mood. His companion's persistent dislike for his English friend was just a little disturbing, for he knew Panizzi to be a man of penetration and not given to impulse in either word or deed.

Panizzi's glance swept from Balsamo's face, from the noble brow, the dark, wide eyes, the straight nose, and the partly-hidden lips and bearded chin, from the uncovered head, with its dark hair falling straight to the shoulders, to the black cloak that fastened at the throat with a jewelled clasp and fell in sable folds to his feet. His limping figure, ever hatless and invariably cloaked, was sufficient to proclaim his identity as far as he could be seen. Panizzi's eyes flashed with momentary anger as suspicious thoughts darted through his brain like winged, whispering imps. He stirred restlessly, for the Englishman was now upon the level ground and was approaching them. He broke the silence.

"See him?" he almost snarled. "As much a coxcomb after his immersion as before it. I vow it would take fire, not water, to quench his arrogance. Guiseppe, my friend, a warning before it is too late! Trust not this offshoot of heretical darkness."

"Peace, Girolamo," said Balsamo softly. "I am not a child. I read my guest more easily than you do. Away, doubter, and do your enemy a service. See that dry clothes await his coming, for the evening air is chill. Friend, I miss your ready laugh. It is unlike you to be surly. But, as you two men are antipathetic, I send you on

this errand of hospitality to give you food for further philosophic thought. Hasten, Girolamo, I will wait here for his lordship."

"I go willingly," replied Panizzi, his eyes still upon Castelhaven. "But remember my words, Giuseppe. This man is not an enemy of mine—no, not of mine."

"Croaker," retorted Balsamo with a laugh. "Throw away that mood, Girolamo. It is too gloomy a garment to wear at to-night's feast. Do not permit Castelhaven's wit to eclipse yours at the table. He has a ready tongue. Lately, Marie laughs at his sallies more than she does at yours. I am not yet sure which of you she finds the more interesting."

"Then you are blind, Giuseppe, and I pray the Virgin to give you sight," was Panizzi's morose rejoinder. But Balsamo misunderstood him.

"Such conceit, Girolamo. But perhaps she does prefer your nonsense. Perhaps."

Panizzi heaved his ponderous shoulders and one huge fist shot out and plucked at the myrtles that bordered the path. He walked slowly, skirting the carved basin of the great fountain on the middle terrace, mounting higher, until he came to the steps of the portico. Here he paused and, leaning against one of the Corinthian columns of marble, looked out and down upon the two men on the lowest terrace.

The palazzo of Giuseppe Balsamo had a prospect as fair as any in the republic. To the left, beyond the intervening suburb of St. Pietro D'Arena, a fine and fashionable quarter, was the City of Genoa.

The grounds in front of the palazzo were divided into three terraces, and each terrace was distinguished by its own peculiar design and ornamentation. The imposing edifice itself stood upon a fairly level site that ran back for a short distance and then swept up to the hills. A broad inlaid-marble avenue led from the portico to the wide steps of milk-white Carrara marble that inclined gently to the terrace below.

Panizzi breathed deeply, but not merely to inhale the clinging perfume of the jasmine. His deep-set eyes were innocent of mirth as they lifted from Balsamo and Castelhaven to the purple horizon. With difficulty he desisted the dot which he knew to be the gondola. Presently it merged into the distant shadows, and he became aware that the two men below were moving slowly towards the palazzo. Panizzi whispered to himself as he turned:

"With some, hypocrisy is a vice; with others, it is merely a habit. But, it may be that I am mistaken for Giuseppe's faith; his trust is a wonderful thing. How serene must be the mind wherein such sublime confidence dwells. Hang to your faith, your trust, your belief, Giuseppe, for a man without faith is like a dead star lost in the immensity of infinite space."

He crossed the portico with the rolling gait peculiar to him, and, entering the lofty reception hall, strode across the inlaid floor with its soft, deep covering of Teheran rugs to where a huge circular brass gong hung suspended by three massive silver chains. He struck it, and the sonorous peal brought from behind the portieres on his right a black giant of a man who inclined respectfully before folding muscular arms on his broad, naked chest. Sala the Nubian stood like a statue of polished ebony, his forehead and loins swathed with crimson silk, awaiting the commands of the man before him.

"Sala, the sun of old Dongola hath black-

ened thy vast bulk. I fear it hath also sapped thy brains. Nubian, where are the lights?" demanded Panizzi as he peered through the gloom.

"Master, they come, they come," replied the giant, carefully choosing the words of a recently-acquired tongue. His voice was astonishingly soft and small for one so huge. "Master, she of the flaming hair, and she of the black, do quarrel. I am but returned from preventing them tearing the eyes from their heads. I had to use my strength. See! The master's one, the one with the flaming hair, hath bitten me on the wrist like a snake—"



"SALA! Thy wits are surely flown. Mother and daughter fighting like cats? Pish, Nubian. Art thou turned liar, and a clumsy one at that?" said Panizzi in amazement.

"Master—see! The flesh is torn. Uhuh! The flaming one is a blood taster." Sala extended an arm for Panizzi's inspection.

"Silence, fool! Wouldst have thy lord overhear such chatter? Dost think he would believe thee? Ah, thy great head shaketh. Softly, now. Tell me of this quarrel."

"I know little," was the reply, barely above a whisper. "I was summoned by the terrified woman. I heard the old one, the black-haired one, screech the name of the master's English lord. Twice she cried his name; twice she flung the word 'fool' at the daughter. Then, because they tore at each other, I felt the sting of the flaming one's teeth. Uhuh! All women are mad," he hissed, his anger prompting him to lengthy speech. Sala was a man of few words.

"If the master heareth this from thy thick lips, Nubian, he will regret not leaving thee on the filthy bench of the slave-galley. But because he hath a fancy for thy dark magic, or the miracles that can be no other, thou art here. Be wise, Sala! A bite from a woman's teeth stings not like the kiss of the galley whip. But, away! Procure lights, or the coming guests will think this place a tomb. Seek, also, the English lord's sly attendant and tell him his master is in need of dry clothes. Speedily, now!"

The Nubian, erect and indignant, padded softly away. Panizzi remained motionless, thinking about Sala's report of the quarrel between the two Marias.

The approach of attendants with flaring tapers, and the sound of the voices of Balsamo and Castelhaven nearing the portico, sent Panizzi striding hurriedly in the direction of the tall, arched doors at the end of the great hall. He opened them and passed through.

IF Panizzi held the silver key, Marie Pleyel toyed with the gold one. Marie was distantly related to Balsamo. Her father was an Austrian, a tailor of Gratz, and her mother a native of Lombardy. The reasons why she and her mother had crept from Gratz to the protection of their rich kinsman were very simple. Pleyel, as though to celebrate his beautiful daughter's nineteenth birthday, had calmly announced to his wife his intention of leaving her for another woman. He did not trouble to return or to inquire as to the lot of the two he had deserted, for the sufficient reason that jealousy, in

the form of several feet of steel, cut short his breath and whatever good intention he may have had.

Contrary to the accepted or conventional custom, no storm of grief was aroused in the hearts of mother and daughter at the death of Pleyel. Then it was that Marie thought of her kinsman, Giuseppe Balsamo, and his wealth, and she and her amiable mother discussed the possibility of gaining his favor. Even they, in far-off, secluded Gratz, had heard of his amazing rise to wealth and power. And within ten minutes of their first meeting, Marie's quick-eyed mother blessed the circumstance that placed Pleyel beyond the possibility of again troubling them, for she saw, and Marie saw, the swift leap of the love-light into their rich relation's dark eyes. When at last he took reluctant leave of them, Marie, for the first time in years, discovered warmth in her mother's embrace. Within a short period Marie was betrothed to her wealthy relative.

In the luxurious apartment allotted by Balsamo to his relatives, the two Marias faced each other across a priceless table of skilfully-inlaid marble—said by the merchant to be the work of Domenico Benotti, the master-craftsman responsible for the exquisite ornamentation of the altar in the cathedral of St. Lawrence. But the mother and daughter were not admiring the beauty of the design. Instead, the eyes of the older woman were flashing with fury and with distraction, and the eyes of the younger with bold defiance, rage, and a certain measure of contempt. Dark eyes stared truculently into dark eyes. The head of the mother, crowned with lustrous, dark hair, was stiffly erect; the beautiful head of the daughter, with its wealth of auburn tresses, was held, if anything, a trifle higher in an attitude of conscious mastery. It was evident from the posture of the older woman that she was striving to dominate her daughter by the sheer strength of her will.

Even the tempest of their rage could not wholly conceal the beauty of the two women. Marie, the mother, was a woman of forty, yet so well preserved was she that she had often passed for a sister to the younger woman. Her face was cast in a classical mould, the brow white and noble, the nose straight and well proportioned, the eyes dark and large and expressive of her will, eyes that could glance tenderly, mistily, appealingly, at the object of her regard, or could glare with the hard, calculating stare of the bird of prey.

Marie, of the red-gold hair, was on the threshold of glorious womanhood.

An hour had passed since Sala the Nubian retired with the blood welling from the bite on his wrist and with anger and deep resentment in his heart, routed in spite of his strength and savage barbaric aspect, by the spitfire with the blazing eyes and sharp, white teeth. During that time the greater heat of the quarrel between the two women had cooled slightly, leaving vindictiveness to smoulder in their hearts, and the winged darts of mutual recrimination to keep the embers slowly stirring. Never before had they clashed with such bitterness, such force, and the combat, for it was truly a battle of wits, left both trembling, wild of eyes.

"And what is to become of me?" the mother was asking, her voice hard and shrill, her eyes fixed upon the face of her daughter. "Of all the things that the mad blood of the Pleyels ever prompted, this sudden passion of yours is surely the craziest. Girl, you have not thought for me? Am I to be left to starve, to wander the streets of the city? Is it to this fate you would condemn your own mother?"

"Starve?" Marie's eyes narrowed as she shrugged her white shoulders. "You are hysterical because I choose to order my life as it best suits me. He has vowed to marry me, and I will see to it that he does. I shall be the Countess of Castlehaven, in spite of your jealousy and in spite of the limping fool who spends his time on his knees instead of in my company. As a tutor Giuseppe is amusing, but as a husband he would be death itself."

"O Holy Mother! Listen to her! My jealousy, you say?" panted the dark-haired Marie. "It is a wonder that the good priest that confesses you does not give you a terrible penance. But, no doubt, you cheat even your confessor."

Her daughter walked to where a crystal jewel casket, enclosed in a network of filigreed gold, rested upon a massive table of silver. She opened it and drew forth a necklace of emeralds that blazed with light as she toyed with it. Then, watching craftily the face of her mother, she returned to the table and tossed the jewels carelessly upon the marble surface. The older woman's eyes did not leave the gems, for she coveted them.

"Giuseppe's gift to me," continued Marie, her full, red lips curved cynically. "They once adorned the proud neck of a Mogul queen. Each gem is worth a king's ransom, and the necklace itself is beyond price. There, my dear mother, is some slight compensation for your disappointment. When I am the Countess of Castlehaven you shall wear them before the eyes of the English aristocracy."

"But . . . but . . ." the mother whispered, lifting the jewels and running them through her fingers. "There is no aristocracy in England. What of that monster, Cromwell, and his demons that torture those of the true church? How can you ever be a countess in a land that is ruled by tinkers, yokels, shopkeepers, and bloodthirsty soldiers—and all of them miserable heretics? Is Castlehaven not an outcast? Where is his King? Is not Charles himself an exile? If the Earl were a Frenchman, now, or even a gloomy Spaniard. But he is nothing but a titled outlaw, and yet you talk foolishly of being his countess and of the aristocracy of England. Child, where are your brains?"

"You have never before underrated my intelligence, even though you have spoken contemptuously of my beauty," Marie retorted dryly. "Cromwell is dead! All Europe is lighting fires and ringing bells at the passing of the arch-fiend. Giuseppe's informant told him that it is not only the children that are dancing in the streets of Madrid, Paris, Antwerp, and Rome. The royal refugees, Charles Stuart, will again see England, and this time as King."

"You think that Castlehaven will marry you?"

"He will." Trust me, my dear mother. I do not propose to throw away all this"—she turned and waved a dainty hand airily—"for shadows and sorrow. I have beauty and I have wit—if only a woman's wit. You need not fear for me. Castlehaven, like the rest, will be like wax in my hands."

"I am still doubtful—"

"That beautiful necklace, now. Are not the gems superb?"

"Ah; yes; they are truly magnificent. They burn and flash with the green fire of unimagined romance, of untasted love."

"And will they not cause the mother of the Countess of Castlehaven to be envied by the women of London? Will they not

attract glances to the throat they encircle? But who knows! They might yet nestle among the jewels of some other noble English family, for with me away from your side, your looks, your art, and that scintillating necklace may bring even a prince of the blood to your feet."

There was a long pause, and during the silence the brain of each woman was busy calculating the chances and estimating the risks. When the elder Marie finally raised the necklace and clasped it about her throat the daughter breathed a sigh of relief. The fight was won, the greatest obstruction removed, and the way was clear for the prosecution of her plan.

"My dear child, I accept your gift. But you must promise me one thing—"

"What must I promise you?" Marie interrupted impatiently.

"That you will take me with you. I could not face Giuseppe alone. With you gone and the necklace in my possession, even the blind Giuseppe might suddenly receive his sight. You must, at least, allow me to accompany you as far as Paris."

"Paris! Do you think us crazy? Do you imagine we should be so foolish as to travel overland?"

Marie paused and considered in silence, ignoring the anger that again sparked in her mother's eyes at her hesitation. But at last she nodded.

"It is agreed," she said. "Castlehaven will have to endure your presence, and you can protect me—if necessary. Are you satisfied? My patience is exhausted. Another objection, and I go in spite of you and without you—and with the necklace."

"My child, you should be pleased at my concern for your future. A mother is naturally anxious about her daughter's welfare. But tell me: How do I look?"

"Oh, your dark hair sets them off well. They suit you," was the terse, grudging admission.

"Yes, somehow I always thought they would. But they never enhanced your looks, my dear. Your skin, to a critical eye, has a faint yellowish tinge, and the reflected light from these emeralds always gave you a deathly appearance."

The mother's tone was very dry and cutting. It was plain that certain of her daughter's remarks still rankled.

"A skin can easily be yellow to a prejudiced eye, so your opinion has no weight or value. Listen! Yes, someone is approaching. Away with the emeralds, for it is Giuseppe himself. His dragging foot proclaims him as surely as the bell does a goat. Ah, he has struck the gong, and is waiting."

"Ah, it is my Giuseppe himself," Marie called gaily over her shoulder to her mother. The lofty doors, carved and massive, opened easily and silently to reveal Balsamo standing in characteristic attitude and dress on the threshold. His dark eyes glowed with love that approached adoration, as they gazed at his betrothed. He bowed courteously first to her and then to her mother, who stood smiling enigmatically at the foot of the great canopied, silk-covered bed.

"Giuseppe," continued Marie, advancing slowly with all the art of her nature in her sensual walk. "I have been waiting and longing for you. And now have you no word of love for me? No fond embrace with which to greet me? Ah, Giuseppe, sometimes I think I do not please you."

"You must not think that, Marie, my beloved," was the gentle reply. He placed an arm round her shoulders, and, drawing

her to him, kissed the golden-red cascade of hair with an air of reverence. "You must not imagine such a thing, for when I am not with you, a second is an eternity to me. But I see your dear mother observing us. She smiles. Doubtless, our love reminds her of her own youthful days. I am sure it does, for love is the elixir of life to all good women, and a mother such as yours must be gratified to know that you have given me the greatest happiness it is possible for man to receive. Marie, you tremble! Is your sweet heart so affected by my words?"

Marie had difficulty in not laughing outright at the man who looked up at her so earnestly as he limped by her side. Her mother saw that the girl was laughing at him, and, knowing his sensitive nature, and dreading a possible breach at this stage, quickly obtained his attention.

"Giuseppe, our dear protector," she said before Marie could reply, "your words of love, so sincere, so kindly, would soften even a harsh-natured woman. Our Marie is little more than a child, and such devotion, such generosity and love as you have bestowed upon her have made a deep and lasting impression upon her heart. We both bless you, Giuseppe, and ever pray for you. Marie, compose yourself, my child. Giuseppe, she does not mean to shrink from your embrace. It is but the natural timidity of innocence."

Ignoring them both and still laughing, Marie walked to a divan and threw herself upon it. Her attitude was one of careless abandon. Deliberately she revealed the lines of her exquisite beauty. Keenly she watched for its effect upon him. Her mother stood rigidly, her hands clasping and unclasping nervously while she looked from one to the other. Balsamo limped to where the girl was lying, and bent his serious, inquiring gaze upon her.

"Marie, why do you laugh?" he asked softly.

"Laugh!" echoed she, peering up at him with half-closed eyes. The other Marie trembled at the mockery in her daughter's voice. "I laugh because I am happy, Giuseppe. Is not such a love as yours enough to make any woman laugh—with joy? Sit beside me. You are such a comfort, and I love to have you near me. I delight to hear you talk of love, Giuseppe, for you are such a wonderful—talker."

Balsamo did not doubt her.

"Ah, you are happy? May heaven bless you, my sweet love," he said fervently, tenderly raising her hand to his lips. "To make you happy is my desire."

With difficulty he bent and kissed her, and then, with a smile and a nod to the silent, watchful mother, he limped across the apartment. At the door he again bowed to the two women.

Not until the tapping of his ebony stick and the sound of his hesitant footsteps had died away did either of the two women stir. Then, as though unable to restrain herself longer, Marie again laughed, but this time harshly and with an angry tone. Springing from the divan, she limped to and fro across the floor in imitation of Balsamo. Her mother made haste to close the doors, fearful lest spying eyes and listening ears should bear away the tale of her daughter's shameful conduct. Marie suddenly stopped playing the cripple and turned on her mother with blazing eyes.

"Oh, but I am sick of that whining Giuseppe!" she cried passionately, tearing at her hair and at the thin, filmy robe of silk that covered her.

"Marie... stop!" commanded her mother, terrified and trembling. "Surely you rave, girl! Have done!"

"Rave? Not I. Why should I rave over a cripple? Poor fool! Would you be flattered at the prospect of such a husband? Such a grotesque chatterer? But I read the scorn for him in your eyes. Then why should I, who am more beautiful than you, welcome him as such?"

"You...? More beautiful than I am?" Marie's mother first showed amazement and then deep resentment at such an impossible statement. Her outraged pride conquered even her cupidity. "Why, those words prove you rave. The only thing in your favor, vain girl, is youth—and we have all had that. You never had my beauty and never will. The impudence of you—you red-headed fury. Before heaven, I know not which is the greater nuisance—you or the cripple. Close the doors and summon the women. After all, it is our last night here."

GUISEPPE BALSAMO was human enough to be troubled in mind as the result of a woman's laugh, and as he walked slowly along the wide corridor his head was bowed in thought.

That laugh! That shrinking from his embrace! The vision of Marie reclining upon the divan, her lips curved with sardonic laughter, her eyes half-hidden yet bright with disdain, had engraved itself upon his brain. That mocking note had almost filled his heart. Was there, then, he asked himself, some truth in the sly innuendoes, or were they merely the customary embellishment of falsehood? Could there be foundation for Panizzi's warning? Castlehaven...? No! It was too monstrous for credence. It was too cruel and unjust to his beloved. Whatever had induced her momentary impatience had nothing to do with his English guest. It was he himself that was at fault. But in what way? Was it his manner or his person that had given offence? Never before had she turned from him like that.

He would have passed into his apartment, his mind still deep in meditation, but for the sound of guarded, low-pitched voices. He paused to listen, for the peculiar earnestness, the vibrant intensity of the cautious tones, were singularly impressive. He had no difficulty in recognising the speakers, and his features showed surprise that Panizzi should engage in such a secretive conversation with Sala the Nubian. Their forms were hidden behind the Arras tapestry that divided the corridor.

Panizzi was saying:

"Choke that Antaeus, my Hercules! Lift him high in the air and throttle him. Sala, thy mighty strength was fated for this thing. Wring the Englishman's neck and throw him to the fishes! But beware of thy tongue, lest a stroke of a knife deprive thee of it. Act speedily and without fear. The English lord will meet thee upon the promontory at the point where the waves, far down, wash the sharp, broken rocks. I will see to that. So, between us, we will do away with this man that is like the hidden adder. Ah, but we know him."

"But the master—" began Sala.

"Suspects nothing, and will never know," Panizzi interrupted. "Dost hesitate, black beast that thou art? Dost shrink in cowardly fear when thy master's happiness depends upon the grip of thy fingers? I declare, Nubian, thy caution makes me ill! Now what sayest thou?" Panizzi's tone betrayed his impatience and disgust.

"I will break him as the elephant breaks

the rotten stick," declared Sala. "I will stamp him flat, my master. I have killed men before this. This one will be easy."

Panizzi frowned at the Nubian's persistence. That the giant would kill the Earl of Castlehaven he did not doubt. The murder light already gleamed in the rolling, dark eyes of the African; the thick lips, lifted slightly, revealed strong, white teeth.

"Then it is done!" Panizzi heaved a sigh of relief. "Now hearken to me, Sala. The English lord was the cause of the blood that flowed from thy wrist. Hast thou forgotten that?"

"By the wings of Al Borak! That will I never forget," the Nubian replied grimly.

"It is well. Now I shall see to it that... Sala! Listen to me! What, in Heaven's name, art thou gaping at now? Nubian, I vow—"

"The master," grunted Sala, his thick lips apart, and the whites of his eyes showing. He held his arms outstretched before him and bowed low. In this posture he remained, while Panizzi whirled round and stared into the stern eyes of Balsamo, who had parted the tapestries and now stood gazing, first at one and then at the other.

"Giuseppe... you heard?" Panizzi whispered, recoiling.

"I did. It was Heaven's will," said the merchant shortly.

"Ah, doubtless you think me a monster," Panizzi hastened to say. "But let me defend myself, Giuseppe—"

"I could never think you a monster, Girolamo," Balsamo interposed, his hand uplifted to stay the other's eloquence. "But I know you to be misguided. And I would have no man destroy his soul for me. Girolamo, this cruel thing you plot is a stain upon my good name and yours. Have you forgotten that Castlehaven is my guest? Have you failed to remember that my roof gives him sanctuary, my board hospitality, and my heart friendship? Can you not realise that were the Nubian here to snap the thread of the Englishman's life he would also snap the thread of my honor?"

"Giuseppe, hear me. Blame not the Nubian. He is but a tool in this thing."

"Be reassured, Girolamo. We are all largely as we were born. I do not blame him. Think you I expect the Nubian to strike off the chains of his instincts and color, and clothe himself in the garments of the white mind? Who am I to punish any man? God alone is privileged, for to Him alone all is known. Sala, begone! And think no more of this evil thing! I command thee to show to my guest the consideration and courtesy that is his simple due. Girolamo, you will accompany me to my room."

"Your room, Giuseppe?"

"Yes. We shall ask Heaven's forgiveness for this terrible thing. The shadow of this contemplated crime must not come with us into the banquet-chamber. Were we not absolved, then indeed should I see the grinning figure of death standing behind the chair of my guest. Death must not be present at the feast, Girolamo. Come!"

BALSAMO led the way to where a portion of the wall, arched and recessed, was covered with white silk draperies. Excepting the quarters of the domestics, there was no other room in the palazzo so simply furnished as the private apartment of the lame merchant. In the guest-chambers, the galleries, the reception and banquetting-halls, the ornaments, draperies and furniture were costly and

magnificent. But the chamber of Balsamo was severe and plain in comparison, and contained only those articles of furniture essential to his comfort and dignity. His limping figure inclined forward humbly as he stepped upon the narrow, cushion-covered dais that extended out from the covered recess. His dark eyes were filled with a pure, holy light as he solemnly blessed himself and his lips moved in silent prayer. Having finished the prayer, he reverently drew the silk curtains and revealed the life-size figure of Christ upon the cross. Then he turned to Panizzi, who had fallen to his knees, and his voice was very gentle.

"In this world of death and passion, how blessed are the memories that bring sweet content to the soul. Ah, Girolamo, we should strive to be natural and kindly, for to be a saint is as unnatural to man as to be a fiend. Girolamo, in our Blessed Lord alone is redemption. Ask Him for that forgiveness which is not mine to bestow—the true pardon of Heaven."

Panizzi prayed most earnestly. He would do anything to please the beloved cripple beside him. Then he rose and quietly left the room. Balsamo still knelt before the crucified Christ.

An hour passed swiftly, and Panizzi made his way to the banquet-chamber. Although he knew in his heart that Balsamo's fall from happiness was imminent, he was disturbed because its incidence was hidden from him. By his friend's command he must remove from his mind all doubt, must accept Castlehaven as one above suspicion, and by neither word nor deed manifest the distrust and impatience that welled in his heart. And to Panizzi the merchant's word was law, even as it was to all who acknowledged him as master.

Panizzi was morose and far from agreeable as he sat at the long table and glanced from Castlehaven to Marie and then to Balsamo. He ignored the guests, was inattentive to the point of rudeness to the vivacious women beside him, and seemed quite unconcerned as to the quantity or the quality of the food and wine before him.

The banquet was in Marie's honor, and it was Balsamo's intention to announce to the assembled guests the date of his marriage to her. This he had not yet done, for he had decided to first allow the food and wine to create the necessary harmony and mellowness essential for the proper reception of such an important announcement.

It was noticed by the watchful Panizzi that neither Marie nor Castlehaven drank their usual quantities of wine and that both seemed to eat little. Balsamo sipped a light wine. But what the observant Panizzi did not see was that Mascagni and his fiery young companion, Luigi Rienzi, were also drinking sparingly and were grim with it. The Earl adhered to the fashion in dress that prevailed before the Puritans seized and beheaded their King.

Balsamo and Mascagni were clad in sombre black, the former wearing his long cloak with the jewelled clasp, the latter a sable cloak with a wide red collar. The little figure of Luigi Rienzi was dressed in the Genoese mode. His hat was wide and black and was without feather or band. His scarlet doublet was close-fitting and frothed at the neck and wrists with an abundance of Alencon lace. He kept his dark, insolent eyes on Castlehaven when not stealing furtive glances at the syndic.

Marie sat on Balsamo's right and was conscious that all the women present were

eyeing with envy her overgrown of shimmering cloth of silver, her white, gold-braided satin petticoat, her flowered, pink, tightly-laced bodice that was cut even lower than fashion decreed, and the wonderful Spanish comb, agleam with jewels, that adorned her red-gold hair. In Balsamo's eyes, and in the eyes of others, she was a vision of loveliness.

Monsignor Foscolo had been sent to the banquet to convey the archbishop's apologies. Garbed in the conventional black berretta and flowing cassock, the prelate sat on the merchant's left, and his shrewd, piercing black eyes twinkled at the Englishman's wit and whimsical manner. The tall, thin, urbane, grey-headed disciple of Loyola found this fugitive heretic very entertaining.

An unending procession of servants brought steaming fish, meat, and game. Panizzi settled down to enjoy himself, and presently was conjuring roars of laughter from those adjacent to him.

Balsamo drew the attention of those near him to the now jocular Panizzi, and even the suave churchman smiled with genuine amusement at the manner in which the philosopher gave point to his stories, ogled the women beside him, and tipped back his dome-like head to allow the wine to flow down his throat.

"Friend Girolamo was silent so long that I began to think he must damp the spirits of all around him," said the merchant. "But, like the honest fellow he is, he has at last aroused himself for my sake. Panizzi, if he chooses, can bring laughter from the lips of a statue."

"I confess I have never found him entertaining," was Mascagni's rather surly reply. He peered at Panizzi, who was at the moment toasting Marie's mother in extravagant terms. The syndic's eyes narrowed as he continued. "To me, the fellow seems too fond of his food, and, as for being honest, well, are not all the little men honest?"

Although so softly spoken, this double-edged gibe caused many brows to arch in surprise. Monsignor Foscolo, his face as inscrutable as an Eastern Buddha, turned and quietly surveyed the syndic. Then his impersonal glance wandered to the merchant. Balsamo, however, showed no displeasure at his guest's rudeness.

"I fear you were ever a poor judge of men, Romano; and, if your remarks are the result of a considered opinion, the matter explains itself," he said. "Panizzi, I take the trouble to repeat, is an honest fellow. Of course, it may merely be my conviction that his wit is well-flavored. If to be honest is to be little, then you should know that it is upon the little men the world depends."

"I am in entire agreement with you, Signor Balsamo," drawled Castelhaven. He leaned back in his chair and toyed with his goblet. His blue eyes were keen and cold as they stared into the crafty ones of Mascagni.

"And that, of course, settles the matter," was Rieni's sarcastic comment. "Castelhaven has thrown his weighty decision into the scales and they tip in favor of our worthy host." The Genoese gallant twisted his lips into an obnoxious sneer, and his eyes were insolent as he gazed at the Englishman.

Monsignor Foscolo sipped his wine thoughtfully and in silence. He, at least, was said to be a judge of men. He sipped again when Castelhaven slowly sat upright in his chair and turned his head towards Rieni.

"Advice, as I have reason to know, is very often the device of the mean man," said the Earl, his eyes half-closed, his lips smiling. "But, as no man has yet accused me of the crime of meanness, I now make bold to offer you certain suggestions. Signor Rieni, there are a few things you should never do: one is to bother to stir that mind of yours from obfuscation into a semblance of intelligence; another to make free with wine, for it gives you false courage; and yet another, to allow your lip to curl so when you speak. My remarks, of course, are well meant."



"COME, come, my friends," said Balsamo quickly. "This because of Panizzi, and he ignorant of it all." He turned to Castelhaven before Rieni could speak. "My lord, what promises in England now that Cromwell is dead? What, think you, will be the turn of affairs there?"

Rieni seized his opportunity. "Oh, the heretic rats will continue to gnaw the flesh of the true church," he said before the Earl could reply. He reached for more wine.

Mascagni sniggered audibly. Monsignor Foscolo looked about him and selected grapes. Marie, who had been a silent though interested listener, gasped at Rieni's audacity and outrageous conduct. Balsamo's face was set in stern lines.

"Laugi," said the suave Mascagni, his expression becoming a leer as he glanced at the Earl. "You forget that Castelhaven is an Englishman. I note by his demeanor that he resents your words. Have a care, my impulsive friend! Have a care, I say!"

For a moment Castelhaven remained rigid. Then he relaxed and laughed softly. Only his eyes, burning and glittering like twin stars, betrayed the fact that Rieni's thrust had touched him. Deliberately he grasped a decanter and placed it beside the one from which the Genoese had been helping himself.

"Signor!" he said harshly. "You have heretics on the brain. Drain that decanter also. We shall at least have silence when you are thoroughly drunk, and, offensive as you will then be, it will be nothing to what you now are. Out of consideration for our good host, I refrain from giving my opinion of your person, clothes, manners, parentage, and beastly habits."

Monsignor Foscolo's calm, unemotional voice was like oil upon troubled waters. Rieni, who had half-risen from his chair, again subsided when the prelate began to speak.

"Your kind attention, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "Signor Balsamo, I perceive, desires to speak. I suspect that his words will be of great interest to us. In fact, I anticipate a pronouncement that will deepen the color in the pretty cheek of the charming lady beside him. Ah, yes! It is so!"

THE laughter ceased. The sweet, haunting strains from the orchestra became the softest whisper and then died away. Twenty pairs of eyes gazed at Balsamo as he slowly rose to his feet. His manner betrayed a slight nervousness

while he looked smilingly down the long table. For a few moments he seemed content to remain motionless, his dark eyes luminous with inward rapture, his mien suggesting both pride and humility. Panizzi's nodding head appeared to give him confidence, for when he spoke he extended his arms wide in a gesture of welcome, his smile deepened, and his voice was stronger and of deeper timbre than usual.

"There are certain times in the lives of both men and women when the heart desires to pour forth its sense of complete happiness but the mind, alas, refuses to frame the appropriate sentences," he said. The words came slowly and distinctly. "You, my friends, who have so kindly consented to sit at my table are indeed welcome; and it is to you that I wish to announce that I, Giuseppe Balsamo, am this night honored in being privileged to tell you that the fairest of all women to me has consented to be my bride."

He paused to allow the hum of comment to cease. Marie's poise was perfect. She assumed that demureness so becoming to her.

Balsamo turned and looked ardently down at her, and then, extending his arm, assisted her to rise. When she stood by his side he again addressed his guests.

"I do not believe in what certain irreligious persons term fate," he solemnly informed them. "For I am convinced that nothing less than Divine Will caused my betrothed to bestow her love upon me. For that my thanks arise to Heaven, and I vow before you all, as later I shall vow at the altar itself, to protect her, to love her and to honor her. Let me present to you the gentle lady that shall rule the heart and wealth of Giuseppe Balsamo. My friends—the future Signora Balsamo!"

Balsamo and Marie resumed their seats to the thunderous acclamation of the guests, and her beautiful face was suffused with blushes, as Monsignor Foscolo had predicted. All in the room saw that the merchant was exalted. His love for her filled him with ecstasy, and not a few of the women wondered at it and envied Marie her good fortune. The health of the betrothed pair was again and again drunk in goblets of foaming wine.

Long and loud were the vivas for both Marie and her lover. The approbation of the guests, the women being as demonstrative as the men, was spontaneous and vociferous. When the tumult had quieted somewhat, the prelate expressed his reluctance at being obliged to leave the banquet at this stage, and, after a brief talk with Balsamo, returned the bows of the assembly and left the chamber. A tactful man was Monsignor Foscolo.

Mascagni was so furious with his host's manifest pleasure, popularity and high standing that he nearly forgot to conceal his true feelings towards his host—and enemy. His eyes gleamed like two pin-points of flame, his moist, dribbling mouth sent the saliva dripping on to his beard, and his hands opened and shut with the convulsive, clutching movement so suggestive of the talons of a bird of prey. His rage mounted, until he found it necessary to exert all his will-power to banish the glare from his eyes and the flush from his brow. It was with difficulty that he mastered the passionate impulse that surged within him. But at last he conquered the malign urge and wiped the beads of sweat from his brow with his napkin.

Castelhaven and Rieni saw and understood his wrath, and the breath of the lat-

ter came hissing from between his teeth. The Earl frowned with momentary impatience and then, when he caught the syndic's evil glance, burst into laughter. Having succeeded in drawing attention to himself, he looked at Renzi and arched his brows in an insolent, supercilious manner.

"Signor," he said with a bantering air, "I verily believe you have frightened the worthy prelate away. But come, let us drink the other's health and in future avoid contentious topics, like sensible men. What say you to that?"

"You would drink to me, Englishman?" demanded Renzi. He stood up and filled his goblet to the brim. Balsamo smiled.

"His lordship would drink to anyone," interposed Mascagni. He sniggered in his hateful, provocative manner.

"Yes; I would drink to you and with you," replied the Earl. He ignored Mascagni.

"And, as you are so free in your discussions, doubtless you will drink a toast to His Holiness the Pope?" continued Renzi, his face almost as scarlet as his doublet.

"I said I would drink with you, Signor. If it will please you to have me drink to the Pope, why, so I will. Monsignor Foscolo, had I requested it, would have done me the courtesy of toasting my King. In exchange, will you do likewise?" The Earl lounged back in his chair and smiled up at Renzi.

"You ask me to drink to your King?" the Genoese asked, his frame stiff as though with amazement.

"Yes, that is my request," was the quiet response.

"My answer to that, Englishman," cried Renzi loudly, holding his goblet high, "is may you and your heretic King rot for ever in the pit. Even if you will crawl to me I will not grovel before you or your outcast Charles."

"**R**ENZI!" gasped Balsamo, struggling to rise. "It is my wish that you leave—"

"Come, Giuseppe; the lad is right," growled the syndic, leaning forward and glaring at the merchant. Then his voice and manner changed swiftly and he was again the whining, cringing, insinuating Mascagni. "You well know that his lordship's words are false. We do not permit heretics to mock the Pope nor do we do honor to the dogs. My friend, courtesy is well in its place, but it does not extend itself to heresy."

"Be not concerned for me, Signor Balsamo," said Castelhaven, his voice hard, his eyes cold, his figure stiffening into an attitude of wariness as he surveyed first Renzi and then the syndic. "As for your guest, I refuse to be provoked. I have been informed that Signor Renzi's ancestors were among those who endeavored to repel the encroachment of the Venetian dogate and so preserve Genoa as a power on the sea. And now this fellow cannot curb his petty truculence. How his breed has degenerated."

Panizzi, open-mouthed, dumbfounded, stared along the table. Both Marie and her mother sat silent and still. Renzi appeared to be beside himself with fury. His features worked spasmodically while he spat out the venomous words.

"Listen, braggart!" he roared. "Before these people I name you coward, base, heretical dog. What! No move from you after that?"

Castelhaven was a deathly white as he

glared at the flushed, taunting Renzi. When the Genoese ceased shouting the only sound heard in the chamber was the quick, nervous breathing of the guests. Even the musicians in the gallery were unable to continue. The Earl turned to Balsamo so that his voice might be heard by all.

"Signor, my profound regrets. But I pray you pardon this unseemly, bawling fellow. He is drunk—"

"Oh, the devilish cunning of a craven!" raved Renzi, his left hand pointing at the Englishman, his right closed round the stem of his goblet. "You shall not shelter behind Signor Balsamo. But it is ever the way with such as you to crawl behind even a cripple. Will that whip your blood to life?"

And Castelhaven's hair, face and doublet were suddenly drenched with the wine from Renzi's goblet.

Mascagni could have danced with sheer delight at the horror that leapt into Balsamo's face. A cripple! The pain of it. The merchant fell back on his chair, chilled by the merciless taunt. The only calm persons in the whole assembly were Mascagni and Castelhaven. The Earl remained seated, even though the wine had partly blinded him and was now dripping from curls and stained collar down on to doublet and breeches. He wiped his eyes and shrugged his shoulders in a manner that eloquently suggested the duel that must inevitably follow was none of his seeking. His words were crisp when he rose to his feet and addressed Balsamo.

"Signor, this is deplorable," he said clearly. "But the impetuous Signor has left me no possible alternative. All here can testify that I have been forced into this duel against my will. Signor Balsamo, your pardon and indulgence while Renzi and I retire to discuss the matter. Not that I do not require the attendance of seconds. Formality is unnecessary in this instance, for I purpose merely to clip this cocker's wings so that he will not fly so high in the future."

"You fight well with your tongue, Englishman," Renzi retorted, savagely, bitterly. "But you will need a sharper weapon before many minutes pass."

"Signor Renzi, the sword down on the promontory awaits us. It is sufficiently far away to prevent the sound of steel reaching and disturbing our host and his guests. The going moon will give us light."

All eyes followed them as they walked from the chamber. Mascagni stretched out a restraining hand when the merchant made to rise from his chair.

"Let them go, Giuseppe. Renzi needs a lesson," he said blandly. "Castelhaven will do no more than show him that he is as great a fool with his sword as he is with his tongue. Both will be back shortly, and the chastened Renzi will no doubt make the apologies due to you."

Mascagni's opinion was upheld by the majority of the men, and Balsamo, knowing it was beyond his power to prevent the duel, signalled to the maestro in the gallery. Then he gave his attention to Marie, who was visibly shaken and unnerved by the violent incident she had witnessed. Quickly he proffered wine, but she waved it away with a trembling hand. Her dark eyes were wide and filled with dismay, and, although he spoke tenderly and endeavored to soothe her by making light of the matter with kindly, encouraging words, she sank back like one on the point of collapse. He beckoned to her mother.

"Signora," he said, his tone betraying his concern, "would it not be advisable to assist

Marie to her apartment? That insolent Renzi, by his drunken, bawling conduct, has frightened her. Stay with her until she recovers and desires to return. I cannot leave my guests and must give my attention to their pleasure and comfort. Be gentle with her, Signora, for it is my heart itself that I am entrusting to your care."

When the two women had departed Mascagni filled his goblet and leered at Balsamo. One hand shielded his grinning mouth, while the other lifted the wine so that it gleamed against the light like bright blood fresh from the heart.

"Be not alarmed, Giuseppe," he said. His voice was rasping and shrill. "She is merely a little overwrought. Your health, my friend. Come, drink with me to your beautiful betrothed and to your future happiness. Ah, drink, drink! Drink long and deep . . . long and deep . . ."

IT was a night of peace, and soft whisperings of rustling leaves, of water rippling and splashing gently over worn, smooth rocks, of happy, singing voices, of tinkling laughter. A night of peace until the metallic clash and harsh raspings of vicious steel rang above the softer echoes. A night of love until a dying man painfully raised himself upon the elbow and peered down at the hurrying forms of two women, and at the man that advanced and clasped one of them to him. Then all too swiftly were passion and death loosed upon the serene night, personified, as it were, by the two locked in each other's arms while the life slowly ebbed from the prostrate man above them. Peace, love, and death!

A few cables away from the promontory a dark, silent ship waited for an answer to the masked light that flashed intermittently from her high poop. Down by the water-lapped steps of stone a stout boat scraped against the rock, her armed crew of eight, shadowy and indistinct, crouched in silence over ready oars. No word was spoken. The roughly-garbed, bearded, barefooted men sat motionless, refusing to reply to the curious questions of the crews of gondolas that floated near-by. In any case they could not have replied for they were Englishmen, strange men to be waiting, resolute and grim, at the water-gate of a Genoese merchant prince.

Luigi Renzi paced to and fro along the curved path that surrounded the basin on the middle terrace. He laughed as he snapped open his snuff-box and inhaled a pinch, laughed and chuckled hugely at the success and simplicity of it all. The sound of his mirth died away, and it did not strike him that his laughter had sounded unnatural and lonely; and lonely laughter is pregnant with the dreariness of solitude. His brief glimpse of Castelhaven's heavily-laden servant scuttling past towards the terrace below was a contributory factor to his amusement. The thin, sly fellow, Diogenes Snoop by name, staggered under the weight of his load. Renzi wondered if there was anything left for his lordship to carry.

There was. The Earl came walking briskly, and under his arm was a pair of slender Italian rapiers of Ferrara steel, plant, wicked weapons, needle-pointed. He was still wearing his elegant, though wine-stained, blue-and-cream costume, but in addition a dark cloak hung from his left shoulder. The long feather on his hat nodded as he walked. He addressed Renzi briefly.

"So you waited?" he said, his eyes cold in the dim light.

Rienzi again chuckled.

"My lord, I must see the end of this thing," he replied, falling into step with his companion. "It means so much to me."

"You shall!" was Castlehaven's grim rejoinder. "I brought the steel so that we may play the farce to its end. There may be witnesses lurking. Ah, this level patch will serve. The choice of a blade is yours, Signor."

Rienzi shook with merriment, but he did not select a rapier, so convulsed was he at his lordship's wit.

"Ah, if only the cripple—" he began, his voice husky, his sides shaking.

"Signor, the choice of a blade is yours!" The deadly quality of the tone brought Rienzi to a rigid attitude.

HIS dark eyes widened with perplexity and amazement. Surely he had mistaken the significance of the cold words. There was a moment of silence and then he spoke.

"I want no blade, my lord. That business is finished," he said stiffly. "It is but my intention to witness the end of this comedy before returning."

"Signor," said the Earl gently, "you will either fight or carry the coward's mark to your grave. I have taken an intense dislike to your revolting person, and I would prove to you that I fight with my sword—not with my tongue, you pestilence in red!"

The wine was still in Rienzi's blood. The blind courage whipped by the vintage mounted above his usual caution. The hot blood leapt to his brain as his hat spun into the shrubs and his scarlet doublet followed it.

"My rapier—and guard yourself!" he grunted thickly, hurriedly grasping a weapon and testing its temper and balance.

The duel was brief and quickly decided.

Castlehaven laughed and nonchalantly brought his blade to the salute. Then it flickered towards Rienzi. The blades gleamed in the faint moonlight and seemed to whisper caressingly when they first gently touched, for wrist was feeling and testing the strength of wrist. Tiny beads of sweat quickly sprang from Rienzi's brow. In spite of the moisture it was as cold as marble. His arm was numb, his feet like lead. Castlehaven laughed a second time. Rienzi was a poor swordsman. The Genoese was now quivering with terror, for his blade was locked by the blade of his adversary, held, seemingly, for an eternity. His breath caught and threatened to choke him when his foot slipped on the dewy grass. He sobbed as the rapiers writhed and hissed, for premonition interpreted the song they sang. With difficulty he disengaged and lunged fiercely, and his point ripped the earl's white collar close to the throat. It was a wild and despairing attempt, and very nearly succeeded. Castlehaven laughed a third time as his steel went in above the heart. He had no time to play with his enemy. Coolly he tossed his blade away and watched the stricken man sink to the ground. He knew Rienzi would fight and boast no more. It had been easier than he had anticipated, yet he had experienced a very close call. Another inch to the right and he, instead of the Genoese, would have been sprawling on the wet grass, clawing at the roots with pain-inspired ferocity. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Rienzi," he said, smiling down at his victim, "it may help you to die, knowing that Mascagni desired and arranged your death. He has no further use for you, and your tongue might prove most embarrassing,

even dangerous, to your thoughtful friend. In that I agree with him, knowing how capably you employ it. But you can settle with him when he joins you and the devil, his master. Familiar words, eh, Signor? The devil—his master! Be sure and twist Beelzebub's tail when you greet him. Faugh, you dog! Death is too easy for you."

Rienzi's wild eyes looked up in the gloom, terrible in their rage, terror and despair. "Assassin," he whispered weakly.

"Not at all, Signor," Castlehaven amiably assured him, thoughtfully fingering the jagged rent in his collar. "It is but a few minutes since you expressed a desire to put all heretics and Englishmen to the sword. Assassin . . . ? Now you are not even man enough to die. Fish, fellow! It was a fair fight. I could have had you seized and drowned under water like a rat. You had the same chance as I, and, by the whole calendar of your saints! It was more than you deserved."

Castlehaven turned his back contemptuously upon the prostrate man and walked to where the steps led down to the water. His gait was buoyant, his eyes untroubled. His perfumed kerchief was daintily raised to his nostrils, as though to drive away some lingering offensive odor. Already he had forgotten Rienzi. Marie filled his thoughts. He paused at the top of the steps and inclined his head to catch any sound of her approach. At last the Earl caught the sound of swiftly-moving feet. Laughing softly, he descended the steps.

"Here comes my dear at last," he muttered. "The virtue of a plan lies in its successful execution. I flatter myself that I have been successful. But, although she is mine, I wish the devil would fly away with her mother. But what matters it? The dame had better not give rein to her authority on yonder ship. Ho, there! A lantern! Charon and his freight were not more ghostly. 'Tis as black as the Styx in the shadow of this rock. Come, you spawn of Bredwell's beauties! Make haste with the gilt, I say!"

The feeble yellow rays of the lantern revealed Marie and her mother, hand-in-hand, cautiously, almost timidly, descending the steps. Gone were the wide, stiff verticils and flowered overgrowns, the tight bodices and jewelled combs. Both women had discarded the fine apparel worn at the banquet and had dressed themselves in becoming silk gowns that draped round them in soft, clinging folds. No time was lost. Scarcely had Castlehaven taken Marie in his arms when the oars dipped into the sea. The light was extinguished and the boat surged forward towards the waiting ship.

"Your mother, my fair, lovely Marie, has ceased to count in the scheme of things," said Castlehaven. "She has the choice of two things—silence or solitude. I trust she can appreciate the wide difference."

That she could was proved by the fact that she did not speak while Castlehaven indulged the preliminaries of his love. His words were spoken with disturbing emphasis and had revealed to both women that they, from the moment the boat left the shore, were solely dependent for their comfort and security upon his goodwill and favor.

BALSAMO was ill at ease and deeply concerned about the prolonged absence of Marie, Castlehaven and Rienzi, but he allowed no sign to betray his anxiety as he conversed with Mascagni. "Ah, Romano," he said, "the tapestry of life is crossed with the white and black threads of honor and infamy; and here and there, blazing forth their meaning to dis-

cerning eyes, are the scarlet threads. Blood has ever been the price paid for attainment or atonement. Sacrifice! We are the weavers! From us come those white, dark and crimson threads that tell of our honor, our baseness, or our violence—threads that form our characters for ever upon the imperishable record of humanity."

Mascagni laughed and settled back comfortably in his chair.

"Giuseppe," he said, "the very threads you mention make it a drab pattern. Honor? Men vary greatly when the term is practised, they wisely allow themselves a little margin. Baseness? It is but a loose term for the gain of one at the expense of another, whether in money or women—a matter of pique. Violence? Life cannot survive without it."

The syndic's peaked, lined features were momentarily cast in a satanic mould, and the soft mellow light from the fat, colored candles seemed to reveal the writhing soul of the man. Balsamo was startled, for it was the first time he had seen behind the other's mask. The revelation was disquieting. He turned from Mascagni and was about to converse with another guest when a commotion without the chamber drew and held his attention. Panizzi's voice was heard, then the piping tones of the Nubian, then these were lost in a babble of tongues. The domestics beyond the banquet-chamber had evidently found interest in something of greater import than ordinary matters of routine.

"I hear Panizzi and the Nubian," said Balsamo, gazing anxiously in the direction of the sounds. "Mascagni, surely the quarrel has not had serious results? No; the Englishman would not take advantage of Rienzi's condition! Heretic though he is, I believe him to be a man of honor in such things—"

"An heretic a man of honor?" scoffed Mascagni. "I believe you would trust the devil himself. But perhaps that is how you amassed your wealth."

"The jest is stale, Romano, if not in questionable taste," the merchant replied sternly. "Coming from any but you, I might think envy prompted the words and the manner in which they were spoken. We will not again discuss my wealth, if you please. I regard . . . what now! My fears were justified! Ah, but this is a sad sight—the poor Rienzi pale, and stained with his blood, supported by Panizzi and Sala. But where is the Earl?"

"I know not," Mascagni jerked out hoarsely. He sprang to his feet and glared at the men who were slowly approaching Balsamo. "But why bring Rienzi here? What stupidity to bring a wounded man to where guests are feasting. All eyes are observing them! The music and the talk dies away! The guests rise to their feet! Bah! The fools—the fools!"

It was as Mascagni had said. A silence deep and portentous settled upon the chamber. The guests sat and stood as though petrified in a quaint diversity of attitudes.

"That this should happen at my banquet in honor of Marie," Balsamo lamented. "I fear he is sorely stricken. His eyes stare fearfully from his white face, and his feet do nothing to support him. I pray Marie has not witnessed this tragedy—it would prostrate her. This is terrible. The men pale at the sight, and murmur; the women swoon, for death is in the room. How swiftly, indeed, can gloom and sorrow overshadow mirth. Horror is upon every face and in every heart. Alas, I can do nothing."

"Fools!—fools!—fools!"—screamed Mascagni. He leaned heavily upon the table.

His face was as bloodless as Rienzi's; his cunning eyes were dilated with fear and rage, and his lips spat. Castelhaven had failed him, and he steeled himself to face Rienzi. His voice seemed to crackle as he continued. "Have we not been plagued enough by this fellow? Darn him! He craved the steel, and got it, and now—"

"Peace, Mascagni," said Balsamo quietly. "This is not the time for invective. Rienzi has an object in returning in such a pitiable condition. Let us have silence. He desires to speak."

"Balsamo, I warn you! I tell you that—" began the syndic, fuming at the merchant's words and swaying from side to side in his fury.

"Enough!" was the cold reply. Then it was that the syndic seized his opportunity.

"Ho, ho! Enough, is it?" he shrilled, now beyond restraint. "Is it to insult your guests that you invite them here? I will not endure it—not I! Since when have I been yours to command? Eh? Is it thus you dare to address a syndic of Genoa? May the devil fly away with you—you dupe! Bah! I gladly leave you and your insulting hospitality. Enough, indeed! I have had men whipped for less. No longer are we friends—fool!"

Mascagni was thankful beyond expression that Balsamo's curt, cold, imperious manner had given him a loop-hole through which to escape. He was glad of any excuse that enabled him to withdraw.

Hence his swift change of manner and address towards the merchant who stared up at him in unfeigned amazement. Balsamo had spoken deliberately and with a purpose. His object was the testing of Mascagni's regard for him, a regard that had aroused doubt in his mind when that brief peep into the other's dark soul had been permitted him. The syndic's sudden twist from professed friend to deadly enemy, his swift turn from bland pretence to the white heat of malevolence, shocked the merchant into silence. In silence he eyed Mascagni's rage-convulsed features, his glaring, hate-filled eyes, his wet mouth and beard, and his crooked, clutching hands. He did not speak when the syndic stepped back from the table, knocked over his chair, and flung the word "fool" at him. Mascagni, like a raven in his black clothes, strode across the floor with bent back and nodding head.

It was the helpless, mortally-wounded Rienzi that arrested his progress. A word sent the Nubian speeding like a black arrow to the space between the hanging tapestries. Sala turned and blocked Mascagni as he was about to pass through. The syndic recoiled and faced about furiously.

"Hail! What outrage is this?" he cried, his snarling, grating, rasping voice sounding loud in the silence of the chamber. "Who dares to impede a syndic of Genoa? Cripple, it is no wonder your guests group together and whisper in perplexity and terror. What mockery is this feast? Why are we forced to witness bloodshed and insolence towards guests? Command this savage to stand aside, or the outraged magistrates will inflict a salutary punishment."

"Hold . . . hold him," gasped Rienzi, his fingers limp, his dark eyes wild and staring, a tiny trickle of blood oozing from the corners of his mouth. The attention of the assembly was instantly concentrated upon him. "I pray you all to listen, for death . . . is fast upon me. I . . . Heaven pity me . . . am nearly sped. A priest, I beseech . . . I implore!"

"Unfortunate Rienzi, waste not your strength in speech until a priest is

brought," said Balsamo gently, rising from his chair and facing the young man. But Rienzi's head shook slightly, and he gazed pitifully about him as though seeking sympathy and encouragement from the silent guests.

"Signor Balsamo . . . now, before it is too late . . . crave your forgiveness."



"It is freely given, Rienzi," Balsamo hastily assured him, observing with sadness the grey hue upon his drawn face.

"Ah, but wait . . . listen, and you shall hear! Mascagni, that black devil yonder . . . has betrayed both you and me this night. I lose my life . . . oh, heaven! I feel myself dying. You . . . you lose your betrothed . . . Ah, yes! She is gone with Castelhaven . . . gone from you for ever. She and her mother are even now upon the vessel awaiting them. I saw them go . . . saw the light flash on their faces . . . saw the Earl embrace her as the rowers bent their backs . . . And Mascagni, because of his deep-aiding hatred . . . planned this thing. Listen, for my pain increases . . . My breath . . . is choking me. A priest . . . Merciful heaven . . ."

Panizzi trembled. This hot, stinging tears almost blinded him as he saw the awful look of anguish that swept over the face of Balsamo. The wide, dark eyes of the merchant were fixed and staring wildly at the bloodstained, quivering lips of the speaker. Slowly, aghast, he sank down on his chair. Rienzi's voice, choked and hesitating, went on:

"It was all planned . . . Castelhaven, Mascagni, and myself. I owed Mascagni . . . a great sum of money. For that I agreed to force the quarrel . . . having been assured that the cancelling of my debt . . . would be the end of it. I was desperate, for he . . . Mascagni . . . threatened me with the gallows. The Earl as he ran me through . . . laughed! He told me my death was arranged . . . my tongue for ever silenced. Panizzi found me . . . still alive. The room . . . is dim . . . the light is far away. A priest, a priest! Signor, truly have I paid . . . for my treachery. But Mascagni is . . . still before you. Who is that sobbing? Is it for me . . . for you?"

The quivering voice of Rienzi ceased. The horror-stricken guests hastily crossed themselves and turned away. Not in this life would Rienzi receive absolution. Mechanically, listlessly, Balsamo motioned the Nubian aside, and Mascagni, silent and cowed, his devil's face masked to the eyes by the collar of his cloak, slunk out and away. He had not planned for this, and bitterly, deeply, fiercely, he cursed Castelhaven as he hurried on his way. On he went, fear on his face, in his heart, and gripping even the shreds of his tainted soul.

THE bolt that had stricken Balsamo was like the livid lightning that flashes without warning from the storm-clouds, strikes down and blasts and shatters the healthy plant that a moment before had been expanding and opening to light, warmth, and life. And in that blinding, searing period of torment the nature of the man had been riven asunder. The fierce furnace heat of humiliation, passion, and despair had twisted and warped

the once serene soul. The agony of mind had rendered nugatory the moral powers that from childhood had been his comfort, his support, and his faith; and had left him a mere crouching, staring being with a brain of fire and a heart that had died. He did not weep; he did not rage nor pray, but sat in a frozen silence as though entombed in the glacier of eternal isolation, a region wherein love, hope, mercy, and pity cannot dwell. Marie, Castelhaven, and Rienzi had gone, and Giuseppe Balsamo, the man beloved for his sympathy, his charity, his love, had followed after them, swept away by the overwhelming irruption of those forces of evil that had poured in upon him. Death and betrayal!

For hours Panizzi stood quiet and motionless beside the carved, high-backed chair in which Balsamo sat like a figure cut from marble. The candles in the candelabrum above burned down and went out, and the feeble, yellow light of those on the table served only to emphasise the emptiness of the vast, silent chamber. The dawn light filtered slowly through the tinted glass of the dome and revealed the wreck of dishes, the overturned chair lately occupied by Mascagni, the spilled wine and broken goblets, and the sad, drooping flowers in all the melancholy of disorder and abandonment. For hours no sound other than the breathing of the two men was heard. None ventured to disturb the man whose heart had been torn from his breast and trampled upon before the shocked, pitying eyes of his guests.

Balsamo stirred, and Panizzi breathed a sigh of relief, for the strain of the long, tense vigil was beginning to make itself felt. Slowly the merchant gathered his cloak about him and rose to his feet. Not until then were the changes wrought upon his countenance observed by his companion: the lines that seemed to have deepened and lengthened across the wide brow; the thinned, drooping lips; the narrowed, fierce, gleaming eyes; and the icy expression that had frozen and hardened the once gentle features. His voice was hard and metallic, such a contrast to the soft, caressing tones that formerly were welcome to all.

"Girolamo," he said, placing a hand that was hot and clammy upon Panizzi's, "I have been immolated upon this age-old altar of desire. It is true I was a fool, Mascagni, who is not forgotten and for whom a day is coming, plotted to bring this thing to pass. That proves that I was a dupe. Girolamo, the day has come, and we leave for ever this place of my shame and humiliation. After we depart I will demonstrate to you and to myself that I am no longer the dupe of man—or Heaven!"

It was not in Panizzi's power to express the sorrow in his heart for his friend and benefactor. His quaint philosophy was barren of remedy or comfort. It could not prescribe for the soul suddenly deceased.

"Giuseppe," he murmured, his voice low and charged with feeling, "what can I say? Truly I anticipated some evil. But this! I am stunned! Words will not come to me. What are you about to do?"

"Hear me, my only friend!" continued Balsamo. "Hear me and decide for or against me. I will do unto others as they have done unto me. After all, it is the ancient law! My thoughts, my hopes, and my wealth shall be employed in the prosecution of my vengeance. I am done with sickly supplication. I am done with it! I renounce it all! All my life have I been mocked! All my life have I humbly borne the sneers of the envious and the blows of them that hate me; but now, after this,

Giuseppe Balsamo will be mouked no more. Girolamo, do you accompany me, or do I tread the unknown path alone?"

"Where you go, Giuseppe, I will follow. But you are distraught. Let Sala prepare the draught that brings oblivion. You need rest, relief from the shock of this thing. Ah, you laugh, Giuseppe. I have never heard you laugh like that. Your eyes burn, your lips writhe, your hands twist with frenzy—"

"Then it is the frenzy of sanity. I but required your assurance, my friend; I did not beg advice. You will remain with me?"

"Always."

"Then, come; let us leave this room of stale dreams and hide from our accustomed friends. Let us depart from this place of laughing, mocking, screaming phantoms; this house of dead hopes; this tomb of love and faith. Give me your arm, my friend, for we go, never to return."

IN the dawn that followed the night of his tragic disillusionment Balsamo, accompanied by Panizzi and Sala, walked from the palazzo down to the promontory that jutted boldly out into the sea. The Nubian had persisted with true African obstinacy in following his master, and at last he gained the permission that at first had been denied him. It was a quiet morning. The wind of the night had gone as quickly as it had arisen. The sea was like glass, untroubled, gleaming here and there through the transparent mantle of mist. The three men slowly descended the steps and boarded a gondola. And then the merchant's emotion mastered him. He wept.

Hurt, crushed, bitter, vindictive was he as he sat with Panizzi and gazed through the small leaded panes of cracked glass that formed the window of the room above the waterside tavern. Panizzi had found the place, and the merchant cared not for its evil reputation. He wanted sanctuary, and it seemed to be here in this small and not very clean room.

Sala, the giant, crouched on his haunches without the door. Three times had stealthy footsteps sounded on the stone stairs; three times had they paused and then descended. The Nubian grunted his contempt; nevertheless, his black eyes watched unwinkingly for the brief, warning flash of the thrown knife.

Softly, solemnly upon the early morning air came the peal of the first bell. Balsamo's head lifted at the sound. High in the campanile the bells of Santa Maria delle Vigne rang out their appeal, their command; then followed the deeper tones from the cathedral of St. Lawrence; then the bells of St. Ambrose, St. Philip, the Annunziata, San Siro, Santa Maria di Carignano, until the throbbing of the bells chorus echoed far over the harbor, hill, and dale.

Sad were the merchant's dark eyes as he sat at the window and gazed over the placid water. Somewhere beyond the searim that bounded his vision was she who had been his betrothed, and the betrayer who had professed his friendship. Sanctuary! Ah, how good the sound of the comforting bells! Their message was a balm to soothe a heart sorely bruised and lonely. Balsamo's lips trembled. He turned to Panizzi.

"Girolamo, there is no sweeter sound," he said almost in a whisper. "Surely the chime of the bells is the voice that whispers from heaven to earth. What comfort, what hope, what peace ring in the pure notes. The bells! If they are not the voice of Heaven, then must they be the purest song of the human heart; the very peal

enters the soul and becomes a guide to the peaceful valley of rest. I would gladly enter that valley, but, alas, it is too late. For me they ring in vain."

The bells had ceased to ring. Panizzi sighed and stared through the dirty, cracked glass. The bells had ceased to ring! Black brooding thought was astray again. Behind the fierce eyes of the merchant were red, brightly-burning fires. Restlessly he got to his feet and limped up and down the room. Up and down, up and down, his ebony stick tap-tapping and stabbing every now and then at the cracks in the boards. Panizzi remained silent, his eyes upon a line of chained men dragging their way towards a huge barge wherewith were great blocks of marble—material, perhaps, for one of the churches, material procured by man's agony and bound together with cement sprinkled with blood and piety. Balsamo spoke harshly.

"Mascagni, I am told, has a daughter," he said, not pausing in his limping walk.

"It is said he worships her—and only her," Panizzi replied.

"Ah, how foolish to worship a woman," Panizzi nodded.

"To break my heart was a delight to Mascagni. We shall see how he appreciates a draught from the same vessel," was the merchant's grim announcement.

"Giuseppe!" Panizzi turned and stared at his friend. "You would destroy her?"

"Yes—and him," said Balsamo with a soft laugh.

Panizzi's flesh crept.

"But she is young, and sweet, and pure. How could you think such a thing—"

"Have done, Girolamo!" was the petulant command. Balsamo's head was erect. He threw his arms wide and allowed the cloak to drape and hang like two black wings. Panizzi shuddered. "Am I and mine to be rolled in the filth of treachery by Mascagni while he and his stand by immune and unapposed? Nay, my friend! I am past submission. He rejoices in his sagacity, but was there ever such a fool! Her name, Girolamo?"

Panizzi hesitated.

"The Signorina Vittoria," he replied unwillingly. "But Giuseppe—"

"She is beautiful—eh?"



"AS she is pure. Once I saw her. I never doubted then that good can spring from evil. Break that fiend, her father, and I will rejoice with you. But not the maiden, Giuseppe."

"Do not preach to me, Girolamo," Balsamo retorted. "In this matter I please myself. What is a woman to me—especially Mascagni's daughter! Had he thought for me? Had he thought even for his daughter? Bah! I shall not go into the outer darkness alone."

Panizzi pursed his lips, shrugged his heavy broad shoulders, and then gave his attention to what was passing below. It was in his mind to say more, but he had sworn to give beyond mere lip service. Balsamo was dearer to him than any woman, and it was surely the merchant's affair. Yes; truly it was Mascagni that was the fool.

Panizzi secured food and wine, and both he and the Nubian ate and drank with relish. For all their sympathy and concern, it was not their sorrow. They merely rested in its shadow. But nothing passed

Balsamo's lips. He would not eat nor drink. The day long he paced the dirt-filled boards of the attic room, pausing now and then to stare out to where the sky met the sea, to where a craft fashioned by his mind bore ever farther away the woman who had laughed, the woman of the red-gold hair, the woman he had loved.

As the afternoon wore on, Balsamo's manner became more restless. He had limped miles in the cramped space of the room. His silent, tireless energy began to fret Panizzi's nerves, and in spite of several ineffectual attempts at conversation he again spoke wearily.

"Giuseppe, for the love of Heaven let us descend from this prison. Let us sup below. There are people below who will afford interest. A wild, cut-throat brood roosts here. It is the most dangerous place in Genoa. That is why I brought you here, for surely not in this house will any seek you. Now what say you?"

"Eat we must," Balsamo murmured, his lips curling as though at the futility of it. "Let Sala join us. He is not so savage as some. Although he will readily kill, there are greater barbarians daily thronging the streets and churches of this city. Indeed, I suspect that to kill can at times be an act of the highest merit. Alas, now that it is too late I know it."

THE revelation of Riemel's dying words had been beyond the crafty syndicate's calculations, but he took steps to rectify his error the moment he won free from the palazzo. The brain in his viper's head shrieked aloud the menace to his person and reputation. He was too well versed in devilment not to be sensible of his peril. Balsamo was a wealthy man, and wealth was ever another term for power. None gave the fact greater appreciation than Romano Mascagni the syndicate. Late though the hour was when he stepped from his gondola, he went straight to the Court of Justice in the Ducal Palazzo. As a result of his business there, a man sped to the Armoury near-by, and another ran fleet-footed through a maze of twisted, black alleys until he came to an inn sunk below the level of a narrow street. Down the rough, worn steps leaped this man and vanished. The lantern swinging on its iron bracket cast too feeble a glow to reveal movement beyond a few paces, yet a moment later it was unhooked and carried within. Having taken precautions against immediate danger, Mascagni went home in a sedan-chair, home to the house with the narrow porch and balconies, to the house of secrets.

The information brought to him at noon the next day caused his eyes to widen with surprise; then his evil face cracked with glee until it resembled a hellish, gloating face.

"In that foul place? Then watch carefully that tavern," was his shrill, excited command. "Watch carefully, diligently, else will I have your arms torn from their sockets. Deliver this paper to the keeper of the place. Away! Away!"

So pleased was he that his limbs trembled with the intensity of his delight.

Truly the tavern wherein the three men sheltered was a house of abomination and a sink of iniquity.

The Tavern of the Three Eyes was notorious as the rendezvous of lawless and desperate men, some bland and suave, others coarse and brutal, prowlers of the night, thieves, murderers, procurers, and political agents of the type that infested the political cesspools. It was an admirable place wherein a man could lose his identity, his purse, or his life.

Giuseppe Balsamo had rubbed shoulders with many strange types in the course of his career as muleteer, vender of merchandise, and then merchant, but never had he made contact with such assembled wickedness. The people and the place revolted him and shocked his strong, inherent sense of decency. But be the tavern ever so foul, it could be no fouler than the hypocritical attitude of his friends. And there was work to do. He had ceased being a weak fool.

And so he followed Panizzi to a table in the far corner of the room. The great Nubian padded silently behind them. Panizzi clapped his hands and called loudly for attendance, to the amusement of those adjacent. However, there were some who showed their resentment at such a lordly manner. Black looks and hisses were directed at the trio as they seated themselves on the narrow benches. But these signs of disapprobation vanished when the fat woman, the subject of Panizzi's remarks, waddled forward to inquire and satisfy their demands. When the little, beady, black eyes saw that these were men of substance and not merely wolves in the clothing of sheep they opened wide with surprise, and she instantly became obsequious and hastened to obtain the food and drink required by them.

That meal was never eaten. Scarcely had the stattern placed the board supporting the bowls on the table when the door at the end of the room was thrown violently open. A bare-legged man, wild of eye and hair, and with tattered shirt bulging over a belt of leather, startled all with his hoarse cry of warning. Straight through the room he sped, like one with terror at his heels, shouting at the top of his voice as he ran. He vanished through the kitchen beyond.

"The Guards!" he yelled. "Out, out! The Guards, the Guards! The German dogs and the Corsicans! Out, for your lives!"

Pandemonium followed the cry. The motley crew suddenly became possessed with the terror of the man who warned them. The fat woman squeaked over her shoulder as she fled.

"Save yourselves, Signores! The Guards are here, and that means the galleys!" Her duty done, she fought madly to squirm through the writhing mass of fighting, bellowing, cursing humanity at the kitchen door.

"The devil is in haste to get his children beyond the clutch of the law," remarked the merchant dryly as he sat and watched the struggles and antics of those endeavoring to escape. "But what now? By the Mass, Girolamo! They are trapped! See? There are torches in the kitchen reflecting redly on the capelins and cuirasses of the Civil Guards. Listen to the roaring of the terrified rascals. A shrewd harvest of rogues this night. We show sense and judgment in remaining still. What follows should be interesting."

The door on the street had been hurriedly slammed and barred, and the crashing of the axes as they hacked through the tough wood added to the din of oaths, blows and screams. The affair was well planned. More than thirty men and women were penned in the long room, and when they saw that escape was impossible they made haste to rid themselves of concealed weapons.

Panizzi watched the struggles and listened in brooding silence to the wailing and cursing. Then he spoke:

"The lot of the ancient slaves of Egypt and Babylon was not more severe than

the fate to which these poor dogs are doomed. In truth, there are times when it hurts to think. Look at that howling scum! They are fit for death, yes; but they will die of torture and painful misery. The republic will grind them away until nothing but the dead husk is left."

Those who shrank from the gleaming swords of the Civic Guards knew they were doomed to perish. They crowded together against the long wall, and some stared sullenly and defiantly at the men in helmets and breastplates; others screamed awful blood-chilling curses, and others again groaned, wept, and whispered in their despair. The gutturals of the tall German in command of the Guards did not blend well with the Genoese patois, but the officer was not for a moment misunderstood.

"Round up the dogs!" he rapped out harshly. "Separate the women from the men and close the mouths of any that scream. I search for more important quarry."



SEATED quietly in the corner of the room, Balsamo, Panizzi, and Sala had been overlooked while the brawl was at its height. However, they were not suffered to remain in peace for long. The tall captain turned and saw them.

"Ho!" he said. "I had not far to look."

Balsamo rose to his feet when a file of the guard confronted him and his companions. The tall officer glared at the merchant in an insolent, offensive manner. His pale-blue eyes were cold as they stared out from under the peak of his capelin.

"Your name?" he demanded peremptorily.

Balsamo answered quietly and with dignity. But the German was not impressed. "I am Giuseppe Balsamo, a merchant of Genoa, and these two men are my friends," he said.

"Ho! Ho!" roared the officer. "A merchant of Genoa, eh? A merchant of Genoa in this den of thieves and assassins? Ho! ho! A merchant claiming the friendship of a blackamoor slave? But we will soon have the truth from you. Bind them and take them into the adjoining room. The syndic waits."

The syndic! Balsamo paled, and all three exchanged uneasy glances. The merchant spoke to the officer, while his wrists were being bound.

"What is the name of the syndic that waits?" he inquired.

"It is the Signor Romano Mascagni," was the reply. "Know you the magistrate?"

Mascagni!

But Balsamo did not speak. He knew that the cowering wretches across the room were not the only ones that were trapped.

"Know you the syndic?" bellowed the officer again.

"We have met. Lead us before him. Girolamo—Sala—have courage. We may yet break through the devil's scare."

"May Heaven help us," whispered Panizzi in great trepidation.

"Uhuh!" was all that Sala said.

It is a withering experience for a helpless pious man to step forward and face malice and designed cruelty without the comfort of God to sus-

tain him in the hour of his acute affliction. Although Panizzi's lips moved in silent prayer as he was thrust into the square, gloomy room, Balsamo's did not, for he had hardened his heart. He would not call upon God for support; yet he was conscious of the impelling desire to seek Divine protection and mercy. He called it habit, and closed his lips. He held himself as erect as his infirmity would permit, and the shoe on the foot of his crippled leg just scraped the floor. He was between Panizzi and the Nubian, and he gazed steadily at the man who stood with legs apart and hands clasped behind his back. The man was not Mascagni, but his swarthy, expressionless features, almost Oriental in their impassiveness, were not less hard and unrelenting than those of the syndic. Balsamo appraised the fellow in one swift glance and knew him to be a sycophant and willing tool. The merchant spoke quietly.

"Signor," he said, "we desire to speak to the syndic, the Signor Romano Mascagni. Where is he?"

For a moment the man did not reply. He seemed to be considering hidden thoughts that were masked behind his dull, lifeless eyes. Behind him was a door of dark, heavy wood. Because he knew that Mascagni was behind that door and peeping through a hole cut for the purpose, and because he knew that satisfactory arrangements had been made to provide the unseen spectator with a sport to his liking, a brief smile twisted his cruel lips. Very chilling was that fleeting smile.

"The syndic is busy upon the affairs of his office," he vouchsafed at last. "My instructions are to question those I deem suspicious or dangerous."

"Then be generous enough to cause these things to be removed during the course of your brief interrogation—"

The swarthy man interrupted the merchant.

"Brief interrogation, say you?" he murmured. His voice was smooth, a sound of level quality, unemotional, uninterested. "That will depend upon the answers you give to my questions. Officer, bring these rascals to where the light is brighter."

"No rascals are we, Signor," said Panizzi with heat. His wrists were sore under the biting cords, and the flesh of his hands was already swelling and blue with the pressure of the imprisoned blood. "No rascals are we. All this smacks of that devil Mascagni."

"Silence him!" came the shrill command.

And silenced Panizzi was. A blow from the hilt of a guardsman's sword knocked sound and sense from his head. He collapsed and fell heavily to the stone floor.

"Signor, this brutality is as uncalled for as it is callous," said Balsamo indignantly. "I will have your conduct accounted for. That one of my standing in this republic should be subjected to such pain and indignity is monstrous. Strike off these bonds at once, Signor! And give aid to my friend who lies a victim of your blind cruelty."

"A bold and defiant fellow," was the sneering reply.

The merchant's threat had no more effect upon him than the rain upon the sea. "One of your standing, eh, villain? Your name?"

"My name is Giuseppe Balsamo."

"It has a familiar sound," the man admitted.

"I am a merchant of Genoa—"

"Ah! I wondered at the name. Do I understand you claim to be that wealthy gentleman?"

"I am that man," said Balsamo firmly.

A change came over the suave manner of the sycophant. In an instant he was transformed from calm to rage. He waved a menacing finger at the merchant.

"Now I know you to be a foul fellow, a rascal, and a liar," he shouted. "Deceive me no longer, dog! Out with the truth, or I will have it drawn from you. I will have it! Imbecile, a sad choice of names you have made. This Balsamo is a good man, the friend of priests, of abbots, even of the archbishop himself. This merchant is known for his gentleness, his purity of life and thought, and his gifts to this church and to that. Think you such a man would be found in company of all the filth that runs through this place of crime? Nay, you must count me mad. Your name, I say!"

Balsamo looked contemptuously at the man.

"There are times when reputation is a worthless asset. Place virtue next to vice, and fools cannot discriminate," he retorted. "I repeat that I am Giuseppe Balsamo, a merchant of Genoa. Why I came to this tavern concerns no one but myself. But enough of you and your insolent stupidity. Conduct us before one in authority."

"Not so fast, not so fast! I am in authority here, the man replied, his vast self-importance, his vanity, his paltry, puffed-up pride investing his tone and manner with a ludicrous pomposity. "I will give you one more opportunity to recant. The truth will save your worthless body to some extent. I begin to suspect that you have murdered the good Balsamo and stolen his clothes. Those you wear are too fine for you, fellow. Now, for the last time, speak the truth!"

THOU art a fool," was the merchant's stinging reply. The use of the word "thou," addressed only to menials, set the underlying dancing with fury. He stamped this way and that, clapping hands and roaring his orders. He threw off all restraint.

And on the other side of the closed door Mascagni rubbed his thin hands with the enjoyment of this scene. He stood in a dark, narrow passage, and the bracket lamps and lanterns joined with the red glare of the torches carried by the soldiers and sent a beam of crimson light through the spy-hole on to his face. It revealed his sharp-lined features, grinning wet mouth, and staring, grey-rimmed eyes. He had a perfect view of the proceedings. Clearly he could see the man he so deeply hated facing with calm clarity the minion employed by him; the unconscious, bleeding Panizzi stretched on the floor; the plain outline of the Nubian standing straight and tall beside his master. Behind the three men were the motionless men of the Civic Guard, their polished capelins and cuirasses as well as their drawn swords reflecting the unsteady light of the torches and lanterns. And above them all, suspended from strong iron hooks driven deep into a stout beam, were ropes and blocks similar to the kind used on the masts of ships. The keeper of the tavern had faithfully earned his bribe.

The voice of Mascagni's satellite held a note of savage triumph. The work about to begin was as much to his liking as it was to his unscrupulous, heartless master. Moreover, the excuse for the contemplated crime was perfect. As he had never seen the merchant Balsamo, it was natural he should refuse to accept the word of anyone caught in such circumstances. As well expect the Archbishop of Genoa to begin frequenting such a house, or to accept any plausible

excuse invented by the rascals who slunk in and out of the tavern. He was fully aware that the cripple spoke the truth, but that only proved the merchant to be a fool.

Balsamo knew that to challenge the legality of the proceedings would be both futile and impossible. Who was to judge? To whom could he plead? In spite of his natural courage, Balsamo trembled and blanched when his tormentor's voice rang loudly in the room.

"To the strappado with him! By St. Peter and St. Paul I will jerk some of the devil out of the fellow. A bold, truculent rogue! Hol! Those three men there! To the rope, to the rope!"

The reason why their wrists had been bound so lightly now was apparent. The strappado! An engine of extreme, excruciating agony. And that was to be his reward for the truth; nay, not that; it was but the prosecution of another man's vengeance and enmity.

Balsamo glanced up. He had not dreamed that such treatment was designed for him. He had been prepared for ridicule, for humiliation, yes; but not for torture. His mouth went dry; his throat constricted at the sight of the rope and the block with the iron hook attached to it. His breath came in gasps, and the pumping of his heart interfered with the flow of his speech.

"Hold . . . hold!" he cried, his voice merely a whisper, spite of his brave effort. "What . . . manner of man are you? Would you condemn one who is innocent and undeserving to torture so severe? Use that machine at your peril!"

"Heed not the braggart," was the cold retort. "A little of this will bring you to your senses. You, to assume the name and character of one of Genoa's worthy men! But your natural boldness and rascality defeats your ruse. You have not the wit to correctly imitate the gentle manner and voice of the man you claim to be. Make fast the hook under the thigh on his wrist!"

"No—no! Not that . . ." came feebly in protest from Balsamo's ashen lips.

"Watch the negro! Watch him!"

"Bala! Be still!" was the merchant's hoarse command. "Help for me is past, and these men will plunge a sword into your heart. Be still and close those eyes and ears. It is no they wish to suffer . . . to . . . so be it . . ."

Behind his spy-hole in the filthy black passage Mascagni danced in his crazy joy. His hands plucked nervously at his grey beard, at his cloak, and at the woodwork of the door before him. For this opportunity he had waited. Now his true revenge, the completion of that revenge, was at hand. Balsamo would suffer the agonies of the martyrs, of the inquisition, of hell itself. Joyful sight. See how the cripple shook! Mark his terror as the hook is placed beneath the thigh! Hear his strangled, piteous cry as he is pulled high above the floor! He dangles like a corpse on a gibbet. A pretty lesson to pious, canting hypocrites. Ah, if only he could treat all his enemies in this fashion they would soon learn not to meddle in his affairs or to thwart his desires. Balsamo's gasping was as music in his ears. He listened eagerly to his henchman's commands.

"Hold him at that! Now fasten the rope securely so that when released the rascal's feet do not touch the floor. So! Now, my lame pigeon, let us see you in flight," cried the inhuman master of this inhuman ceremony, looking up and grinning at his victim.

"Be ready there! Watch closely my hand. When I lower it, let go the rope. I declare the rogue's arms shall tingle this night. Are you ready to come down, rascal?"

The hand fell; the men released the rope, and a moan burst from Balsamo's lips as he dropped. While his feet were yet a few inches from the floor the rope tightened and almost pulled his arms from their sockets. The sweat of agony bathed his face and body as he swung at the end of the twisting block, for his arms burned as though held in fierce flames.

"Up with him!" was the relentless command. By the Mass, he likes the sport!"

A SCREAM, shrill and piercing, a sound that came from the heart itself, rang forth at the second drop. The merchant's head snapped back; his body was convulsed with pain. The torn muscles of his arms, the racked bones of his shoulders and spine suffered indescribably. He tried to cry aloud, to implore their pity, but his tongue could utter no words.

Again and again he was raised and allowed to drop. This continued until he uttered no sound, until his awful cries ceased, until he hung limply from the end of the block. Unconscious, he was past pain. The ghastly, fiendish sport was finished.

Seeing that further punishment was useless, he was lifted down from the block and carelessly thrown down beside Panizzi. The inquisitor, for he was that, gloated over him, and in the contemplation of his horrid work did not at first hear Mascagni's dry, cackling voice.

"I am but returned," said the syndic, striding in his bent, crooked manner across the floor. In the silence his shoes rang on the hard, bare flags. Here and there on his black coat were strands of spider's web, picked up as he brushed against the walls of the rat-infested passage. His cackling voice continued: "But I must depart at once. Urgent matters press. Hand these dogs, whoever they be, over to the keeper of the tavern. He will revive them, and you can return when he calls. Give the rogue this purse."

Mascagni flung the bag of money to his man and then left the room. He was satisfied and in haste to depart. The object of his hatred and malevolence was at last broken. Balsamo would trouble him no more. He had arranged secretly for that. Sala's eyes were like live coals under their lowered lids, and it was fortunate for him that the syndic did not observe their wicked glance. Had he done so, the Nubian's career as a useful man would have ended there and then. But the slave was not worthy of a look.

Mascagni would not have passed from the room so contemptuously, so complacently, had he dreamed that deliverance for his victims was at hand and would come from a source unimagined by him. The one pall of water served to revive both Balsamo and Panizzi. Their eyes opened to see a crouching, grinning, ape-like fellow standing over them. Balsamo groaned and again swooned, but Panizzi struggled to his feet with an exclamation of dismay. Close to him stood Sala. The others had gone, leaving them to the mercy of the keeper of the tavern whose appearance fully justified the sinister things said about him. Panizzi's wife were reeling as he turned to Sala.

"What devilment hath passed here?" he croaked, his bound hands pressed to his aching head. The pain of the blow made the room swing dizzily before his eyes.

Sala did not speak, but his eyes and head were slowly raised. Panizzi followed his glance, and a cry of horror escaped his lips. "The strappado! They have given him the strappado!" he gasped, starting back at the audacity and enormity of it. He was appalled. "Fiends! Devils! Execrable monsters!"

The keeper of the tavern chuckled. "And there is more in store for you, Signor," he was pleased to inform Panizzi. His whining voice grated on the ears of the two men.

Panizzi's eyes swept over the absurdly richly-clad apparition. Here was one on whom crime was plainly stamped. But why had the fellow said that? What motive lay behind that tone and crafty leer?

"What is to follow?" Panizzi's voice was as steady as the fear in his heart would permit.

"Death at the oar in the Spanish galley now waiting beyond the mole. It has been arranged, and the vessel awaits you. A large sum of money was paid, but for me it has not been a profitable day. Is the Signor rich?"

Panizzi studied the man. The manner in which the words were spoken, and the greedy light in the cunning eyes gave him thought. Money had the power to work miracles, and nothing less could save them. Death at the oar! A cruel fate, for, once chained to the benches, they could never return. It would indeed be the end.

"To outwit our enemies we would double, even treble, the sum," he said hastily. A pleading note crept into his voice.

Again the keeper of the tavern chuckled. Then he was silent, and the suspense was maddening to the two men. But at last he appeared to derive satisfaction from his thoughts.

"There are many zechines to pay, Signor," he said, showing broken, dirty teeth in a wide grin. "But after all, it is a matter of business, of price. Fresh and blood are profitable commodities, and always will be. There is nothing better or easier to make money out of."

"The money can be got," Panizzi hastily assured him.

"Then, come. That tight old fender has a close purse," was the reply. "He never pays enough, and money is money—both his and yours. But one cry from you, Signor, and that oar—"

"You are safe," said Panizzi. He breathed a deep sigh when a keen knife cut through the cords that bound his wrists. "Lead us from this place of torment and I vow you will not regret it."

Sala stooped and tenderly lifted Balsamo, and they entered the dark passage lately occupied by Mascagni. Panizzi prayed an honest prayer as he stumbled along.

ROMANO MASCAGNI sat at the table of grey-veined hardiello marble in the room with the floor of parquetry. On the table before him were a decanter and goblet of Venetian glass. He was drinking, and he was alone. Only two things had the power to rouse him. The first was the voice of his daughter, and the second was the sound of the bells.

How he loved the one! How he hated the other. The bells to him were harsh and accusing, each peal a word of denunciation and condemnation. They never rang now but he saw through a wine-created mist the dim figure of a cripple in black limping across the inlaid floor.

He was considering many things as he

sat there in the quiet room, and time was one of them, time and the changes it brings. Eleven months had passed since the night Balsamo was tortured, racked, and broken by the diabolical strappado, and there had happened in those months many things that could not be explained. Balsamo was dead. That was certain. A cripple such as he could not possibly survive the body-breaking slavery of the great oar. In any case, the captain of the galley had been paid to drown the merchant. That being so, who was it that mysteriously directed and controlled the cripple's affairs? Who had received the power to sell his palazzo on the promontory, and from whom? Panizzi? But he was also in chains. The Frenchman now in possession, the gay libertine from the Court of Louis XIV. for all his flippant, careless manner had a close mouth on the subject. And Balsamo's ships were increasing in size, number, and activity. His man, the same fellow that had previously spoken with authority for the merchant, still received and despatched men and ships, still spoke as one in authority. The affairs of the dead ran smoothly and with ever-increasing prosperity. How was that? Truly it was perplexing.

Even more bewildering was the unaccountable decline and failure of the affairs of the living. Mascagni's ventures were becoming stagnant one by one. Instead of being profitable concerns they were now a drain on his purse and on the purses of his associates. These men were loud in their discontent and disapproval. Their ships, and they were now few in number, were for some inexplicable reason rapidly becoming rotten and foul; and, at most times, it was difficult to obtain crews for them. They soon had a bad name. Captains and men deserted in foreign ports, some of the vessels had been burnt, and one had been beached and looted. How could any man conduct his business profitably under such conditions?

But the greatest blow fell when he was deprived of office and dignity of syndic. A strong hint that could not be ignored had been dropped. Rather than dare face the matter he had resigned. He was no longer a magistrate of Genoa. He blamed Castle-haven for this disaster, for had the Earl disposed of Rlendi according to plan there would have been no suspicion, no busy tongues, no haughty glances from cold eyes. That scene in Balsamo's banquet-chamber had been spoken of and a remorseful dying man does not lie at such a time. Mascagni regretted his association with the Englishman. But his hatred for the cripple had carried him beyond his customary prudence.

Mascagni drank greedily.

In the short time of eleven months his affairs had created such anxiety that he was seriously considering the advisability of leaving the city of Genoa and settling in some quiet, secluded place. He was no fool. He knew he had a well-merited reputation for cruelty, avarice, and rapacity; knew also that to remain was to invite the reckoning he feared and dreaded. And he was still a rich man. Surely it was time to go. He must get away. Away!

His hand shook as he raised the decanter. His lips quivered when the goblet touched them. A thin trickle of wine ran down his beard and dripped and splashed on to his quilted robe. Fear was now the dominant emotion within him, fear for himself and for her, for the daughter whose pure and sheltered life knew nothing of passion, violence or death.

His beard was stained and wet. Go he must, or the result of delay might prove appalling. There must be no further delay.

And he would journey to where there were no bells, no haunting voices and visions, no laughter of the dead or limping cripples; to where peace brooded over meadow, leaf and stream; to where the birds called, the trees whispered, and the fine mist cooled the brow; away from insult and indignity, from blow and curse, from the poniards of unforgettable men; away, away, far away from the corrupt, miserable, sanguinary past. Away!

MASCAGNI arrived at his house in Genoa in the dusk of an October evening, one year from the night on which the insensible Balsamo was carried along the black passage in the Taverna of the Three Eyes. Coincidence? Fate? Or the eyes behind the stars?

The whilom magistrate was in pleasant frame of mind as he stepped from the stuffy confines of the sedan-chair. He astonished the two stalwart bearers by giving them an additional reward for their services, and left them gaping after him as he hobbled up the steps to his door. They were amazed and delighted.

Mascagni was thinking only of his daughter. He took off his hat, cloak, and sword, and handed them to a servant. His shoes clattered on the marble in the vestibule. The servant followed humbly behind, his features composed, his eyes downcast. His master had the disconcerting trick of turning swiftly and sweeping keen eyes over any one behind him, and swift and harsh was the punishment to any that gave offence.

Mascagni smiled almost genially as he placed one foot on the bottom stair. His hand rested on the carved newel. There was love and affection in his heart; his seamed face was smoothed by the lively emotion of joy, and his eyes glowed with the anticipation of again beholding his daughter. His harsh voice called eagerly to her.

"Vittoria! Vittoria! Hasten down to me—"

"My master," interposed the servant, for he had news to impart.

"Be silent!" Mascagni's voice became tinged with its habitual irritability. Again he called to his daughter.

"Vittoria. Answer me! Why do you not answer me?"

Never before had his voice failed to reach her ears or to penetrate the door of her room. She had always replied to his summons. The house was strangely silent.

"But, but, master; the Signorina Vittoria is not here," the man managed to stammer. It was dangerous to speak when bidden remain silent.

"Not here?" Mascagni turned. His face became creased with its old lines. "What mean you by that?"

"I—I—but, Signor, you sent for her—"

"Sent for her . . . ?" His voice rose to a scream. A hand of ice gripped his heart.

She told me, and at noon she left. A chair awaited her. An hour after she had gone a letter was delivered. It is for you, Master—"

"The letter, fool! Make haste before I kill you! Blind you are, and deaf, and incapable! A plot! An imbecile to let her go! The letter, the letter, I say!"

It was Mascagni's turn to stare into the pit, to stand with chilled blood, and to watch with glaring eyes the evil that writhed therein. His tongue licked lips that for once were dry. His mind knew a bitterness that was worse than death.

The voice of the servant recalled him to life.

"Master, the letter—"

Mascagni tore the letter from the man's hand. He was white with fear and trembling. When he read its contents he became quiet and still. His life seemed to leave him.

The letter fell from his curved fingers and fluttered to the floor.

"Master, I did not know—"

"Fool!" Mascagni bellowed suddenly. He spat upon the man and then dealt him a blow that brought the blood from his lips. The servant recoiled and cringed. He feared for his life. None but a madman could look as his master looked at that moment.

"My hat, my sword! A chair, do! Blast you, a chair, I say! Ah... May the heavens, and the earth, and the hell beneath be rent—"

The servant turned and fled, his hands to his ears to shut out the sound of raving and cursing. His master had suddenly become insane. None but a damned, fiend-ridden soul could utter such fearful imprecations. Out into the dim, moonlit street he raced, his flying feet hardly touching the ground, his terrified heart almost bursting.

When Mascagni came stumbling down the steps of the porch the man had vanished. Not even the echo of his footsteps came back along the street. The black, slanting shadows cast by the young moon had enveloped him. Mascagni peered this way and that; he raised shaking hands to heaven and cursed it; and then he, too, panted his way along the street. He looked like a black bat in the faint moonlight, a repulsive bird of prey flapping its way down between dark, close walls of rock. His thin, crying voice hailed a chair. The harsh note had gone.

"A felucca! And run! A machine for every minute you save me," he sobbed as he collapsed within the chair. He could not say more. The words caught in his throat.

The words of the letter were burning into Mascagni's brain as he stepped aboard a felucca and shivered his instructions. They explained all, yet they told nothing. A price had been mentioned. A price! The words were the only ray of hope in the darkness of dread. He would give all for his daughter. All! Would it be enough?

MASCAGNI was profoundly ignorant of what was before him as he stepped upon the deck of the armed merchantman. The letter he had received bore no signature. He did not know who had done this thing. His heart pumped madly, and his brain created terrors that were almost overpowering. The climb up the swaying, yielding rope-ladder had been an ordeal. Once he had paused and looked down. Beneath him was the felucca, made fast to the side of the ship, rising and falling and crunching against the fenders of rope that had been placed between the two vessels. He had nearly fallen. His head swam dizzily, and when strong hands gripped him and lifted him over the bulwarks he had to summon all the strength of his will to stand upon his feet.

He stood panting for a moment, fighting to regain his breath and some measure of composure. He glanced at the two men that stood beside him. One of them held aloft a lantern, while the other, without asking or waiting for permission, reached for the sword and threw it into the sea. Quick, practised hands searched for concealed pistol or poniard. Unarmed, helpless, he stood on the deck for what seemed to him an eternity. His straining eyes probed the ship in the gloom. Among the shadows

he descried a group of interested seamen near the door of the fore-castle. They whispered together. The roped guns crouched on their carriages like brooding, sullen, sentient creatures.

A large ship. The towering masts, fore, main, and mizzen, supported a vast intricate network of shrouds and rigging. The sails drooped from the wide yards as though eager to drop and spread to the breeze that whined through the ropes. The ship was square-rigged, fast-looking, capable and of fully eight hundred tons burthen.

"Are you Mascagni?" a man with the lantern demanded.



MASCAGNI nodded. Now that it was too late he wondered why he had not enlisted the aid of authority. What could he hope to do alone? But that letter had contained an unmistakable threat.

"You are expected," he was informed.

"By whom?" he quickly, fiercely inquired.

"You will see. Follow closely, for there are some here that would kill you were they to recognise you."

The words were accompanied by a grim laugh.

"My—my daughter?" Mascagni's voice quavered. It sounded thin and far away.

"How should I know? Think you the master brought her here for my pleasure? Doubtless you shall see. Come!"

How hatefully the fellow laughed. A desperate-looking ruffian.

Mascagni followed in silence, bowed, drooping listless, and afraid to the roots of his being, a changed man. But a little time ago he had been arrogant, harsh, vengeful, cruel, covetous, unfeeling and unscrupulous. Now he was the personification of humility, despair, fear, and dread; a bent, hobbling figure craving to withdraw from the gaze of men.

He seemed unaware of time or place as he shuffled along behind the rolling seaman who swung the lantern, unaware of the tall, wry-necked fellow who followed at his heels like a shadow, unaware of the knife stealthily drawn from the concealment of an arm pit, unaware of its swift, upward flight, unaware of everything until he was suddenly brushed aside and the fellow's wrist caught in a grip of iron. With the danger past he squealed in his terror and collapsed. The man with the thick shoulders and bare, curved legs snarled at his companion.

"Have done!" he cried, his voice like a rasp.

"Had I not luckily turned you would soon be swinging by your heels from the high point of yonder mast."

Mascagni was lifted from the gun-breath on which he had fallen, swept off his feet and carried along the few remaining yards of deck, and then thrust roughly through a doorway. The door closed silently behind him. He found himself alone in a richly-furnished cabin, beautifully panelled in ebony and ivory, strewn with the softest of Eastern rugs, and brilliantly lighted by a lavish supply of candles that were grouped in silver brackets round the walls. On the splendid table of West Indian mahogany, its polished grain gleaming in the light, were two tall, silver candelsticks.

"There is wine on the table, Signor. Pray help yourself," said a gentle voice.

Mascagni stiffened. Who had spoken? The cabin was empty save for himself. He looked

at the table and saw the wine. But who had spoken?

"Do not hesitate, Signor. It is a reflection upon the host. You have praised and drunk my wine before," the voice continued. It sounded near yet far away. It had a familiar ring yet was unknown. It was a strange voice, not friendly, not hostile, quiet even, unhurried, impersonal.

Yet Mascagni was anything but heartened. For some reason the level, disinterested tone was not reassuring. With an effort he replied.

"Reveal yourself," he said hoarsely.

"Would you torture one so helpless? Where is my daughter? What have you done with her? Where is—?"

"All in good time, Signor," the quiet voice answered. "But it is indeed a coincidence that you should speak of torture. Please remember that word. You ask me to reveal myself, but I fear to shock your eyes. You mentioned torture. Yes; were you to see me you would start back in horror, for I, Signor, have been cruelly, unmercifully tortured in days now past. A friend once assured me that one day life would deal me a buffet, and on that day my eyes should be opened. Ah, you start. My good friend also urged me to drink to one I loved, to drink long and deep, long and deep. Ah, Signor, your memory is stirring. I now ask you to drink to your beautiful daughter. There is the wine. Drink it. Drink long and deep to her future happiness."

"Balsamo!"

It was a terrible cry that burst from Mascagni's lips. He moaned as he pressed against the door.

"The same, Signor. I am Giuseppe Balsamo. I did not die. You spoke of torture. Mind you this night a year ago? What happened then? You, of course, have never seen a man's arms jerked until they snap and are broken. No. You have never stood in a narrow passage gazing upon such a sorrowful spectacle? No. You are not familiar with the strappado, the devil's gibbet with its dangling, sweating, screaming, insane burden? No. Reveal myself? Ah, but I am not pleasant to look upon, Signor. Your daughter, alas, shrinks from me. But that was to be expected . . . at first."

"Come forth! Come forth!" Mascagni shrieked. He lurched like a drunken man to the centre of the cabin and stared wildly about him. "Come forth, Balsamo! No! Not You lie to me! You are not Balsamo. He is dead, dead!"

But he was answered by another.

"Father . . ." it was just the faintest echo of a young woman's voice.

"Vittoria . . . Vittoria, my daughter . . ."

Mascagni dropped to his knees beside the table. His face was covered by his thin, clawing hands. He did not hear the faint click of the panel lock, did not see the panel slide open, to reveal and admit Balsamo, Panizzi and Sala. They moved to where he was kneeling, but he did not look up. He was away from side to side in his misery.

"Look up, Mascagni!" commanded Balsamo. "Look up and see that I am Balsamo. Look up and see what you have done to me."

Mascagni dropped his hands and looked. Then he closed his eyes. He sighed. Crouched upon his knees, with his hands outstretched and his eyes closed, he looked like a miserable, aged man begging alms. And begging, pleading, imploring he was, although he spoke no word. Every line of his spare frame, a frame now shaken by deep, harsh sobbing, was eloquent of mute supplication. Balsamo's voice went on quietly, inexorably:

"Signor, the sight of me unnerves you," he said. "But there is more than one man on this ship who has suffered at your hands, tasted of your justice, and cried aloud to God at the agony of the punishments you have inflicted. See this poor, wrecked body of mine? Mark you the stiff arms and legs, the spasmodic twitching of my features, convulsions that came when certain controlling nerves were snapped that night a year ago. You will not have forgotten Castlehaven—or the woman of the red-gold hair? Have you anything to say to me? No sorrow to express, no regret to utter?"

"For myself, I ask nothing," Mascagni managed to whisper in reply. He still knelt before Balsamo, still kept his eyes downcast. "My day is done. But I plead for my daughter. She has harmed no man. Do not harm her. She is but a weak child—" "A weak child?" Balsamo laughed softly. Mascagni winced and shrank back. "But I fear she may have your instincts, Signor. She is your daughter. The sweetest of women have the power to work mischief, to break men's hearts, to transform them from good men to raging devils. She is very beautiful—"

"THE price! The price you spoke of!" interrupted Mascagni feverishly. "What must I pay so that she may go unscathed? Name the sum and I will agree, even though it leaves me in rags." "Listen to him, Girolamo," Balsamo murmured. "He offers me money. Money! Nay, Mascagni, money is not the price you will pay."

"Then . . . then name it," Mascagni jerked out.

"Your death, Signor. I desire that," Balsamo calmly told him. "During the year that has passed, things with you have gone from bad to worse. I am responsible for that. My agents, backed by my money, have destroyed the roots of your enterprises. All that you have lost is due to my work. Cruel, unnatural man! Your power, your icy hauteur, your insatiable appetite for evil practices, are curbed and destroyed. Your trusted heart and foul mind would still continue their detestable work were I to permit it, for it is your very nature, your blood, your soul. But I will not. This night shall you put a period to it all. The life you will lose will be taken by—"

"You would kill me?" came the frenzied shout.

"Nay, Signor—"

"Then . . . ?"

"You will kill yourself, Signor," was the even reply.

"Kill myself? Destroy what little chance I have of heaven? I—I could not!" Mascagni cried desperately. "My soul would rot for ever."

"What matters it?"

"I cannot! I will not do it. Kill me, have me slain, but my hand shall not rob my soul. I swear it!"

"Then you must depart from this ship; you must go as you came." Balsamo's tone was one of finality.

"Leave your ship? I—I do not understand. Do you mean that I shall go free if I refuse to take my own life?" Mascagni looked up. He was amazed, bewildered.

"Yes."

"And Vittoria—my daughter—"

Balsamo laughed.

"You will go alone, Signor."

"Ah, devil! I knew it! You would destroy her—"

"Your decision, Signor, if you please! The wine in the decanter is poisoned. It is my wish that you drink, long and deep, to your daughter's happiness. What will you?"

"Poison!" Mascagni gasped. "So that is it! Ah, crafty cripple!"

"It is simple, Signor. And it is that, or it is—"

"No, no! The wine, the wine! I will drink, I will drink! God pity me! But my daughter!"

"Will join you in the felucca below when you have swallowed the wine. Sala! The decanter and glass! Mascagni, the Nubian prepared the draught. He is skilled in such matters. He assures me you will live to see your daughter safe in her home."

Mascagni directed a baleful look at the Nubian, a look of terrible hate, horror and black despair. He struggled to rise, but only succeeded in falling back. Panizzi stooped and lifted him to his feet. He swayed, and for a few moments could not stand without support. Then the drops of his courage returned and he stepped back a pace, shivering, coughing, chattering, gasping.

"You will release her? You will not trick me?" he croaked, shooting fearful glances from Balsamo to the wine.

"I fear my word must satisfy you, Signor," Balsamo returned mockingly.

"Then God have mercy upon me. The wine . . . the wine!"

The red wine sparkled as it flowed into the goblet. Mascagni's shaking hand spilled a little of it, for Sala had filled the glass to the brim.

"It is the end! Vittoria . . . it is . . . for you," he whispered.

Silence followed the bitter voice. The goblet glittered in the mellow light. Mascagni crossed himself and drank. Then, tottering backwards, he hurled the goblet at the panelled wall. He rocked on his feet and stared at the glinting pieces of broken glass.

"It is done!" he screamed. "It is done!"

Mascagni looked like death itself as he stood there swaying on his feet. No vestige of color remained in his grey, sweating face.

Balsamo laughed, yet reluctant admiration gleamed in his dark eyes. Mascagni had given all. The merchant bowed and then limped towards the sliding door.

"Farewell, Mascagni," he said, the mocking note gone from his voice. "I bid you a long farewell, Girolamo, see that the young woman is taken safely to the felucca, Signor, farewell."

The panel closed behind him. His face was grave and sad as he paused and stared through his cabin window. The two long, white candles, one on each side of a silver crucifix, diffused a soft light. Down on the dark horizon the red moon rested on the rim of the sea.

"The fiend will probably die of fright," he muttered, laughing shortly. "How could he know the draught was harmless, a simple concoction of bitter though safe herbs? Evil he is, and he thinks all men are evil. Yet truly he loves his daughter with a love strange and fierce and deep. A queer thing is the nature of man, unfathomable. Heaven-given, devil-ridden. But worthy is she of a better love, for she is a sweet, pretty maid with a gentle manner and a pure mind. Alas, like myself, he is completely broken. His miserable life is worth nothing to me, and he is welcome to what is left of it. But it was a pretty lesson, and I vow it has been well learned. . . . The moon lights a lurid track, a dancing, beckoning path. England lies that way, and calls insistently, for there, also, is she of the red-gold hair. Poor Maria. How soon did she gather the fruits of vanity and passion? What thinks she now of the poor cripple she scorned? . . . I wonder. But my bitterness has passed, though not my love. I

know not why, but that I cannot kill. My love for her . . . after all that . . . it is strange."

News of Maria had reached him. It was her great distress that had turned virulence to pity. Then came compassion. He had not rejoiced.

Sala leaned over the bulwark and stared down at the departing felucca. Beside him was Panizzi. They could just dimly see two figures locked in each other's arms.

"A thousand pities to let that dog go," Panizzi complained to his companion, his arm outflung in the direction of the felucca. "Giuseppe should have flayed him alive. But instead he merely forces good wine down the wretch's withered throat. A fright—hah! A shock, yes; but Mascagni will soon recover. What is a shock to him? Bah! The herbs will not even make the rogue sick. Ah, little one, you had a lucky escape."

"Ten thousand pities thou didst not drop some real poison into the drink," continued Panizzi, frowning at the vanishing vessel. His scowl was one of implacable ferocity and resentment, his attitude suggestive of balked purpose and desire. Then he started back in amazement, for Sala laughed. Sala laughed! It was like the laugh of a triumphant though disobedient child.

"Sala!" hissed Panizzi, gripping the Nubian's great arm. "What meanest thou? What devilment is behind thy laugh?"

"Unh! I will tell thee, for only I know," said Sala. "The wine was poisoned. In truth it was. Unh! It was easy. Mascagni will die in the dawn. A rare poison . . . and cruel."

"Sala! Hast thou—?" Panizzi paused. He gaped at the grinning Nubian, his fierce raven giving way to incredulity, and incredulity to admiration.

"Unh!" grunted Sala again. He was greatly pleased with himself.

"Verily the way of the heathen is dark, even as we are told," growled Panizzi, scowling at the giant.

Panizzi was sternly censorious.

"It was for the master," said Sala simply, his smile fading. "And, by the sacred wings of Al Borak, I would do it again!"

IN the year 1660 John Steele, founding, was the proprietor of a little shop in Paternoster Row; a shop wherein irregular rows of books gave a literary flavor to what otherwise was a jumble of strange collections of china, furniture, bronze, brass and iron ornaments and utensils, and even clothes and weapons.

The narrow-fronted Elizabethan shop had a low doorway, and its floor was slightly below the level of the street. A metal sign hung over the square glass panes of the front window, representing an open book with a great key across its pages. The shop had originally been a book-shop, and John did not remember when his master, his guardian, or his parent—for many years he was not sure which—first discovered that things other than books held profit. Nathaniel Baxter was a kindly little man, quick tempered and impatient, yet full of contrition and sympathy for the walt he had succeeded. Very bent was old Nathaniel, as he was known everywhere, and very noisy and vociferous was young master John. In his smiling, irrepressible manner, John had asked searching questions concerning his origin not long before the quiet old man's death. He was forced to be content with this reply:

"I have taken you in, young John. I have been greatly bothered with you. But, lad, I am not displeased with you. I will

tell you that you are of good birth. But, beyond that, ask me nothing further, for nothing further shall you learn, unless it be the conduct of this business. And in this be diligent, for the Sign of the Book and Key has found favor."

Life loosed its first serious shaft at John Steele on that extraordinary day of rejoicing, May 29, 1660, the birthday of the returning Charles. The Royal wanderer was this day to be hailed as England's sovereign and welcomed with extravagant joy and acclaim by the populace of London and Westminster. Only those diehard army derelicts, inflexible intransigentists, who had forever destroyed their chances of future government by their recent acts of violence, oppression, subterfuge and glaring incompetence, held aloof. Even the Puritans were glad to shake the army from their shoulders. Perhaps the greatest tribute England ever paid to the recently-deceased Oliver Cromwell was that in their despair her citizens again called a king to rule over them.

In the early morning of the memorable day John Steele threw open the windows of the gable above the shop and, clad only in a short, woollen night-shirt, leaned well out over the sill and beamed down upon all below.

A pleasant face had John Steele. His features were the lively, clean-cut features of the healthy Englishman. As he gazed upon the gathering, hurrying, laughing, throng below, his merry, blue eyes sparkled with anticipation of the day's joy to come. He was thirty years of age, broad of shoulder, and strong, but his height and his habit of stooping slightly sometimes gave the impression that he was older.

He lingered a while at the window and then closed it. He carefully made his bed, scrubbed himself from head to foot in a not-overplentiful supply of water, dressed with care, and then critically surveyed himself in the cracked, square glass that stood on the squat, oaken chest of drawers.

John was pleased with his appearance and, after one self-satisfied pat on the top of his steeple-crowned hat, he turned and made for the stairs.

"Breakfast forthwith," he muttered cheerfully to himself. He bent and looked the door of the shop. "And then to see all. Let's stretch these long legs a while. By Eleanor's cross in West Cheap there be a snug crib where they broil a fat steak that drips in a vastly teasing fashion. A steak an' a posset! There's a man's food. An' cannot a bookseller be a man? Rot me, we'll see!"

He sniffed in the morning air, heavy with the smoke from busy fires, and then took the two steps before him in a stride. And then he paused. Leaning against the window of the shop opposite, the house of Vargo the whisperer, was a poorly-clad woman, alternately talking and sobbing. She gazed in tearful appeal at Vargo himself, who was endeavoring to comfort her. People stared curiously, and a few stopped to listen. Then, with a nodding and a whispering, they went on their various ways. John hesitated and then approached them. He nodded to Vargo, who was known to everyone for his kind heart and for the strange collection of birds that fluttered and screeched in their cages. Vargo was a birdseller, and his shop was the rendezvous of all the children of the neighborhood and many of the adults.

"For why is this good woman lamenting, whilst all others laugh and smile?" asked

John. The woman's face seemed familiar.

"Ah, Master Steele, Master Steele, never again shall I smile or laugh," was the broken, pitiful reply. "They be gone—my two boys—my sons—"

"Why 'tis Mistress Bonney that keeps the pastry-stall hard by Stationer's Hill," interrupted John in a tone full of concern. "What misfortune has befallen?"

"Have you seen my children, Master Steele?" the woman asked, her manner almost frantic.

"I have not—" began John.

"Then I must away! I cannot tarry. They be lost—lost—"

John turned to Vargo the whisperer when the distracted woman turned and ran from them. She cried aloud the names of her sons and peered to left and right as she ran along. Her eyes were wet with tears and her shrill-calling voice was heard long after she vanished from sight.

"What be amiss with the woman? 'Tis likely they have but run away to see the city," said John.

"I fear they be kidnapped, Master Steele," Vargo whispered. "Ah, this sinful city be full of cruel men, and 'tis amazing the children that be snatched up and away. I would have prayed with her, but she would have none of it. Perhaps, even now, her sons be captives aboard a merchantman bound for the West Indian plantations. 'Tis monstrous that little children be sold into vile slavery. 'Tis cruel, and yet it be God's will—"

"Aye, poor woman," said John. "Pray you be mistaken, good Vargo, and that her two little sons be but playing a childish prank upon her. But I am hungry. Good-morning to ye, Master Vargo. I bid ye a fair day."

Vargo the whisperer smiled benignly and seated himself on the short stool just inside his doorway.



ANGELO'S ale-house in West Cheap was rapidly acquiring fame for its tender, succulent grills, its wonderful lobster dishes, its foreign wines and English ales, and its cheeses, sauces and salads. The swift service insisted upon by its suave, English-speaking proprietor, its cleanliness and, above all, its cheapness, were important factors in its growing popularity.

The polished black oak pews, or stalls, high-backed, like those in a church, stretched down one side of the long, room and were so arranged that they formed cramped compartments, wherein men sat comparatively free from draughts and inquisitive stares. Apparently all were filled with hungry men when John entered. He was disappointed. He stood and gazed and listened to the hum of conversation, the scraping of feet, and the clatter of knives, forks and mugs. At the other end of the room a fire roared in a wide, open hearth, and the flames leaped up from the red fagots to the sizzling meat on the grids.

John was on the point of turning away, when Angelo attracted his attention by waving the bright carving-knife at him. The Italian had a pleasant voice and spoke English remarkably well. He knew John by name.

"This way, if you so please, Master Steele. If you do not mind sitting with foreign

gentlemen, a seat you may have—yes?" he called.

John had no scruples about sitting with foreign gentlemen. He was very hungry, and the sight and smell of the food was most tantalizing.

"That they should be accepted by Signor Angelo is enough for me," he replied with his ready laugh.

"Ah, ah, Master Steele! A tender, juicy portion for you this morning—no?" chuckled the proprietor.

Angelo beamed at the tall Englishman and led him to a stall opposite the side-board. And then, after pausing to enjoy the look of astonishment on John's face, turned and spoke in his own tongue to the bent, black-garbed man who sat with two companions.

"Signor, the sight of the giant black-moor fills the Englishman with amaze. But he is good company, and it will favor me if you will permit him to eat at your table. Perhaps, Signor, this man may be able to help you in your quest. He is familiar with these parts."

Angelo smiled and shrugged his shoulders in his most winning manner. He had learned the trick of shrugging from a Frenchman who had first cheated and then insulted him. He found it a most expressive substitute for words.

"He is welcome, Angelo. Sala, move thy great bulk and make room for him. Does he speak other than the English tongue?"

"I think not, Signor. Beyond a little Latin, necessary to his trade, and his own English, he is dumb. He is a bookseller and has his own business, and he also sells odds and ends and occasionally employs an author of little or no account. But your English is a match for his, Signor," Angelo finished generously. Then he turned to John, who was showing a little impatience. "Master Steele, the Signor Balsamo is a gentleman of Genoa and my friend. Listen well to any question he may put to you, and for your courtesy you will earn the best that is in Angelo's—yes?"

"'Tis easy to listen, Signor," John replied as he sat beside the Nubian; "but 'tis not always easy to answer. The Signor Balsamo may command me an' I will do my best. An under-done fillet, Angelo, an' a sack posset, as usual. The quality I leave to you."

"And I have a white sauce for the fillet, the like of which does not exist in London. The oyster and fine-shredded lobster are but two of the ingredients, Master Steele. Yes; only a few do I favor with it," said Angelo. He turned and waddled away, brandishing his knife and calling loudly to the presiding genius at the grids.

"Sir," said Balsamo, quite winning John by his gentle manner, "you heard our worthy host? But perhaps you do not care to listen?"

"I am all attention, Signor," John assured him.

"My thanks to you. Angelo is a cheerful babbler, yet a worthy man and considerate. He spoke of a quest. Yes, it is that, Master Steele. For many months have I and my two friends here searched with patience and diligence."

"Who do you seek, Signor Balsamo?"

"A woman," was the soft reply. "And my efforts have been unavailing. I can find no trace of her. She might be dead—though God in His mercy forbid. She has vanished utterly."

"A woman? Perhaps the Signor's sister?" John's curiosity was aroused. He looked from one to the other.

Balsamo shook his head. The Nubian sat motionless, his bowl pushed aside, and his huge, muscular arms folded and resting on the table before him. The third man, a thick-set, bald-headed, powerful fellow, with deep little eyes and a bulbous nose, continued to eat his food.

"My friends cannot speak English," said Balsamo, noting John's inquiring look. "No, the woman is not my sister. Know you, by any chance, the Earl of Castletown?"

John laughed long and heartily, and then, seeing the blank, weary look in the eyes of his interrogator, quickly apologised.

"Your pardon, Signor; but I fear you imagine I move in exalted quarters. I know an earl? Not I, not I. I have heard of him—who has not? But I have no dealings with the nobility, and they none with me."

"Ah, I understand. You are of the people, of course. I but ventured the question."

And for some reason obscure to John the little man in black assumed a distant manner that was noticeably cold.

"Would you care to describe her to me, Signor? Perhaps I have seen her," he said hastily, not wishing to wound the strange man, for he had observed sorrow behind the hauteur of the lined, twitching face.

"I fear any description of mine would not do my friend justice," was the quiet rejoinder. "And, furthermore, Master Steele, it is unlikely that you have seen her." He then spoke to his companions. "Giralamo, Sala! Let us depart from this place."

John rose and stood aside to allow them to step from the stall. He was conscious of a rebuke, and his merry spirits were somewhat dampened in consequence.

"Signor, if I have offended—" he began humbly. He now saw that he had hurt the man in black.

But beyond a slight bow he was vouchsafed no reply. Supported by the strong arms of his friends, the cripple in black limped from the ale-house into the street, leaving both John and Signor Angelo gaping after him.

"Giralamo," sighed Balsamo as the three walked slowly through the inquisitive crowd towards Lombard Street, "I am again unnerved and distraught. I could not endure the laughter of the Englishman. It was so natural, so free from care, so full of the confident scorn of virile manhood, innocent laughter, perhaps; but how cruel! When he laughed I could have wept. Laugh, . . . and in what condition is she? What support, what comfort has she? There are times when I dare not think. To the ship, Giralamo, to the ship. We will not again go to the house of the Dutch painter, for my picture is finished. I am strangely at peace on the water."

THE personality of the cripple in black had powerfully impressed itself on John's mind, and as he walked towards the Conduit he thought much upon the man and his odd companions. However, even the strong impression faded and was at last dispelled by sounds and scenes around him.

John Steele's lips were smiling, his heart rejoicing and his clean, manly spirit embracing the influences of the season and the day as he mingled with the crowds in West Cheap. Gone was the grey, numbing winter, and gone the gloom of martial rule.

Before he reached the Conduit he decided to retrace his steps and dispense with his heavy cloak. So he crossed the road again and walked westward.

It was but a few minutes' walk to the Sign of the Book and Key, and John covered the distance as rapidly as crowded West Cheap and Paternoster Row would permit. As he emerged from his shop, he saw Vargo the whisperer beckoning him. The old man was entertaining happy children with stories of birds and by showing his fluttering captives to their wondering, youthful eyes. The din in the shop was ear-splitting.

Vargo had difficulty in making himself heard. He drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to John.

"You are going to see the King?" he blazed, smiling and patting John on the shoulder in a paternal manner. "Would you give this to Mistress Sissmins in Paul's Walk? Ah, thank ye, Master Steele. 'Tis considerate of ye."

"I will deliver it for ye, Vargo," John replied. "But what like is this Mistress Sissmins?"

Vargo chuckled, and spluttered, and blazed.



"ANNE SISSMINS be no beauty, Master John—nay, not now. She be an old crony now, and keeps the provision-stall in the west end of Paul's Walk. Ye'll find it just in from the portico on the west front of the lane. An old friend of mine be Anne Sissmins, but no beauty, Master Steele—huh! *hs-s-s-s-a!*"

Vargo's laugh was a dreadful hissing cackling. But the old man quickly restrained his mirth, possibly considering it unseemly in one so deeply religious as himself. He continued his conversation. "Anne and me was sweethearts long years ago. Time be cruel to women. Ye'll know Anne. I be greatly favored. Thank ye, and Heaven's blessing go with ye."

John had gone but a few paces when he felt a touch on his shoulder. He turned, to see Vargo standing before him with anxiety in his queer old eyes. He was trembling and his white hair shook.

"Ye'll not forget to give Anne that letter, Master Steele?" He whispered hoarsely. "Ye'll not forget it, or lose it?"

"That I'll not," John emphatically assured him, wondering at the old man's concern. "I'll give it to her in but a few minutes. Have no fear for the letter, Master Vargo."

And Vargo turned and shuffled back to his birds.

John laughed and continued on his way. He turned into Paul's Alley and strode along until he came to the north-west corner of St. Paul's Cathedral. The crowd was very dense. St. Paul's churchyard was thronged.

John Steele shouldered his way through the crowd and ascended the steps of the portico. He was hailed by strangers; offered food and drink by persons unknown to him; caught, held, and even kissed, by gay, hysterical women whom, for the moment, he charmed to please. His blushes and his shy reception of these unlooked-for favors brought forth ripples of laughter that followed him across the portico into the comparative gloom of Paul's Walk. The nave was alive with people. Had some fabled giant of Olympus at that moment lifted the roof from the great cathedral the scene below would, to his eyes, have resembled a disturbed ants' nest packed with restless creatures.

John had no difficulty in recognising Anne Sissmins. The old woman was bent and wizened and grey. To John's eyes she did not appear over-clean, but this did not prevent her from doing a lively and profitable trade. There was a small crowd at her stall, and he pressed forward until he rubbed shoulders with an exquisite who, apparently, was not altogether pleased with the shrewd questions being asked by the old dame.

"Why am I not with Charles?" he was saying in reply. "Why, rot me, m'dear, I thought all London knew. Ah, wise Ann, have you so soon forgotten the words poor Strafford echoed? He said: 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation.' 'Tis true, my withered Ann! 'Tis lamentably true, m'dear. We quarrelled, Rowley and I. I have been here some weeks, unconsciously dreary weeks, for the lady over whom we split, remained over the water. What chance has a mere earl? Misfortune dogs me!"

"You mean the foreign one—" muttered Annie as she employed eyes, hands and tongue.

"Nay, m'dear; 'twas another. But the foreign one also hounds me. She is shrewd and quick, and by this has learned enough of the tongue to be importunate and dangerous. I cannot lose her. But by this her resources must be at an end and so must she. A pretty jade, but tiresome. Still," here he whispered softly, "there's always Vargo. Faugh! Such constancy in a woman is unique."

The elegant speaker kept flicking imaginary specks of dust with a dainty kerchief of Mechlin lace. He quite ignored those adjacent, and gave the impression of aloofness, of being one apart from the vulgar crowd about him. He was distant and magnificently superior in a deliberately offensive manner.

"Constancy, m'ud?" old Annie shrieked with laughter.

"Hate, then, old witch! Aye, she hates me now, the little fool, as though I were to blame. 'Sish! 'Tis true I lied to her, but what of that. A woman expects naught else, and what man is there that doesn't lie to a pretty woman? Sink me! They like it. But enough of this idle chatter. Has the letter from Vargo—"

It was John who interrupted. Tired of listening to all this vain, rapid and nauseous talk, he turned impatiently to deliver Vargo's letter, and, in so doing, inadvertently trod heavily upon the white velvet shoe of the splendidly dressed gallant beside him.

Events then moved so quickly that for a time he had only a blurred impression of them. He found himself looking into the furious face of the haughty dandy, a face that was bold, handsome and fearless, but marked with loose living, arrogance, intolerance, and cruelty. Then a hand gripped him by the throat and attempted to shake him as a terrier shakes a rat. But John was anything but a rat, and he struck the hand from him with such force that the haughty one was sent reeling against Mother Sissmins' stall. The provisions shivered under the impact, and, to the intense delight of the onlookers, a large jar of pickled gherkins emptied its vinegary contents upon the costly habiliments of the nobleman. His plumed hat, doublet of wine-colored brocade, blue satin breeches and hose were splashed and saturated. Anne Sissmins gave a shrill cry of rage and terror. Her horrible hands became crooked like the talons of Vargo's eagle and her staring eyes glared with malice. But with the others it was different.

A shriek of merriment arose. Loud, boisterous laughter rang out on all sides. The crowd pressed itself into the form of a ring, and, after the manner of crowds, gave advice to the principals in certain facetious and unmistakable terms.

"A brawl! A brawl!" rang the quick, clated cry. Men shouted at the two in the swaying ring and at each other. Already wagers were placed as to the outcome of this affair. Women screamed with excitement and a delighted blood lust, and their scathing witticisms and caustic comments were such that John's ears burned with shame.

"Who is the fellow?" someone plaintively inquired.

"Which one? The lout or the Earl of Castlehaven?" At which there was more laughter.

The crowd drew in its collective breath and gasped when Castlehaven drew his sword. He was almost choking with fury, and had not yet regained his aristocratic poise. The mob stared expectant, wondering what would be the fate of one who dared to strike an earl and then drench his clothes with pickle. No doubt many of them expected to see John shiver and vanish before their eyes.

John looked about him. He was unarmed and the crowd was manifestly against him. It would amuse them to see his lordship do a little neat sword-play; a little prick of the blade, a little blood, and then a humbled man on his knees, craving pardon. John addressed himself quickly to his adversary:

"I gather, from what has been said, that ye be of noble blood," he said quietly, his voice steady, his body erect and poised.

"What then, sirrah?" snapped his lordship, flexing the plant blade with trembling, impatient fingers. Never before had he been so humiliated before the eyes of the public.

"This! That England's noble blood must have turned as sour as the pickle dripping from you when such as ye, my lord, draw upon one unarmed and defenceless. I can face the steel, but 'tis a cowardly advantage ye take. But if ye persist, my lord, let us step before the high altar yonder, and there ye can add another witness to your chivalry."

For a moment there was an amazed silence. The crowd was momentarily stunned by John's words. Then came a sound like a sigh, and then a roar of approbation from the fickle mob. Here was courage!

"Sdeath!" breathed the Earl. He was quite taken aback by such cool effrontery. But he saw that John's daring words had found favor with the crowd, and, although the aristocracy, even at this period, was a highly-privileged class, there were limits beyond which no aristocrat might step with impunity.

"The lad be right!"

"'Twould be plain murder!"

"Let be, m'lud, let be!"

"'Twon't do, your lordship!"

"Put up your steel—tyrant!"

So came the buzzing chorus. The ring began suddenly to narrow, and Castlehaven saw the movement. Affecting nonchalance, he sheathed his sword. None but a fool would provoke this rabble, and his revenge would keep and be all the sweeter. His voice was cold and venomous as he addressed John.

"The action was involuntary," he sneered. "You are mistaken to think I would soil my blade on you. 'Sdash, fellow! 'Tis a good sword and has tasted richer blood than any you boast. But I demand an apology."

"It is your due, my lord," John's tone was as icy as the Earl's. "Had ye been reasonable, I might have apologised ere this—for treading on your foot, that is—"

"Reasonable! Split me! What darnable insolence!" was his lordship's acrid comment.

"My lord, I apologise," said John. "An' I trust the vinegar an' gherkins have not ruined your doublet and shirt—"

Castlehaven winced.

"Faugh! You are an ill-bred fool!" he snarled. He glared at John and then turned away. The look was fierce and vindictive, and John knew he had made a powerful and implacable enemy. The Earl quickly vanished.

John stood breathing deeply, quite aware that only his wits had saved him from serious injury, perhaps even death, for life was cheap to unscrupulous profligates such as the Earl of Castlehaven and his notorious associates. When he recovered his breath and normal composure he handed the letter to the old woman.

"From Master Vargo to ye, Mistress Sissamina," he said. "An' I will pay for the gherkins."

"From Vargo? From dear Vargo?" the crone cackled in a shrill, high-pitched voice. The expression on her sullen, lowering face changed instantly. She snatched the missive and hid it away. "'Tis good of ye, young man, and to be sure that dear Vargo must trust ye. A pie, now, for your trouble! Nay, nay! Do not refuse old Annie. There be no answer to the letter. And to think ye had it all the time. Lud! If the Earl had killed ye—but, there, he didn't. Come and see me again, sir. I like the look of ye. I like your courage, but better still, Annie likes them blue, laughing eyes. 'Twas them as maddened m'lud more than the pickle. But away with ye now, for I cannot tarry."

ON a dilapidated couch in a small, depressing garret beneath the roof of a third-story gable lay a woman whose pallor, bright, feverish, dark eyes and disordered mass of red-gold hair told a tale of suffering, of hunger, and of miserable condition.

Bitter and hot were the tears that stained the face of Marie Pleyel as she lay in the high, dark garret that overlooked Royal Whitehall. Memories! Down the months as she had stepped as one steps down from the light of day to the cold gloom of a cellar, fighting, struggling, rebelling, but at last surrendering to the numbing hell of abandonment. To think of the past tortured her. Rien! Balsamo! A life taken; a love broken. Vanity, ambition, madness! To think of the future was impossible, for she could not think beyond death without crying aloud with the fear that gripped her heart. What terrible irony! The Countess of Castlehaven! Yes; by peeping through the little window she could see the Royal palace, where the countess, some day, would curtsy before her King. What visions from a garret! What vain remorse!

In the midst of her sobbing she burst into wild, hysterical laughter and sprang from the couch of rags. How those ascend-

ing footsteps reminded her of the limping footsteps of a cripple! Ah, poor cripple! She could now understand a little of the torment that must have been his.

The broken door shivered under a thunderous knocking.

"Come in," she called weakly. "I am here."

It was a woman who entered. Such a woman! She was fully six feet tall, and her proportions were huge. Her round, red face was heavy-featured and sullen, and the lips and chin were sprinkled with short, stiff, black hairs. In her ample, gaudy clothes she looked a terrifying ogre, a feminine monster of destruction. The look she directed at Marie was evil and threatening.

"The money?" She seemed to spit the words from her coarse, thick lips.

Marie shook her head.

"No money," she sighed. "No; no money."

"Out with ye, then, ye useless baggage! An' were it not that I should be whipped I would tear the clothes from your back. Get out an' go see the King! Go see the fine ladies an' gentlemen that still crowd the balconies."

"I've fed ye, given ye bed an' shelter; I've . . . Out, ye red-headed mule! To think of my kindness an' ye will not repay. Out, out!" shrieked the infuriated female.

In the transports of her vindictive fury, the huge woman snatched up a cracked pitcher, the only piece of crockery in the garret, and hurled it at Marie. It shattered to pieces on the post beside her, and the shock of the impact gave strength to her weak frame, so that she rushed down the spilt, creaking stairs like one possessed.

Down she went, and down.

"Kindness . . . repay!" she sobbed as she ran. "Ah, good heaven. Kindness . . . repay!"

Her hands were over her ears, for a far-away, mocking voice seemed to echo in them. "Ah, m'dear, m'pretty dear," it said. "What title have you to sympathy? Eh, m'dear?"

Madly she broke through and away from the outstretched, grasping hands of the jovial company in the large room that was on a level with the street. She raced along the low, narrow, plastered passage.

She stumbled on, looking neither to left nor right. She had no destination and no thought. She just blundered on through the quizzing, impertinent crowd until her halting progress was terminated by bumping violently into a tall man dressed in brown and black. She collapsed on to the stones of the street, dimly conscious of a pair of laughing, blue eyes that twinkled with the humor of this sudden incident. But the laughter changed to seriousness when he saw that the woman who grovelled at his feet was spent and a pitiful object of weakness and despair. "Please . . . to help," she whispered, her lips, her hands, her whole body quivering with this last effort and appeal. "Ah, help . . . or I die."

John Steele looked about him in momentary bewilderment. Then, without further hesitation, he bent and lifted the prostrate woman in his arms and strode through the crowd.

He gave one swift glance at the woman he carried.

"A woman of France," he thought as he went along, "an' ill at that. What, in Heaven's name, am I to do with her? Who may she be? An' I be a judge, which I'm

not, her clothes be of good stuff, though ill used. An' see the looks of merriment on all sides. In truth, I must look a sad fool. What am I to do with a woman? Naught do I know of the sex save they be strange, tricky creatures. 'Tis darrable!

Beyond Temple Bar in Fleet Street stood an apothecary's shop. The sign was a welcome sight to John's troubled eyes. The shop would afford refuge from the stares and sharp comments of those that followed. The place was yet a little distance away, and he increased his pace. He was angry with himself, with the unknown woman he carried, and with the giggling, jeering, jostling throng that encompassed him. It was a ridiculous situation. But he did not dream of abandoning the woman who had appealed to him. He was not like that, and he was determined to do what he could for her. His head was high as he walked along. But he sighed with relief when at last he entered the shop and placed his unconscious burden on the oak counter opposite the counter.

The cheerful apothecary was a ferret-eyed, hand-rubbing, under-rated person dressed in tight-fitting black doublet and breeches. He merely increased John's responsibility. His examination of Marie was short and quick. He had seen many like her. He beamed at John over the top of his large, steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Her condition is not uncommon," he piped.

"Not—not the plague?" stammered John. When a boy he had seen a man stricken with the disease that ever lurked in the dirty, teeming streets. He did not like the red spots that burned in the woman's cheeks.

"No," said the apothecary, with a laugh at the other's trepidation. "She is starving! The woman is exhausted. That is all."

"All! Starving!" echoed John, gazing at Marie's white face and still form. "Starving, did ye say? Surely it cannot be that?"

"Yes, it is that. Feed her and she will soon recover."

"But—but—I do not know the woman. I found her in the street. She is a stranger."

"Ah, but I cannot attend to her, good sir," said the man gently but very firmly. "They are mostly found in the streets. And I cannot advise you. But if she does not receive food and care for a little time, then assuredly she will die. I am very sorry, very regretful, but..."

The pause was significant, and John saw that for the present the woman's very life depended upon his charity.

"I thank ye," he said shortly, and paid the man.

"To bring her to her senses a stimulant is helpful. Light food and a warm bed are essential, for she has starved long and gradually. Good day, good sir."

"Good day," grunted John, swinging out of the shop with Marie again in his arms.

In the crowded street he paused and looked down at the pallid face close to his shoulder. A frown of perplexity and annoyance creased his brow.

He groaned at his bad luck and hailed the driver of a covered market-cart that was creaking slowly along.

"For a shilling, will ye take us to Paternoster Row?" he inquired anxiously.

"Aye," drawled the man, staring owlishly at Marie. "I will that. 'Tis a hard day's pay, be a shillin' good master. Be she terrible sick?"

"No, not sick. She has swooned," John hastened to assure him.

"O! aye, good master. Throw 'er in wi'

they cabbages, good aurr. They won't be 'urt none. I be goin' to Cheap, anyway. Up 'ere wi' me."

John did as he was directed, and the vegetable cart rumbled along through the happy crowds and gaily decorated streets towards Paternoster Row, carrying a stolid driver in soil-stained smock and tattered straw hat; a worried man whose chin was on his hand and whose steeple-crowned hat was cocked to one side; and an unconscious woman clad in soiled silks and satins lying on a bed of large green cabbages. Dreams and reality; brocade and cabbages. What bitter irony; what merciless mockery.

When the cart stopped in front of his shop John was very glad to pay the man his promised shilling and dismiss him. But his services if not his advice were worth the coin. Across the street Vargo was busy carrying his birds within doors for the night. John hailed him:

"Master Vargo! An ye will favor me a step across."



V

ARGO hesitated. Then he came, walking slowly. He paused by John's side.

"Why, Master Steele?" he exclaimed in his queer voice. "What be this?"

"A woman," said John unnecessarily. "I found her in a street hard by Charing Cross. She be in need of food an' care."

Vargo bent his tall form and stared at Marie. His black eyes narrowed to slits and his lips became set. Then he slowly straightened and smiled.

"Ye be very considerate, Master Steele," he said. "But tell Vargo how ye met that woman."

John quite missed the significant manner in which the sibilant words were spoken, and failed to notice the strange glare that lighted the old man's eyes as he stared at Marie.

"It matters not! I merely found her in this pitiable condition. Harken to me, good Vargo! Ye know good folk. Can ye send me a woman to care for this sufferer?"

"I don't—"

"Ye must!" John interrupted with emphasis. "Ye can readily see I can do naught for her. I promised to help the woman, but I cannot—I—that be to say—oh, but ye must know someone."

"Ye will not send her to the parish?"

"That I will not," said John gruffly. "I will do this thing myself. The parish! They'd kill the poor creature. The parish! Heaven forbid! 'Twould be the end of her."

"Kill the wench... yes, yes, Master Steele. I see what ye mean. There be a plague of paupers in the city. Vargo will see what he can do. Ye are a thoughtful kindly man, ye be, and Vargo will help ye. A woman, now. A nurse woman. Of course, Varg knows of a woman. Just the one, Master Steele. A kind, gentle, loving creature is she—humpf! Yes, she be! I'll send her to ye."

When Vargo finished hissing and spluttering, John thanked him. The old man walked back to his shop deep in thought. This thing was amazing. The very letter this man had carried to Annie Stasmina concerned this very woman. The promised money could still be grasped. Vargo was so engrossed that when he left his

shop he forgot the remainder of the birds on the pavement.

John unlocked the door of his shop and hurriedly entered. He passed through the tiny living-room, ascended the stairs, and then kicked open the door of his room. With a sigh of relief he placed Marie on the bed. For a moment he stood undecided as to his next course of action. Then, after arranging the pillows under her head and removing her shoes, he raced downstairs to where a small sideboard stood under the slanting staircase.

From a drawer he took a spoon and a bottle of dark French brandy. He regarded the cognac and the spoon dubiously.

"'Twould be better, maybe, if I put the bottle to her lips. I doubt not she'll need a considerable sup," he said to himself.

This he did with complete success. The fiery cognac nearly choked Marie, and set her coughing and gasping. He retreated in dismay when her eyes opened, and rested upon him. He stood with the bottle in one hand and the spoon in the other, looking like one on the point of flight.

"Thank... I thank," Marie whispered. "Oh, so kind, so kind."

"'Tis naught, 'tis naught," John mumbled hurriedly. "Are ye better? Could ye eat a pie—"

"Eat...?" Marie struggled to rise. Her voice was eager and shrill.

John rushed to her, in alarm and gently forced her back on the bed. He did not like the wild, ravenous look in her dark eyes.

"Well, ye cannot have it," he said sternly. "But lie still there, an' I'll get ye something else. Ye be very weak an' must be fed like a sick child. Nay, nay! Ye've shed enough tears. Still... I don't know... maybe 'twill ease ye to blubber. 'Tis a womanish habit, I'm told. Rest quiet, whilst I prepare a posset for ye. 'Twill do to start on, maybe."

Marie said something in reply, but John could not catch the words.

F

OR the first time in his life John did not give his whole attention to business. His first waking thought when rising from the makeshift bed in the living-room at the rear of the shop was of the woman above him. His last thoughts at night were of her. There were two women in his room, but as far as he was concerned, the nurse with the inscrutable eyes and the grim mouth might not have existed. He was grateful enough, and polite enough to this tall, silent woman whom Vargo had sent to him, and he saw that she had what she required. But beyond that, his interest in her was completely overshadowed by his interest in the patient with the wonderful hair and the still more marvellous eyes—eyes that during the first few days would hold him with the challenge, the fear, the wonder in them, and then would suddenly droop and become wistful, introspective. A week had passed since she entered his house, and she was rapidly gaining health and strength. Beside, he could no longer afford to pay the nurse.

The woman's curt advice when he paid her astonished him. So did the look she gave him from the hard, grey eyes that were shaded by her hood.

"Watch her, Master Steele," she said, her voice cold and incisive. "Guard her closely and do not let her go forth to wander and starve again. For a time none but you can protect her."

None but he?

"But I cannot keep a woman here," he protested. "She must go. 'Twon't do, mistress. A woman here . . . an' me. 'Tis impossible, ye can see!"

"Master Steele, she must not go! Go up to her. You will find her dressed and seated by the window. 'Tis fortunate she is to be alive."

And with that last cryptic remark the woman turned abruptly on her heel and left him to stare after her. Her words kept ringing in his mind. None but he? Why none but he?

"But this be—this be—humph!" he breathed softly to himself.

He mounted gingerly to the top of the stairs. She was singing. He bent forward to listen. How sweet was her voice, how pretty the song. He did not understand the words of the song, but the manner in which she lifted melody was sing brought a smile to his lips and a gleam to his eyes. He did not know she could sing like that. The song ceased and he knocked gently on the door. There was no reply, but he heard a chair move. He knocked again.

"The door—it is not lock," he was informed. He liked the quaint, foreign way she spoke her simple English.

He entered the room and then stood very still. Impulsively he spoke aloud the thought that was dominant in his mind.

"You be very beautiful," he said. "An' I don't e'en know your name." And then, as though suddenly aware of her regard, and that his blunt, clumsy compliment might be thought rude and offensive, his manner became awkward and maladroit.

She stood brushing her hair by the window, and the long tresses shone in the sunlight. She threw part of it over her shoulder when he spoke, and into her dark eyes there crept an alert look.

"Ah, yes," she said slowly. "I know." John thought she spoke bitterly, but perhaps it was just the effect of her peculiar accent.

"I heard you sing . . ." he said, for want of something better to say.

"My mother, long ago—ah, so long ago—sing it to me. I forget my mother—but I ne forget the song. I—life was different."

John did not speak, and after a little while Marie again spoke to him.

"My name—it is Marie," she vouchsafed, and began to plait her hair. "The woman? She is gone?"

"Yes," said John, "she be. Marie . . . ? 'Tis a pretty name, an' I may say it?"

She nodded and directed a quick, side-long glance at him. How simple he was, how transparent, a man without a guile.

"Then I go, too," she sighed. "So kind are you. My life to you I owe . . . so kind."

A pretty trick she had of glancing up from under the dark screen of her lashes.

"Go? Who said anything about going?" demanded John gruffly. Then he frowned at his foolish, feeble chivalry.

"You are good. I not know your name, it is—"

"It be John Steele," he replied, more gruffly than before.

"John . . . ?"

"Yes; John Steele."

"I call you John?" she said, showing a glimpse of white teeth as she smiled slightly.

"I like John. You not want me to go?"

"I—well, I—I do not! Stay until your own be found, or till they find you. I don't mind," he hastily replied. He was furious with himself. This was not at all what he wanted to say.

"Ah, John, Marie have no—no place—"

"Ye mean ye have no home?" he asked quickly.

"No—yes."

"No people?"

"Peeble? Peeble . . . ? I not know peeble."

John laughed in spite of himself.

"Relations, then? Your mother, your father, your . . . husband. Are ye married?"

"Married?" she echoed harshly. Her tone jarred upon his ears. He looked at her in astonishment when she rose and walked to the window. For a little while she would not face him.

"Have I offended ye?" he asked contritely.

"Ah, no."

"Well, then, are ye?" he insisted.

"No," was the curt reply. "I not marry. I never . . . do that."

"Humph! Well, maybe not. 'Tis uncertain, I agree. But for why did ye turn away from me?"

She seemed about to reply, but came again to his side instead. John remained silent until she spoke.

"Marie is ver' lonely, John—a ver' lonely, lost woman—"



"TIS a shame on me to start ye weeping. 'Tis a shame for such pretty eyes—for ye to be so distressed. Faugh! I be disgusted at myself—a thorough blockhead an' no hand with a woman. But I vow I meant well towards ye—"

"My name, it is Marie," she encouraged him, softly.

"I did not mean to be cruel to ye, Mistress Marie," he finished somewhat lamely. "Cruel? You, John? No, no! You are so kind, not cruel, never cruel. I stay."

John breathed heavily.

"I suppose ye'd better—for a while—till I find trace of your people—"

"Oh! But so good!" she cried happily. Then quick consternation showed in her voice and expression. "John . . . but your good wife? Mad, angry, she might be—"

"Wife? Pah! Mistress Marie—your're crazy!" he said, laughing loudly and turning red.

"No wife?" she insisted, watching him closely.

"My blood! No!" was the emphatic reply.

"Then you ver' lonely, too?" she inquired naively.

He was not insensible of the ingenuous manner, the artlessness of this strange beautiful woman, but he found that he was not displeased.

"It be very strange, Mistress Marie," he said, "but it seems I've known ye a long time, an' yet 'tis but a week since I found ye at Charing. D'ye know . . . ye've got the most fascinating eyes I've ever seen in a woman? Well, ye have, in all truth. But this is surely foolish lovers' talk, an' I don't love ye—that is, I don't . . . I do wish ye wouldn't look at me like that!" he finished, in confusion.

She did not laugh at him. But her voice was low and vibrant when she replied:

"I not help it, John. I just look . . . like that, John."

"Aye, that be just it," he muttered. Then he said: "Ye have never told me about yourself. I found ye running like one crazed—or pursued. Why was that, Mistress

Marie? Why did ye run like that? How came ye to speak English? Who taught ye that?"

For a little space she was silent.

"Ah, John," she said at last. "It is terrible. I do not remember about it—not one thing but you. You look down at Marie—she look up and say, 'Please to help.'"

"'Tis devilish queer to me," said he, looking at her in wonder.

"Yes," she replied, softly. "I ver' ill."

"But ye were running away from something. How came ye to be in London? You're a foreign woman—twas a crazy language ye babbled a while back—an' ye must have crossed the water. Can ye not remember anything?"

She shuddered. Then she sighed.

"Ah, no. A black nothing it is. But you tell me—"

"I trust ye're watching closely what I do an' whence I get things?" he interrupted, drawing her attention to the wide hearth and the sideboard.

"I watch," she assured him. You tell Marie how you find her—yes?"

"Twas most simple," he replied, slicing thick rounds off the yard-long roll of bread. "I'd been to see the King. A wonderful day it was. Did ye see him?"

"No."

"Humph! Well, that day, for me, was naught but a series of strange adventures. 'Twas amazing. I began by having my breakfast spoiled by a foreign cripple in Angelo's ale-house—not the ordinary ale-house, 'tis different. He was from Genoa, if I rightly remember . . . what now? Be ye ill again? Ye look ghastly all at once."

"No . . . John! My head it is . . . oh, it is . . ." she quavered. Her thoughts terrified her. Balsamo in London. He was seeking her. How dreadful would be his vengeance.

"Dimzy, be it?" John's voice was sympathetic.

"Yes—it is dimzy. But it will go 'way," she gasped.

"Mistress Marie, ye look like ye're scared out of your wits. Don't stare so wildly. There be naught—"

"It is nothing!" she cried a little hysterically. "You tell me more."

"Ye look a bit feverish to me—"

"No, foolish man! Tell me, tell me, John," she pleaded.

"Well, then: the cripple asked me had I seen a woman. He be searching for one, but he took a dislike to me before he told what she was like to look at: Then Master Vargo—the lean old fellow across the street—gave me a letter to carry to an old dame in Paul's Walk—can ye follow me? D'ye understand what I say? Right, then. Whilst there I nearly had my ribs split with steel. A haughty dog—Castlehaven be his name—"

"Castlehaven—" Marie caught her breath quickly and fell back in the chair. She stared before her with blazing eyes.

"Can it be ye know him?" John was amazed.

"Ah, no, no, no! I but say the name. How could Marie know?" she denied swiftly and vehemently.

"Of course ye couldn't. He be an earl. 'Tis impossible for ye to know him. Well, twas he. We had a difference, an' I liked not the look he gave me at its conclusion. Then I pushed through the crowd till I got down past the cross in Charing. 'Twas as far as I could go, so dense was the crowd lining the Royal route. For hours I stood waitin' and watching for the King. But he was late, having been delayed by the army, and by the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London at Blackheath. There, 'twas said, the King was feasted in a great marquee, an' that the road, e'en from

Rochester to the city, was like a great fair with booths and stalls, and tents, and gay colors, and people dancing and singing and drinking. Aye, but how the crowd in the city howled and cheered for joy; how both men and women wept and blessed God; an' how His Majesty did graciously smile an' doff his plumed hat in response to the thunderous salutations of the throng. 'Twas a strange, marvellous sight, though; the son cheered madly by the very people—well, there'd be many of them there—that severed his father's head from his shoulders. Come now, Are you not hungry, Mistress Marie?

"No, John, I not hungry," she replied slowly. "I ver interested to listen."

"But, Mistress Marie, ye must eat. Look before ye! There be honey, an' cold beef, an' rich, tasty fat from the roasted meat. I'll toast ye some bread, an' it please ye. Will it not tempt ye?" John looked disappointed. "Ye can use my knife and fork till I get another. . . . Oh, Lord! She be weeping again! Now, what be the bother this time?"

"Oh, John—Marie plead, she pray not let her go!" she cried brokenly, gratitude and fear and horror all possessing her mind. "See . . . John! On her knees Marie plead—"

"Get ye up, girl! Up, I say, for ye must not kneel to me or any man!" he protested hastily. In a stride he was beside her, and then he gently lifted her back on to the chair. "Ye must command yourself, Mistress Marie. There be naught to fear—for ye do fear, I plainly see—as I would not send ye forth unprotected an' to perish. Here shall ye stay till your own claim ye. More I cannot do, an' even so, I chance a whipping at the earl's fall—but that troubles me little, though 'tis not pleasant."

"A whipping . . . ?" Marie was startled. "We be not married—be we?"

"You ver good to me, John. Ver kind to a lost stranger woman," she whispered. The low tone was charged with sincerity. "Pshaw!" snorted John. He looked and felt uneasy and embarrassed. "Tis naught. Will ye eat now?"

"Yes," she said.

UPON the high poop of the merchant's ship, about the hour of nine on the last night of July, Balsamo and Panizzi stood talking.

"Castlehaven," said Balsamo, "will be greatly astonished to see us. That grim night, far away back in the sad months, now seems a part of another life. I have good news, Girolamo, that for which I have so patiently waited and planned has been granted. I am commanded to Whitehall. The English King has at last consented to an audience with the wealthy foreign cripple. So great is the power of my wealth that it has purchased for me a private conversation with this amiable monarch, this Charles, who already demands more and more money to satisfy his pleasure. If he will lend a favorable ear to my plea, my plan, then money shall be have for a time in abundance. I cannot fight Castlehaven with steel, but I can repay his treachery with gold, and in a manner not to his liking."

"But, Guiseppe, you cannot thus buy a king," Panizzi demurred.

"Nay, Girolamo; but I can buy others to whom the King eagerly listens."

"Shall you go alone, Guiseppe?"

"You and the Nubian will accompany me. I alone, of course, shall speak with the King. But I am now so enfeebled that I dare not trust myself to venture forth without you. I owe you much, Girolamo. You have been both patient with a vengeful man and faithful to a friend. It is not

forgotten. At the hour of eleven a mask ball is to be held at Whitehall. At midnight I will talk with Charles."

"Do you expect Castlehaven to be there?"

"No; for this night he is to be married."

"Married?" Panizzi was startled. "Castlehaven to be married?"

"I shall be present at the ceremony. I doubt not he will be very much astonished. Vargo keeps me well informed."

"Yet he cannot find Marie?"

"Alas, no. But he says he is confident that before long he will have word of her. An enigma is he, and, like myself, he has suffered. But to continue: the Earl is marrying contrary to the King's wishes. The woman is of good, but not noble birth, and is wealthy. Therein lies the reason for his lordship's devotion. I intend witnessing this marriage before proceeding to the palace. It will be an item of interest to the King."

"Then you were aware of this for some time past?"

"Yes; and I have prepared accordingly. We leave the ship within the hour. Acquaint Sala."

"Now for to-night. Five men will accompany us. See that all are armed, for, apart from the Earl and his blood-letting friends, there are murderous bands raking the black streets wherein the leaning gables nod and whisper to each other."

Panizzi descended the steps that led from the poop. His reply came floating up:

"I will see to it, Guiseppe. Is he to be married in a church?"

"He is too clever for that. He is taking the woman to the house of Vargo the whisperer. After the marriage they will go to Oxford, where the Earl expects to spend the woman's money. A clever one is he. But his time will come."

"Guiseppe, why do you wait? Why not kill this dog and let us begone?" Panizzi asked. "Why allow him to break another heart and ruin another life?"

"She desires him purely for the social advancement he can offer her. He wants her money. Both are selfish and determined. Then there is Marie. Have you forgotten that my love means more to me than my hate? I fear I am not like the Roman of old. When I find her then will I strike. You know what awaits him."

"I am impatient to see it," Panizzi replied. "I crave to watch the final exhibition of his lordship's swordsmanship. Ah, what a sight it will be!"

ALONE upon the poop, Balsamo paced to and fro. He was dressed in his customary manner, and he looked a bent, grotesque figure as he limped tirelessly across the poop. The heavy, silver ferrule of his ebony stick tapped the planks as he walked.

Time passed swiftly in meditation. The merchant's eyes saw not the beauty of the night. To him London Bridge, with its fantastic houses, its barbarous relics of civilised justice, its strolling lovers, and its laughter and tears, was merely a blurred shadow in the distance. Panizzi's voice roused him.

"All is in readiness, Guiseppe."

Sala joined them on the deck. The Nubian was as majestic and barbaric as ever, in head and loin-clothes of red and purple silk. He carried the merchant down the quivering ladder and placed him on the cushions under the canopy that covered the stern of the boat. Then he bent forward and sat on the prow, for he liked to watch the water coming towards him.

"To Blackfriars Stairs, Girolamo," said Balsamo. "As it is between tides, we can

safely pass under the bridge without fear of danger or a wetting. There is one I would speak with before proceeding to Vargo's house—"

"A woman, Guiseppe?" inquired the inquisitive Panizzi.

"Yes."

"A beautiful woman, Guiseppe?"

"Yes."

"By the Mass, I cannot understand you at times, Guiseppe."

"Do not try—at times, my friend. The river is busy to-night."

THE boat shot away from the ship's side and pulled towards London Bridge.

They passed many vessels before they came to the stirrings, the huge, barge-shaped foundations that rose above the water and supported the massive stone piers and arches of London Bridge. The wooden, picturesque, gabled houses that stretched the length of the bridge, all of them rising to three stories or thereabouts, showed lights here and there at the windows that overlooked the flowing river.

The gap under the drawbridge of Nonesuch House was fortunately clear of craft, and they passed slowly beneath the railed stretch of road above them. But the boat did not go far beyond the bridge. Leaning against the iron rails beside the drawbridge were a man and a woman, enjoying the fragrant air and the silver scene below them. The woman laughed. Clearly her words came to the ears of those in the boat.

"Ah, John!" she cried ecstatically. "It is like the land of fairies. See the— the pretty boat? Is it not ver, ver beautiful?"

Balsamo slowly moved. His head went up and his dark eyes widened.

"Heard you that voice, Girolamo?" he asked. "Heard you that woman's voice? Surely it is she—"

The woman pointed down at the boat.

"It is like a gondola," she said.

The merchant checked the rowers and peered up between the silk curtains at the two forms outlined against the moon. The man's reply was too low to be heard.

"Girolamo!" gasped Balsamo, grasping the other's arm.

Again the woman spoke, and then she lifted up her voice in song. Clearly over the water rang the sweet notes and words of a Genoese gondola song. Those in the boat listened. They did not move, for this song of their land held them entranced. The melody died away.

"Girolamo! It is she!" cried the merchant wildly. "It is Marie! That song . . . that voice! She is alive . . . my beloved! Marie! Marie!" He turned and shouted at the rowers like one in a frenzy. "Turn about! Turn about!" he commanded shrilly.

Panizzi was looking up. At the merchant's cry he saw the woman recoil and clutch at her companion as though in mortal fear. He saw the tall man bend and listen to her swift words. Then, without another glance at the boat, they turned and walked rapidly away.

"Marie . . . Marie!" screamed Balsamo, endeavoring to steady himself on his feet. He waved, he beckoned, he shouted, he screamed after them again. "Do not go! It is I, Guiseppe! Marie . . . Marie! Ah, do not go . . ."

But no reply came to his ears.

"Follow them—follow them!" panted the distracted man. "It is my love! Follow . . . Do not let her vanish again. Sala! Be after them—you black hound! Trace them, or I'll—go, go, laggard! Ah, Marie . . ."

The Nubian's reply was the splash he

made as he dived beneath the surface of the river. He swam into the shadows of the bridge, and vanished.

Balsamo turned frantically to Panizzi. For the moment the shock had robbed him of all control. It set his features quivering and his limbs shaking. His eyes were wet with tears. He could barely speak, so great and deep was his emotion.

"Girolamo," he whispered harshly, "you saw. Was it not she?"

Panizzi nodded.

"Yes, Giuseppe; it was she. The woman was Marie."

"She is not dead! She is alive and happy—thanks be to Heaven! She sang, Girolamo; she sang!"

"Yes, she sang. She does not seem unhappy, Giuseppe. Nor does she lack company, it seems."

"That is cruel, Girolamo! And from you! You are cruel!" cried the merchant bitterly. He fell back against the soft cushions.

"I but saw what you saw, Giuseppe," was the quiet reply. "And was she not singing for another? See! There is that great black cat Sala already on the bridge. Ah, he, too, has gone. Have no fear, Giuseppe. You shall soon learn all."

"In fairness I admit you speak the truth," Balsamo muttered. "But I care not; she is mine!"

"To the stairs—to the stairs! Land me there—"

"But what of Castiehaven—the King—the other woman?"

"The stairs, I say! I have found her—found her. Ah, Heaven is good!"

The heavy oars bent like canes under the startled grip of the iron-fisted men.

JOHNSON laughed as he followed the agitated Marie. While the abrupt ending to a pleasant outing was a matter for conjecture and wonderment, it was also amusing to be beseeched, implored, pulled, scolded, dragged, and entreated to hurry, as though he were a child in charge of a pretty, impetuous nursemaid. He already knew that Mistress Marie could be very imperious, distant, and haughty, and then the next moment submissive, demure, and winning. No; he did not understand her, but were she to give him the slightest encouragement he would tell her of his love.

To Marie the life of the past weeks was like a clean, sweet breath inhaled in a garden of unimagined beauty and tranquillity. Its perfume lingered in head, in heart, and in soul. The fragrance of it was new existence was so precious that to think of the past nauseated her; to think that John Steele might glimpse that dark period tortured her.

Imagine, then, the turmoil and the terror of her mind when she recognised the voice of Giuseppe Balsamo, the man she had scolded and so cruelly humiliated, the man who had crossed the seas for vengeance. And John laughed at her haste, laughed and teased, and did not understand her sudden fear. Oh, but he was obstinate! He would not hurry. He held back and laughed.

"John—John!" she panted, dragging at his arm. "Be quick! Oh, I—I so ill—so ver' ill again. Ah, now, please to run!"

"But, Marie, how can ye run if ye're so ill?" he retorted, laughing at her frantic efforts to pull him along. "Tarry a while. Look at the bright moon. See how it smiles down upon us. 'Tis fresh outdoors, an' truly ye be most beautiful this night—"

"Run, oh, run!" she entreated wildly, her

breath almost choking her, her eyes dilated with fear.

And then John knew she was afraid and not merely indulging a whim. She was pale in the moonlight, almost haggard for one so beautiful.

"Run, it is, Marie," he said without further demur. "Give me your hand."

Hand-in-hand they ran up the gentle slope of Fish Street and turned into Candlewick Street. By the time they came to an alley leading from Budge Row, Marie was panting and breathing deeply with the exertion of the race, and John was laughing and chuckling inwardly again.

"Walk a while," he said. "Ye run well for a woman, but 'tis a hard mile from the bridge to the shop—"

"No, no, John! Run, run!" she cried impatiently.

John paused when they came to the centre of the alley. On either side the houses rose close and dark, mean houses with dirty, broken boarded lattice windows and leaning gables that shut in the narrow space between. His face became stubborn and set.

"Well, then, Mistress Pert, I'll sit me down right here," he announced. "An' I've got the key."

"Robber-r-r! You not force me!" she stormed, frowning down at him. "I will not give in. No, no! Quick, John—"

"'Tis a dark, gloomy, fearful place, this," he commented. "Sit ye down beside me."

"Oh, the man mad!" she gasped distractedly. "Most obstinate man! I cry—I scream—oh, John, I so ver' ill. My heart go bump, bump, bump! I must go—"

"Ye're spent, as I said. I'll have to carry ye, Marie," he observed. "Ye do look ill."

"Yes, ver' ill—"

"Then I'll carry ye," he said cheerfully, jumping up.

"Oh, it is not right. You tease me; you force me. I not wait—oh! Put me down, rude man! Robber-r-r! Stealer-r-r! I not like you—"

They hurried on in silence. Along Watling Street they walked, ignoring the cries and ribaldry of a low, uproarious fellow imprisoned in the stocks, past night, St. Paul's that crouched and drowled in the white moonlight. At last they came to the doors of the shop. When it was opened Marie darted through the darkness within. John laughed softly to himself as he heard her stumbling up the stairs. The door of her room slammed.

With a glowing ember from the hearth he lighted the two candles that stood in brass candlesticks on the sideboard. Then he mounted the stairs and knocked at her door.

"Have I offended ye?" he asked, grinning to himself.

"Go 'way!" came the muffled reply.

"I'll get the supper," he said generously.

"I not care for supper. I not care for you! I not care for anything," she called hofly. He thought her voice somewhat husky and tremulous.

"'Tis hard," he complained to the closed door. "An' I so wanted to be friendly—I who am to be married ere long—"

"Married...?" She was quickly at the other side of the door. "Married? You, John?"

"Aye, Mistress Marie. I didn't tell ye before. It was a secret. But if ye'll come down to supper I'll tell ye all about her. 'Tis a wonderful girl she is—an'—an' I've got something to show ye."

"Yes, yes, John. I come, I come, now, John—"

But he was already half-way down the stairs. He did not seem to notice how swiftly she followed him.

"I've a mind to finish that pie, Marie," he said, glancing slyly at her. "Will ye not join me? 'Tis famish—ye must be after your long run."

"I not hungry. Please to tell me about —" she paused, and then hastily began to prepare the supper.

"Wait," he said. "I want ye to stand still an' close your eyes."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, instantly all suspicion. "What you do?"

"Will ye, or will ye not do as I say?" he demanded sternly. "I have a surprise for ye."

"Yes... I not look. But not to touch me, John—"

"Touch ye? As if I would," he replied loftily.

Marie's eyes blazed, then they narrowed, then she resolutely closed them and stood motionless but apprehensive beside the little round table.

"**I** WAIT, John," she murmured. Impatiently she stood there, her ears trying to interpret the strange, stealthy sound he made.

"Now," he said, laughing softly, "ye may turn an' look."

Quickly she turned. She looked from the table to him and then back to the table again. She could not speak, she did not move, but her eyes shone like twin bright stars at midnight. On the table was a dress of white velvet, a petticoat of blue satin, a short jacket of the same material, trimmed with black fur, a pair of black shoes with pretty red buckles, a pair of silk stockings, and a broad-brimmed, low-crowned white velvet hat with long golden black-barred pheasant's feathers upon it. For a little while she stood there looking at them in silence. Then again she glanced at his happy, laughing eyes.

"Don't ye care for them, Marie!" he asked, coming to her side. "It be the new fashion for women. I—I would have got ye something finer, but—twas all I could afford. I thought the gold of the feather would match your lovely hair, the black your wonderful eyes an' the white dress you good pure heart."

"What... what can Marie say to John?" Her lips quivered as she spoke. "What to do for this great goodness? My heart—it pains me—"

She stood straight, and tall, and still. It seemed to her that an iron hand, cold and hard, gripped her heart when he alluded to the symbol of purity.

"They may be for the woman I'm going to marry—"

"Ah, John!" she gasped, retreating a step.

"Ye are the woman I'm going to marry. They be for ye, Marie," he whispered. "Now will ye kiss me?"

Her words came slowly.

"Yes, ah, yes," she said timidly. "I—I not want to do this thing, but, John, I no can help. I try so much—so hard not to do this thing—"

"But why?" he asked quietly.

"Ah, I must tell. I tell you all, John... then, then if you want Marie take her for wife. But first she must tell, must tell if she love all... if she die..."

She pointed to the wooden bench beside the fire, and together they sat down. At first she could not begin, then, hastily, desperately, she told of the banquet and the flight from Genna. She did not attempt to shield herself or to excuse her conduct, but made it plain that she shared the blame for what had happened. But she passionately and tearfully refuted responsibility for Renzi's death. That had been

arranged secretly between Mascagni and her lover without her knowledge. Not until she and her mother hurried past his writhing body did she realise that she had been made a pawn in a deeper, deadlier game.

John's mouth thinned to a hard line when she told of her lover's character. She did not disclose his name, and the man who listened did not ask.

Then she traced her further descent; the manner in which she had crossed from Holland to England in a foul-weather ship, alone, deserted, all but frozen by exposure to the bitter icy gales and seas of the Channel; how, in misery, pain, and wretched poverty she had existed during the terrible English winter, lived on until spring came and turned to summer, until her exhausted, maddened brain revolted at it all and drove her forth into the streets to die, as she thought, at the feet of a stranger.

She dared not look at the man beside her when she ceased speaking, dared not hope that his love still lived. The cold, iron hand still gripped her heart. He sat very quiet and still, unconscious of her fearful suspense. After a little while he turned to her and very quietly said:

"Thou sometimes the woman, 'tis more often not, an' who be I to judge. . . I that knew not even my mother's name? Rest ye, Marie, an' be at peace, for I love ye truly, aye, most deeply do I love ye, an' will for evermore."

The thought of supper did not enter their minds until very late. It was later still when she struggled from his embrace and ran lightly up the stairs. His eyes followed her. She was radiant, a woman of surpassing beauty and loveliness from whom had fallen the dread mantle of the past.

John sat staring into the red embers of the fire, and what he saw therein was known only to himself. Although the heart of each was throbbing, with the delight and happiness of love, each mind was conscious of a shadow, the limping shadow of a cripple.

He determined to confront this Balsamo. There must be no further deception or misunderstanding, no doubt or dread. During the small hours of the early morning he pondered the problem, and just before daylight came he rose resolutely to his feet.

"Now, verily, thou art a fool!" groaned Panizzi.

"Sala, why in the name of thy worthless Arab prophet dost thou tell him? Look and see the result of thy foolish tongue. He is mad! His senses are flown! Hark, then, observe thy work!"

Panizzi rubbed his head furiously. He was leaning against the capstan, just aft of the mainmast. Sala raised his eyes to the poop and watched the limping figure of Balsamo.

"It is nothing," he said. "Uhu! The master but walks and walks. It is nothing, O hairless one! He walks much. The master was not born to kill. His fury, O hairless one, ever turns against his own heart."

"Complacent rogue," grumbled Panizzi. "Thou knowest well he is all but insane. All through the night until now, until the sun peeps above the river, hath he walked and walked and walked. It is like the last night and morning in the palazzo on far-away Genoa's slope. Where are thine eyes? See his terrible glance, his cruel lips! And do not call me 'hairless one!'"

"Uhu!" grunted Sala. Panizzi's agitated tone made no impression upon him. "I did but obey, O hairless one! I but told the master what I did see. How was I to

know he would do this because another carried the red-haired one in his arms?

"Truly thou art witless. After all that hath passed, after all that he hath endured, thy addled brains could not think to keep that from him. Thy great, gaping mouth must blurt out the words that scourged him like the strokes of a whip. Fool! What man wants to know the woman he loves is lying in the arms of another? Answer me that, numskull. What man, however gentle and forgiving, can without fury bear the thought of his beloved's lips pressed to another's? Art thou bereft of all sense? Art thou such a savage that thou art oblivious of the sting of unrequited love? Bah! I could have kicked thee. Now do not fawn when I speak so to thee, unmannerly dog!"

"I would eat," Sala announced, ignoring the other's words and manner.

"H. O, ho! He would eat! Would he ever do otherwise?" sneered Panizzi, addressing the world at large.

"What food is for the day?"

"Fish!" snapped Panizzi.

"Uhu!"

Sala did not intend to starve, and he did not intend to eat fish. His tremendous arms shot out and gripped Panizzi. Swiftly and easily he spun that startled person round and marched him to the halwark. Then, although Panizzi struggled and fought furiously in silence, he put forth his amazing strength and lifted the writhing, kicking man over the side of the ship and held him by the stout collar of his doublet.

"Now, what sayest thou, O hairless one?"

Sala demanded solemnly. "What food is for the day? If thou again sayest fish, then will I send thee in search of it. But if thou sayest meat then will we go together. Speak, O hairless one!"

"I but jested with thee, dear Sala," cried Panizzi softly, gazing down fearfully at the flowing water. "Do not let me fall, good Sala, for thou knowest how fond of thee I am—"

Sala lowered his arm quickly, and Panizzi cried wildly:

"Meat, meat, meat!" he yelled. "I vow it, I promise it!"

"Uhu! And is the sacred Mohammed worthless, O hairless one?"

"Nay, good, gentle Sala! He is a worthy saint, a great warrior, a wonderful lover, a marvellous prophet. Do not let thy fingers slip, dear Sala," panted the unhappy Panizzi.

Sala heaved his victim over the bulwark on to the deck.

"It is well," he said. "O hairless one, I have long known that thou devour'st great stores of meat when all others pick at the fish."

"So thou hast spied upon me—" began Panizzi in an injured tone, his little, deep-set eyes flaming at the Nubian.

"The master hath long known that thou art two-faced," Sala informed him. "He, also, hath watched thee tearing at the meat like a ravenous dog at a dead carcass."

"What—Guiseppa?" Panizzi was taken aback and turned red with confusion.

"Uhu! He but shrugged his shoulders and turned away. He is no priest to give thee penance. See, O hairless one, he is even now beckoning to thee."

Not until Panizzi was on the poop did Sala's grim features relax. Then he grinned a wide, expansive grin and leaned back against the capstan with an air of contentment. His black eyes narrowed lazily as he watched the two men.

Sala's interest deepened when he saw Balsamo grip Panizzi's arm and limp with him to the high bulwark that enclosed

the poop. The merchant pointed down at the water with his stick. Impelled by curiosity, the Nubian moved across the deck and leaned his huge shoulders out so that he might see past the bulging superstructure. He saw a wherry approaching the ship, and seated therein was the young man who had held the fiery red-haired woman in his arms. So surprised was the Nubian that he grunted.

"Uhu!" he said. "The master's words were words of truth and wisdom when he said that God first makes mad those He would destroy. Now is his meaning clear to me."

He heard his name called, and he hastened on to the poop.

"Sala, carry me to my apartment," commanded the merchant peremptorily. "Panizzi, conduct this man to the cabin wherein Mascagni drank with such terror."

The eyes of Panizzi and the Nubian met for a fleeting instant. Was this man of ice and steel the man they had known? Then Sala lifted his master in his strong arms and descended the steps.

Under Panizzi's direction, the stout rope-ladder was lowered and adjusted. He beckoned John Steele to follow him.

When alone in his cabin Guiseppa Balsamo limped to the silver crucifix. He crossed himself and knelt on the soft cushions. His eyes were aflame as they stared at the image on the cross; his hands were clenched, and his shaking arms uplifted.

"Give me, O Supreme Judge," he whispered passionately, "the strength and will to play my part. Give me the power to dissemble before my enemies, those that toss my heart from hand to hand. Bestow upon me that infinite patience with which to prosecute my justice. Sustain me in these bitter hours so that I may crush them one and all."

Long minutes passed before this was accomplished, and then he opened the panel and stepped through into the larger cabin.

And so, in this brief manner, did Guiseppa Balsamo beseech his God to become a partner in the vengeance he had planned. So did he kiss the feet of the crucifix, his church's emblem of the supreme pure heart. So did he arise believing in his embittered mind that a God of love would stoop to lend His aid to a man of hate. So did he cast from him the sweet attribute of mercy. So his feet trod at last the path that leads to everlasting darkness.

FOR a moment Balsamo stared at John Steele in silence, blank, terrible hate rocking him as he stood. Then he forced a little smile to his lips and bowed slightly. John, not to be outdone in courtesy, returned it.

"Sir, you are abroad early this morning," said Balsamo. "Will you accept of Guiseppa Balsamo's hospitality?"

"I thank ye, Signor," John replied, closely watching the merchant's pallid convulsive countenance, "but I have already eaten at Angelo's. I went there to inquire where you might be found. Signor, I will be direct. By the merciful providence of God, the woman ye seek in this great city was brought to me—"

"By whom?" inquired Balsamo quickly. He walked to the table of polished mahogany and leaned upon it.

"By no human agency, Signor—"

"Please be seated, Master Steele—that is if you can forgive my conduct towards you on a former occasion. But my excuse for that is simple and sufficient. So deep is my love and anxiety for this woman that I fear it oft-times leaves me absent in mind and somewhat rude."

"Your love, Signor? Can it be ye still love her?" asked the amazed John.

"And why not, Master Steele?" returned Balsamo gently. "She is still my betrothed, but, naturally, you know nothing about that."

"I know all, Signor," said John, his blue eyes held by the dark, bloodshot ones of the crippled merchant. "And for that reason I be here."

"And she?" asked Balsamo softly.

"Knows not that I be here, for she sleeps happily and securely beneath my roof."

"Ah. She is happy?" The ferrule of his stick bored into the thick rug.

"Until last night she was unhappy. Her secret was a burden that crushed her. Now that burden has been lifted from her mind and heart."

"By whom?"

"By me, Signor."

"You are kind and generous, Master Steele."

"I LOVE her, Signor," said John simply and with quiet dignity. "And she?" murmured Balsamo.

"Has honored me by returning my affection. She has promised to be my bride—"

To John's surprise and deep indignation, Balsamo laughed heartily.

"Ah," he said wearily. "Accept my congratulations, Master Steele. You are the third man who has listened to that promise. But, seemingly, Castlehaven was the wisest of the three."

"Castlehaven?" asked John sharply.

"What has the Earl to do with this?"

"Then you do not know all," the merchant retorted.

John retreated a step, for what he read in the other's eyes enlightened him.

"So it was he—" he said gruffly.

"Yes, Master Steele. I feel honored that you should come here to tell me this. Such consideration commands my gratitude."

"Castlehaven!" said John again. His blue eyes were as cold as Arctic ice, yet upon his brow was a flush that slowly crept down over face and body.

"It is a matter for discussion, Master Steele. Let us be seated, for it will take a little time."

John sat down on the edge of the chair nearest to him.

"Signor," he said, looking directly at the merchant. "I have come to know whether ye have forgiven her, or whether ye still seek vengeance upon her?"

Balsamo smiled at such expectant crudity.

"Vengeance? Such a harsh word, Master Steele. No, no! She has nothing to fear from me. I have searched long so that I might find and comfort her. Forgive? Forgive . . . ? Of course I have forgiven. My heart is tenderness itself towards her. And does she fear me?"

"Yes; but now she will be overjoyed, Signor. And ye still love her?"

"You seem surprised, Master Steele," said Balsamo, laughing slightly. "To my sorrow, I am not a man who loves lightly. I cannot love a woman one day and forget her the next. I am not Castlehaven—"

"That evil dog!" said John explosively.

"Perhaps it is not strange we should agree on that point," the merchant continued. "Were I like you—young, strong, and so deeply in love with the woman he—"

"Stop! Enough, Signor!" cried John.

"Sir, I perceive you are sensitive. It is not pleasant to think of—"

"Signor, I will not listen," John interrupted in an angry tone.

"No . . . ? I had not thought the barb

so deeply buried in your heart, Master Steele. I ask pardon, but you will acknowledge me privileged to speak thus. Will you tell me of her, of how she came to you, and what has transpired since then? I confess a very natural curiosity, and one you will surely understand."

"Signor, forgive me," said John. "In my anger against that man I had forgotten that ye, too, love Marie. I had forgotten that ye, too, have suffered."

"Perhaps you do not know what I have suffered," murmured Balsamo, his burning eyes half-hidden by their drooping lids. "But the story, if you will?"

He listened without comment or question while John told of the finding of Marie, of their growing love, and of their betrothal and her confession.

And you think her nature changed, Master Steele?" he asked when John ceased speaking.

"It cannot be doubted," was the emphatic reply. "Surely you do not suggest such repentance to be an artifice?"

"You would not believe me were I to do so," said Balsamo smiling slightly. He was thinking of the time when he was as credulous, as easily influenced, as faithful and as assured of his betrothed's sincerity and guilelessness as this confident, infatuated man. "But I suggest nothing, Master Steele, unless it is that Castlehaven is laughing at his triumph."

"Laughing, be he?" growled John. He moved restlessly on the chair.

"I do not doubt it. Especially would he laugh at her."

"Ah, would he?" said John.

"Do not deceive yourself. He has laughed at many. Oh, that my arm were as strong as yours, Master Steele. Then would I see that he did not laugh."

"I will see that he does not laugh."

"No doubt others had said the same," said Balsamo with just a suspicion of a sneer. "But when am I to be gladdened by the sight and presence of Marie?"

"Will ye come to my house, Signor? How pleasant for you an' she to be reconciled. How overjoyed she would be!"

"I had planned to confront the Earl and, weak though I am, to punish him. But I fear my ability is not equal to my intention. Were that accomplished I would gladly accompany you. I could do so much for her . . . for you . . ."

"Signor, ye are too generous," cried John impulsively. "Such magnanimity is beyond anything I imagined."

The merchant studied the man before him and laughed softly to himself.

"You forget she was once betrothed to me," he said.

John flushed with sudden embarrassment.

"Ah, Signor, what can I say? What can I do?"

Balsamo was silent for a little while.

"You are strong," said he at last, "and were you jealous of your betrothed's—"

"Signor!" snapped John. He glared at the merchant.

"Well," Balsamo shrugged impatiently, "are you satisfied to suffer that man to mock you both for the rest of your lives?"

"Signor," replied John bitterly, "were he to meet me unarmed we should stand on common ground. Then would things be equal between us. But I know naught of swordplay or of the pistol. I can use my hands and my back, twist a staff and swing a cudgel to some purpose, but the steel is strange to me."

"And to me," retorted Balsamo coldly.

"But if it came to that I should not hesitate. I do not wish to imply that you are a poltroon or a coward, for that would

be unkind and perhaps unjust, but it seems you do not feel so deeply as I."

"I do not fear death, if it be for her," said John. His tone was as frosty as the other's. "But, were I to be murdered, would it improve matters?"

"I cannot blame your caution, Master Steele," was the soft reply. But the merchant's shoulders moved disdainfully.

"Caution? Caution? Rot me, Signor! You misunderstand me!" cried John hotly.

"Well . . . perhaps," muttered Balsamo. "But she is now yours. It is not for me to suggest this or that. But were she still mine—ah, your pardon, sir. If you are content to allow him to—but, again, your pardon. It is, of course, your affair."

"Signor, ye said ye were about to go to Castlehaven's house?"

"That was my intention," the merchant assured him.

"Have ye a sword?"

"I have a good sword, but, alas! a broken arm to wield it."

"Then I pray ye give it to me, an' together we will go in search of him," said John.

"Then you are not afraid?" Balsamo seemed surprised.

"Signor!" ejaculated John furiously. He rose to his feet and glared at the cripple.

"Oh, pardon me, Master Steele, but I did indeed misunderstand you," said Balsamo humbly. "I now see my mistake. But, first, a little refreshment, for there is ample time. His lordship will yet be abed. I shall show you my ship. I heard that Castlehaven indulged in his usual gallantry at last night's ball at Whitehall. It is a grand opportunity for you, Master Steele, to avenge the woman you love—that we both love, if you will not be jealous of me."

"Signor, I cannot tell how glad I be that I came here this morning," cried John.

"But not so glad as I," murmured Balsamo.

THE mansion of the Earl of Castlehaven was most agreeably built above the terraced lawns and gravelled walks on the alder-shaded north bank of the Thames, some distance from the boundary of Westminster.

It was a charming old Tudor house, partly remodelled and filled with lofty, carved ceilings, exquisite panelling, and staircases that were works of art.

Precisely at nine o'clock in the morning of the same day that John Steele boarded the ship of Giuseppe Balsamo, the Earl of Castlehaven was gently awakened from dreamless, untroubled slumber by his servant.

His lordship sat up in his bed, and then sank back against the rearranged pillows and prepared to listen to a resume of the previous night's adventures.

The Earl's countenance was marked with gloom as he sat waiting for the summons to his bath. For the moment he saw no way out of the entangling, thorny wood of debts and amours that had shot up, rank and reeking, around him; no manner in which to placate his King. A dark, brooding mood settled upon him. He was no exception to the class that finds morning a pitiless period.

However, after a plunge in the cold water imprisoned in the bath of red marble, and a breakfast of light and tasty dishes, he submitted himself to be shaved, perfumed and powdered by Snoop with the air of one who again finds life most agreeable. The business of being civil to his many creditors among the lace-makers, wig-makers, shoe-makers, ribbon-makers, tailors, hatters, glove-makers, and other priests of fashion that were now thronging his apart-

ment was somewhat trying to his temper, but he delighted them all with promises of early payment. He selected a monstrous bushy, black wig, yards of ribbon, ordered more expensive clothes, hose, and shoes, and then graciously returned their bows when they trumped out of the room.

"Snoop, the pests must have heard that last night I lost ten thousand to the Duke," he said with a laugh. "Verily it pays to play high."

"The higher the play the lower the fall," murmured Snoop sententially as he put the last touches to his master's toilet.

"What did you say? Speak out, man! You mumble like a toothless old hag with a bone."

"M'lord, I said there are few who play so high or so bravely as you," returned the evasive and obsequious Snoop.

"Humph! Fetch me that long glass and then hold it whilst I glance at myself. And be quick, for I hear the laughter of women and steps upon the gravel. Early enough it is, the whistles must be arriving, and the women—these women, Snoop—are devilish contrary and impatient."

THE Earl had planned a yacht race on the pellucid, tree-fringed, meadow-scented reaches of the Thames as the first part of the day's diversion and entertainment. Then all were to proceed to Newgate. Then would they see sleek, swift racehorses in action. At night Castlehaven intended to transport his guests to Bank-side, so that they might witness the latest comedy in one of the theatres there. The Earl was satisfied that his friends, and the friends that accompanied them, would approve of his programme. Then those who wished to do so could return to his house, to gamble, to drink, or to be as merry as they desired.

When the merry Charles II ascended the throne of England old manners and both moral prejudices and safeguards were overturned and swept away by those who danced in the reflected light of Royalty. New shibboleths and standards of conduct were created and established.

The reception-room, wherein the Earl's guests were assembled, was gay and gaudy with bright carpets, gilded French furniture, numerous large, gleaming mirrors, and brilliant colors. Its effect upon the eye was striking, gaudy and bizarre. It was an inharmonious whole, and not unlike a huge, gilded cage draped with bands of color torn piece by piece from a rainbow. Yet it was an appropriate setting for the human peacocks that strutted and poosed and vied one with another in the display of their sumptuous plumage.

The Earl's keen, appraising stare swept the assemblage, and he was quick to see that fresh, fair faces were present. As he slowly walked towards his guests he observed the black and powdered silver wigs; the beautiful materials and colors of the women's full, flowing dresses and petticoats; the silver, gold, blue, red, black and dove-grey shades that blended exquisitely in the velvets, silks, satins and rich brocades; the black patches on the rouged cheeks and chins of both sexes, improvements on the dimples and the plimples of impartial nature.

With the sure instinct of the born and practised gallant, the Earl made his way to the side of a woman whose beauty, coy, coquettish glances promised, at the very least, an interesting morning. But scarcely had he raised her hand to his lips and murmured his eternal devotion and homage in response to the introduction, barely had she rewarded him with a flashing glance

and winning smile, when, to their amazement and anger, and to the unbounded astonishment of all in the room, the resplendent footman came backing quickly through the doorway, protesting as he retreated in fear before a tall, cold-eyed man who carried a gleaming, unsheathed rapier in his hand. The sombre clothes and plain, steel-crowned hat worn by the man stamped him as a very ordinary person. For a moment there was a portentous silence in the room, for the stranger had burst so suddenly upon their startled gaze that the thoughts of many turned upon the supernatural. Then some irrepressible cavalier ejaculated:

"Well, b'gad! 'Tis Jack Oade himself! But, rot me! the fellow's dead. Then 'tis the reincarnation of old Oliver. Stab me! Will the Roundheads never lie quiet?"

But no one moved. A naked blade in the hand of a determined man is not to be regarded lightly. Castlehaven measured the intruder with cool, wary eyes, in which deep interest, recognition and hate blended and sparkled. Then he spoke crisply to the terrified footman.

"Rascal, is it your duty and practice to permit every rough dog from the streets to wander at will into my house?"

"M'lord, m'lord, I crave your pardon, m'lord. This—this man would not heed me. He would force his way to your presence. Your pardon, m'lord; but he threatened me with death."

"Damnation!" swore his lordship softly. He dismissed the man and addressed the stranger. "Sirrah! What is the meaning of this armed intrusion? Is it now the habit of scum to pollute the very air we breathe? What means this outrage . . . why! He inclined his head and whispered to the woman beside him: 'Your indulgence and clemency, m'lord, but I must leave your fascinating, delightful self for a little while. I vow 'tis like being torn from Aphrodite herself.'"

"Dear m'lord, spit him! Kill the lout! But do not leave me for long," implored the beauty, fanning herself as though almost overcome, yet shooting bright, venomous glances at the cause of his lordship's desertion. With the utmost gallantry the Earl again raised her hand to his lips. Then he faced John Steele.

"Whom do you seek?" he demanded frantically.

"You!" returned John, with disconcerting brevity. He quite ignored the others.

"Ha! The cockerel turned rooster!" sneered the Earl. "What are you doing with that rapier? Know you not that it is a dangerous tool for fools and children to handle?"

"An' a handy one for rogues an' assassins," was the grim retort. "But the iron is only in case I must use it. An' ye be a man—ye posture bravely enough—ye will meet me with naked hands."

Castlehaven was honestly amazed. Then he laughed coldly.

"Your presumption, ciod, is beyond belief. You challenge me and then choose the weapon."

"Did ye give Rlenzi his choice?"

The question and the manner in which it was spoken brought the Earl up rigid. For a moment his easy poise deserted him. The guests began to whisper audibly, and the penetrating sound sent the blood to his lordship's brow and set his hard, blue eyes glinting frostily. In time he remembered he was the cynosure of all in the room. He relaxed and posed becomingly.

"Rlenzi! Ha! You come primed for this violence, I perceive," he murmured.

"Will ye meet me without weapons?"

The Earl laughed.

"The lout is persistent," he said. "Tell me why you come here in this furious manner. I am curious."

"Your lordship will not have forgotten Marie Pleyel—"

"Ha!" said the Earl. The laughter vanished from his eyes.

"Nor how ye brutally struck her down an' left her to starve—"

Castlehaven turned swiftly and spoke to the man who had aired his feeble wit at John's expense.

"My dear Saville, favor me with your blade. On my honor I promise not to soil it. This fellow wears me. Ah, my thanks, my dear Saville. You select a beautiful bit of steel—balance, temper, feel, all in it," he said, bowing to his friend. Then he confronted John. "Now, sirrah, we are on more equal terms. But, first, I would know your name."

"It be John Steele."

"And a devilish appropriate one for the occasion—" his lordship began. He then paused. His eyes had fallen to the hilt of the rapier. He stared at it in silence. Then he pointed to it and spoke rapidly.

"Whence got you that blade?"

"What matters it?"

"That rapier is my property, sirrah! Look upon the hilt and you will see the arms of my house emblazoned in diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Whence got you that blade?"

"Where left ye the blade?" retorted John impatiently.

"Ah! I thought it!" said Castlehaven grimly. "Tis the cripple's plot. But why send you against me? 'Tis poor flattery, or a most detestable compliment to so rate my ability. Give me the truth now. 'Tis plain you are no swordsman."

"Your lordship should quickly discover that for yourself."

"True, but my wits are sharper than yours. I see you are infatuated, enlabeled, but I also see deeper into this matter than you. Tell me: are you so deeply enamored of this woman that you blunder and strut around with your eyes so tightly closed?"

"I BE. Will ye fight, or must I again insult ye?"

"Poor fool! 'Tis almost too bad. But the steel it must be, for I decline to be mauled by a common lout. Come, then, sirrah! I await you!"

"Ye mean ye be ready to fight? Here? In this place?"

His lordship's grim mouth relaxed and he laughed. Anger left him, for his keen perception showed him that this courageous simpleton, although bound by the spell of Marie Pleyel, had been thrust forward by another like a sheep to the stambles. He knew who that other was. His rapier told the tale. He even admired a little the courage of this tall, serious, blunt man.

At this juncture, when all in the room were tense and eager to witness the strange quarrel, when the men forgot to strike attitudes and take snuff, and the women to flirt and pout and sigh and languish, the footman came striding hurriedly forward. His manner was one of suppressed excitement and importance. But, before he could speak, Castlehaven waved him brusquely aside.

"I want ye to know, my lord, that I came here to fight ye with or without weapons," John informed Castlehaven. "All in the room heard the words. John caught a glimpse of three men framed in the high, wide, white doorway. 'Fight ye I will, an' I pray Heaven to strengthen my arm so

that ye shall suffer for your cruelty, your turpitude, an' for the dastardly heart that be in you."

"Such foolishness is beyond credence. To it then, you preaching loud!" said his lordship harshly. "I will at least teach you civility and respect for your betters."

The Earl's back was towards the door, and he did not see the three men who were so interested in the amazing scene, did not see the hand of one go up in a gesture of warning, of silent command. His lordship was watching John with the contemptuous coolness of the master observing the novice. This interfering nobody must be taught his lesson.

John's crude, unorthodox swordsmanship immediately drew forth murmurs of surprise from the spectators. The central figure of the three in the doorway, he whose princely mien and rich garments of brocade and cloth of gold stamped him as a man of rank and power, exchanged whispers with his companions.

"Heaven bless me, Buckingham," he said. "This impetuous citizen does not know one end of his blade from the other. He is slashing with the rapier as though it were a sword—or a sickle. There, my lords, is a perfect example of superb courage contesting against matchless skill. I think you will agree with me when I say that such courage is a gift from Heaven. Skill is adventitious; courage is intrinsic. It is the nature of the man. It may lay dormant for long years, but if it is there it will some time manifest itself. But if not—never! The courage of a man, my dear Buckingham, is above the pettiness and vanity of kings."

John was doing his poor best with the rapier, but it was mainly cudgel-play, and not sword-play, that he employed. The plant, slender weapon sang through the air as he slashed at the Earl's blade. Occasionally, when he thought opportunity permitted, he stabbed furiously, only to find his rapier slithering impotently along the sword opposed to him. His lordship was grinning sardonically. He was as graceful and lithe as a dancing-master. With consummate ease he parried and avoided the thrashing, slashing, stabbing rushes of his adversary, and kept him at bay at the point of the sword. Already since the fight began he could have run his enemy through at least a dozen times. The Earl toyed with him for the entertainment of his guests.

John now realised that he must change his tactics. He could not knock the sword from the other's hand, could not get his point through the impregnable defence. He saw that he had the advantage in reach, that his arm and rapier were together longer than the arm and sword of the Earl. Again he rushed in with the blade extended rigidly before him. The thrust was so simple to parry that Castlehaven laughed derisively as he disengaged and held his point at John's breast. His cold, impatient voice rapped out:

"Enough of this! A move and I run you through! Now drop that rapier—I command you to drop it!"

The jewelled weapon fell from John's hand, and the Earl kicked it away.

The Duke of Buckingham whispered to Charles:

"My liege, the citizen's courage does not outstrip his discretion," he said in an amused tone.

"There is more than prudence or discretion behind those icy blue eyes. The Earl may yet find his adversary dangerous and a man to be respected," was the King's reply.

Castlehaven's voice went on:

"What say you that I should not inflict death upon you?" he asked, his bearing and tone arrogant and contemptuous. "I have but to thrust and it is an end of you."

"Then thrust, for I care not—" began John.

"On your knees, sirrah!"

John astonished the haughty Castlehaven by laughing.

"Ye were ever a butcher," he retorted calmly. "I'll not kneel to ye—ye proud assassin! Aye, assassin! An' like all such, your right hand e'en now glows with the blood that stains it. It glows red, I say, with blood! That hand betrays ye to all in the room an' all be looking at it. They stare at it, for it be no longer white, but red and hot with blood. Look ye at it! It drips an' drips an' drips—"

Blood! The sign, the manifestation, the avatar of all that was sinister and cruel in the Roland character. The ineradicable, fateful stain superimposed on honor by dishonor. Blood! Castlehaven's brows were creased and dark with fury. His starting, baleful eyes shone with a murderous, unnatural light. But he looked at his hand.



JOHN moved like an uncoiling steel spring. The Earl realised too late that he had been tricked by conscience and the power of another's will. It would not now matter if he did thrust, for his blade was grasped by other hands.

He swore bitterly. His voice sounded loud in the silent room. The chuckling and the whispering had died away.

"We now be on more equal terms, my lord," said John. "Twas no doubt pretty to display your knowledge to your friends."

With a mighty wrench he twisted the sword from Castlehaven's hands and, to the horror and rage of the exquisite named Seville, snapped the fine blade across his knee.

"Oh, b'gad! He's broken it, b'gad!" wailed the infuriated owner of the weapon. "Stab me! Rot me! Blister me! Curse me, but this foul fellow has broken my sword!"

"We will finish this outside," Castlehaven announced coldly. He made to turn away, but was instantly spun round by a compelling hand.

"Nay, my lord," growled John. "Ye were content to show your infernal skill before this gathering of your friends. To so hold me up to laughter and ridicule was a clever thing to do. Now guard yourself with the weapons Heaven gave you."

"So be it!" rejoined the Earl with a shrug of his shoulders. "But 'tis inconvenient and disgusting to be mauled—"

He got no further with his remarks, for John leaped upon him with ferocious speed and caught him round the waist with a grip that forced the air from his lungs. They struggled madly and lurching like drunken men.

The King turned to Buckingham as John lifted the Earl, sent him crashing to the floor, and then leaped upon him again and tore away his cravat so that his fingers might find the throat beneath. The ripping of linen and cloth, and the gasping and panting of the Earl were heard by all.

"Fare them and put an end to it," he commanded. "This lusty fellow will break the Earl's back if he does not strangle him

first. We cannot permit that any more than to allow Castlehaven to split the determined one's ribs. We grow weary of the sport."

Amusement, fear, incredulity, satisfaction, contempt, intense interest, were all depicted on the faces of the staring, silent guests. The Earl's face was assuming a purple hue under the strangling pressure of John's fingers. His fine apparel was torn and disarranged, and partly hung in rags. It was a timely release for him when John was dragged away, to stand enraged and panting in the grip of a dozen hands. For a long moment the prostrate man lay gasping and gulping in the reviving air, then, when he had sufficiently recovered, he got to his feet with a furious leap and a shout and bounded to where the rapier lay. He was quite beside himself with rage and humiliation, and would, had he been permitted, have plunged the steel into the heart of the man who had so ill-used him. It was a quiet voice that arrested him.

"My lord! Put away that blade!"

Castlehaven turned slowly and saw the King. For a little while he stood staring and breathing heavily. It seemed to those who watched him that for the moment he refused to believe his eyes. The Earl's voice was choked and thick.

"Sire," he said, "I await your further commands. I was not aware that you had honored my house with your gracious presence."

"Rise, my lord," Charles replied dryly. Then his tone became sharp and scathing. "It has all been a sorry spectacle of passion and violence. We are not pleased with such unseemly conduct and are reminded of the bull-ring!"

Charles turned to the group that held John.

"Release him," he said peremptorily. Then he turned away and was soon oblivious to all but the bright eyes and the radiant smile of his fair companion.

As John passed he heard the cynical Buckingham say softly to his friend:

"I'll wager a thousand we will not see Rowley again until to-night."

JOHN did not hear what was said in reply to Buckingham's sally. He looked neither to right nor left as he walked backwards from the room. He then strode quickly from the house. Vainly he endeavored to stanch the blood that flowed from his deeply-cut lips.

Feeling very disgruntled and disappointed with the unsatisfactory conclusion of the morning's adventure, he hailed a wherry and was soon being rowed down the river through the busy traffic. He intended to land at Blackfriars Stairs.

"I shall have a tale to tell Marie," he murmured. "Were it not for the King I would have choked the foul life out of the dog. But the cripple . . . 'tis devilish strange . . . I wonder did he lie to me . . ."

He was the object of many curious stares as he tramped towards Ludgate, up Ludgate Hill, and along Ave Maria Lane. He was thankful when he turned the corner and entered Paternoster Row. The Sign of the Book and Key would be a welcome sign, for he was tired, hungry and impatient to be with his betrothed. He increased his pace.

Imagine, then, his dismay and horror at observing a dense crowd gathered before the smoking ruins of his home. For a moment he paused like one suddenly robbed of the power of volition. He glared at the blackened remnant of the building as though bereft of his senses. Then, with a cry of

despair, he frantically fought his way through the crowd until he stood at the charred door of the shop. Wildly he gazed about him and at the ruin before him. Marie! When someone touched him on the shoulder he whirled round and stared into the gleaming burning eyes of Vargo the whisperm.

"Vargo! Vargo!" he gasped. "What of Marie? Where is she? What terrible calamity be this? Where—"

"She be safe," Vargo whispered. "Aye, truly she be safe."

He nodded his white head at some thought that fitted through his mind. John grasped his thin, bony arm.

"Speak, man!" he implored. "Where, in Heaven's name, be she?"

"The little I know, Master Steele," Vargo replied reluctantly. "But I saw her go away in company of the cripple—"

"The cripple? The cripple?" stammered John. "He was here, then?"

"Aye, Master Steele," blazed Vargo. "Your own eyes can surely tell you that. You have but to look at the remains of your house—"

"Vargo! The fire! Not . . . not the cripple . . .?"

"Aye, Master Steele," said the old man, shaking his white head. "His great blackamoor was the last man to leave the place. I saw the flames soon afterwards."

"Not me! But this is terrible!" John burst out. "And Marie?"

Vargo again shook his head. "Aye! Tell me, Vargo—" pleaded John. "She seemed very happy, Master Steele. The cripple was most tender towards her—most tender, I should say."

"I must seek her! The house matters not. It is gone—"

"So be she, Master Steele," blazed Vargo. "Nay, nay, lad! Let well alone. She be not for ye, and if ye again venture into the cripple's power 'twill indeed be the end of ye. He will crush ye without pity. Let be and forget."

"Gone, be she!" snarled John. Vargo recoiled. "Stand aside, Vargo! I go for Marie! Aside, croaker! The cripple shall not have her."

Vargo's old eyes glittered malevolently as he watched John fight his way through the staring, gaping crowd.

"Aye, stupid fool!" he hissed softly. "Vent your spite on the cripple in black. 'Twas ye that caused Vargo great loss of money when ye found this beautiful woman. But the Vargo, not the blackamoor, that has now caused ye this loss. Vargo was the last man to leave your house. Vargo was the man that poured oil upon the blazing hearth—huh! he-s-s-s-ai!"

He fought like one possessed to pass through the tightly-packed onlookers. When clear of the press he darted after John with astonishing agility for one so old. His spindle-like legs, in their wide, funnel-topped boots, pointed the cobbles of the street. He soon overtook John.

"Hear me, Master Steele," he cried in his shrill voice. "I can be of great service to ye. I have a plan that will speedily regain your pretty Marie for ye. Nay, do not turn impatiently away. Vargo has long been in the cripple's favor and confidence."

"What?" cried John, astounded at this admission. "Ye have had dealings with this man?"

"Aye, that I have, Master Steele. The cripple trusts me, but never have I trusted him. Come to my house for a sup of good ale and I shall reveal to ye the only plan ye'll find successful. Lad, lad, if ye go slithering and forcing your way aboard his

ship his foreign rascals will cut your throat for ye before ye know it. I have a better way, and the girl be safe for a little while. Come with me and Vargo will befriend ye."

John hesitated. Harried though he was by conflicting desires, he realised that there was truth and common sense in the old man's words. He could not tear the ship apart plank by plank, and he could not board her save by the cripple's permission. At last he nodded his bare head.

"I will come with ye, Vargo. 'Tis indeed kind of ye. But haste ye, for I am filled with impatience and anxiety. To your house, then, my friend."

Back to Vargo's house they went, passed through the shop and entered a comfortable, almost bare room that was gloomy, dingy and oppressive.

"Ah, Master Steele, 'tis a lowly, poor habitation, but, then, I be but a simple old man with few wants and no earthly desires," he whispered. "But sit ye down on that chair whilst I fetch the good ale. 'Tis my one extravagance, be a drop of good, strong, bitter ale."

He went into the room beyond, and presently John heard the liquor gurgling and splashing. He felt very grateful to this benevolent old man for his interest and hospitality.

"Now," said Vargo, when he placed the ale on the table, "drink it down, for we must not tarry overlong. Good blessings be upon ye, Master Steele."

John finished his draught quickly, for he was very thirsty. Vargo took longer and smacked his lips over the ale.

"Vargo, 'tis a right good ale," said John. "But 'tis as bitter as ever I tasted. Very good an' strong it be, for already it makes me devilish drowsy."

"'Tis the reaction of the day's strenuous shock and excitement," blazed Vargo in reply. "But 'tis good ale, very good ale. Now, Master Steele, give me your attention."

"Aye, Vargo, my attention—'tis curst sleepy I feel so suddenly. Your plan now . . ."

John yawned widely. The lids of his eyes fell like leaden covers.

"'Tis simple, Master Steele. I'll get ye another sup—"

"No . . . no . . . no more," muttered John. "I-I be listening . . ."

In a little while John fell forward on the table.

"I-I be—surely—drunk," he whispered. "Marie . . . is that . . . Marie . . .?"

"Nay, good sir; not drunk, but drugged," Vargo smilingly informed him. But John did not hear the words.

With a deftness that spoke of long practice, Vargo gagged and trussed his victim with rope brought from the hidden room. Then he dragged the unconscious man to where a trap in the floor opened to disclose a flight of stone steps leading down into darkness. Down this steep incline he hauled his burden until he reached the damp floor of the cellar.

"Lie ye there," he hissed. "Lie ye there, Master Steele, where so many have lain before starting their last long voyage. I will come for ye later—huh! Ha! ha! ho! he-s-s-ai! They never come back—they never come back in this life—ha-s-s-ai! Ho! ho! huh! he-s-s-ai!"

At the close of the third day of her sojourn on Balsamo's ship, Marie confessed to herself that her mind was a prey to restlessness and unfathomable longings; and her heart a reliquary wherein were incomprehensible impulses, regret, and tender hope. At every turn she faced the mirror of the

past. Terrible and haunting were the images she saw in that dark glass, the most pitiful of all being the broken form and white, twitching face of Guiseppe Balsamo. What a story that had been! How simply and quietly he had told it. How gently he had passed over her guilt and shame. Ah, poor Guiseppe! And she had wept.

She had been afraid, terrified; but now she no longer feared this compassionate man, who had paid in suffering unthinkable for his love and constancy. Could she fear those mildly beaming eyes that ever sought her own? Could she dread the smile of sympathy and abiding love that curved his lips? Or shrink from the touch of his eager, trembling hand? Could she again lash him with the merciless scourge of indifference? Such cruelty!

But to return his love was another matter. She could not do that, for there was John—blunt, honest, earnest John, who had brought her back from death to life, who had held her in his strong arms, who had enfolded her in the love and protection of his clean, manly heart. Ah, yes; there was John. He was love and life to her. He was the love of her life. But why did he not come to her? Guiseppe had told her that the bookshop and dwelling had been destroyed by fire; but where was John? Guiseppe had said he did not know. She wondered.

The light of the sunset struck in through the cabin windows and set the polished table, the thick plate glass upon it and the appointments of silverware and crystal gleaming and burning in the bright, crimson-yellow rays.

There was silence in the cabin. Marie looked up to see Balsamo smiling at her. In answer to his a little smile played about her lips. Yet the longing in his eyes troubled her. She spoke quickly.

"Guiseppe, I fear for John," she said. "Think you that evil has befallen him?"

His countenance became grave. He looked down, but did not speak.

"Guiseppe, you do not reply," she said tremulously.

"Life and death are the gifts of Heaven," he said slowly. "And yet I could almost wish that—"

"Ah, Guiseppe!" cried Marie. "I cannot believe that."

"Marie," said he, lifting his eyes to hers. "I would not now harm the Englishman. But a little while ago there was hate in my heart for him—and for you. Nay, do not start, my sweet love. Be at peace and listen to my words. Hate has risen in my heart again and again. Fearful temptation has plucked me and urged me to awful thoughts and deeds. But my love for you has ever conquered these malign impulses. I ask for no more of life than to have you beside me, to look upon your loveliness, and to comfort my soul with the nearness of your presence."

Do not cast me into a pit from which I shall never return. Once I looked into that black, resounding abyss, and then turned, shuddering from the brink. Nay, nay, do not weep. Do not be distressed. But I plead for hope; I plead for love and you; I plead for life . . ."

"Guiseppe—Guiseppe!" cried Marie piteously. "Do not speak so! I cannot bear it! I am all too unworthy of your wonderful love—too vain, selfish, and despicable to have so glorious a mantle draped about me. Ah, no, Guiseppe! What would I not give to atone, to heal your poor bruised heart and tortured body! But my love is not like your love. I cannot—I cannot—ah!"

Balsamo sighed. The expression on his

averted face was one of profound sorrow. It was a true reflection of the sadness within his heart.

"Do you love John Steele, Marie?" he softly asked.

She glanced quickly at him. Never again would she wound him. Falteringly she replied:

"I—I am not sure, Guiseppe."

"Ah," he breathed.

"Guiseppe, you see the woman I am?" she continued hurriedly, fiercely. "I do not know the meaning of love. Too late, now, to wish that I had died."

But Guiseppe Balsamo was not deceived. He rose slowly from his chair and limped to her side.

"It is all with God," he said simply.

"Guiseppe . . ." she whispered.

"Come, Marie; let us ascend to where the air is cool and redolent of the fragrance of river, meadow and garden. Will you assist a feeble cripple?"

"Yes—yes! I will do anything—willingly—gladly—to help you, Guiseppe," she panted.

He nodded.

They stepped from the cabin in time to see a West Indianman glide slowly by on the outgoing tide.

"How peaceful it looks," said Marie.

"Yes; but under that serene lies a fierce and rapacious character. Most of these ships are something else beside merchantmen."

But I have something grave and important to tell you. At first I evaded your question, but now I must enlighten you. This morning I received a letter from Vargo—

"Vargo? Concerning John?" Her voice trembled with eagerness.

"Yes," he replied, and then looked away.

"Tell me, Guiseppe—"

"Marie, he is . . . dead. Vargo saw his body."

Marie stared at the passing merchantman with unseeing eyes. Horror chilled her blood and held her motionless.

"Dead . . . ? It . . . It cannot be," she whispered with lips grey and quivering.

"John . . . dead? It cannot be!"

In silence they stood and watched a vessel until it crept round the Isle of Dogs and vanished.

"Marie," said Balsamo very gently, "we, too, sail down the river and away within the hour. There is nothing, now, to keep us here. No, nothing. By the morning's light we should have the wind behind us and a bright sea slipping by."

She did not reply.

From below came those strange, coughing, rasping sounds that at odd intervals penetrated every part of the ship. Balsamo listened until they ceased.

"Panic! shall not see the fight he craved to witness," he said. "Sala's leopards have been balked of their prey. Another has taken vengeance upon him."

"You mean?" asked Marie dully. She was weeping silently.

"Castlehaven. He is upon yonder merchantman. In the days to come he will face worse than the teeth of Sala's leopards. Did you speak, Marie?"

"Dead . . . dead! He is gone, Guiseppe . . . John . . . ah, alas, alas!" Again the ever-changing tide of emotion swept through her. She turned impulsively to the cripple.

"Guiseppe—you would protect me? You would not see me abandoned and cast aside . . . ?"

Balsamo took her hand in his.

"Marie," he said, "I grieve for your dis-

tre. But it could not be shown more clearly, my beloved, that you and I were destined by heaven to walk life's path together. You have come back to me. Truly have the prayers and faith of Guiseppe Balsamo been answered. My gratitude goes up to Heaven!"

Marie Pleyel's beautiful head nodded thoughtfully. Her shoulders shrugged almost imperceptibly. Again were her eyes narrowed and her lips hard. She turned away and left the merchant standing silent and alone.



JOHN STEELE wondered why the man beside him laughed. It was such a bitter laugh, and it was oddly, strangely familiar. Then his numbed brain began to speculate upon the identity of his companion. Hours passed in this futile essay, dreary hours, pregnant with half-formed memories and resolutions. He became aware that there were other men near him, but so dark was it that only when a form moved, murmured, laughed, blasphemed or wept, did he notice it.

He felt the surface of the floor whereon he lay. It was of rough wood, damp wood, that exhaled a sickly tang unlike anything he had previously known. Furthermore, he was surprised to discover that the floor was unstable and moved in a most mysterious manner. There were moments when it pressed against his body, then it would appreciably ease the pressure and his frame would incline slightly, as though about to roll downward. Perhaps, he reflected, his impressions were erroneous and that the cries, sobs, laughter and movement were but the wild fancies of his disordered senses.

He groaned, for his head and limbs ached most acutely.

"Ha!" said the voice of the man beside him. "So at last you have recovered your wits! Sink me! I began to think you would have the privilege of being the first corpse."

John raised himself to a sitting posture and held his hands to his throbbing head.

"Then I be awake," he replied faintly. "I thought I dreamed most horribly."

"Ah!" said the voice. "The most cruel dream would be sweet compared with this awakening."

"But where be Vargo?"

"Vargo? Were you last with Vargo?"

"Aye, we drank ale together."

"Tis the last you will taste in this life, my friend."

"The last. Why?" demanded John. "Why speak you so portentously, so prophetically?"

"Have you no conception of your present place, condition and plight?" the hard voice asked.

"I be fair dazed—stupid—mazy! I cannot think—I cannot even see clearly."

"That you cannot see is easily explained. We are deep down in the black hull of a West Indianman—"

"A ship . . . ?" cried John, his lassitude swiftly vanishing. "But how came I to be on a ship? What does it all mean?"

"It means that you and the rest of us—men, women, and children—are no longer free, but are slaves, doomed to a life that is worse than death."

"A slave!" ejaculated John. At first his amazement checked his anger. Then the hot blood became chilled in his veins. "A

slave? But 'tis impossible! I was with Mark Vargo—"

"Precisely. He is paught but a body-snatching old ruffian. Both he and the she-devil, Annie Sissmins, live by the foul trade."

"But—the bird-shop? The stall in Paul's Walk?"

"Are a pretence. Not even the devil hates mankind so bitterly as Mark Vargo and Annie Sissmins. But have we met in the past? It seems I have heard your voice before. What is your name?"

"It be John Steele—"

"Heavens!" came the explosive interruption. Then followed silence. Then, at last, came that low, bitter laugh.

"For why do ye laugh at my name?" inquired John. He peered through the darkness in a vain attempt to discern the features of the man that laughed.

"I but laughed at the part of it," was the cryptic answer.

"Ye speak in riddles," retorted John, rather nettled at such evasion.

"Now that all is indeed lost I have a mind to tell you the rest of your name—"

"Rot me! Ye need not trouble," growled John. "I perceive ye to be greatly mistaken. John Steele be the only name I've ever known."

"But Nathaniel Baxter knew you had another."

"Ah! Then ye do know me. Who be ye?"

"My name is William Roland," was the cold reply.

"It means naught to me. I, too, thought we had met. How came ye to be so well versed in my affairs?"

"I did not know you existed until the day we met in Paul's Walk. After that I inquired concerning you. What I subsequently discovered dazed me, shocked me so that I was like a lifeless man. But there can be no mistake."

"Tis the boxing in my head. I wish it would stop. When did I meet ye in Paul's Walk?"

"When you trod so clumsily on my shoe at the stall of Annie Sissmins—"

"Castlehaven! You!" gasped John. He slowly struggled to his feet as he asked himself what amazing events had struck the Earl down and thrown him into this black, noisy pit.

"At your service—my lord," returned the other with the same grating laugh.

"Don't 'my lord' me, ye dog!" snarled John, lurching weakly as he strove to balance himself. "Up on your feet an' we'll finish the thing that be between us."

"Your lordship had better sit down before you fall down. I cannot see you too plainly, but your dim shadow looks none too steady—"

"Will ye cease mocking me?" cried John furiously.

"I do not mock you. The title is your right," was the startling reply.

"Faugh! What madness has seized your brain—"

"Many weeks ago I asked myself the same question."

I had meant to kill you, to set my bullies on you for the scene in Paul's Walk. But your name preserved you."

"What be my name, then?" asked John wonderingly. There was no mistaking the earnestness of Castlehaven's tone.

"Nothing matters now that we are both condemned to a living death, so I'll tell you. Your name is John Steele Roland."

"Roland? Roland? . . . Why that be your name—"

"It is our name. I leave you to conclude what it means and all that it implies. You are some eighteen months older than I. A

devilish piquant—in fact, a pungent—situation, isn't it?"

"You mean to tell me that I be the Earl of Castlehaven? That you be my brother—your?" John was trembling with anger at this paltry deception, this foolish, futile attempt to ridicule him. "If I thought ye spoke the truth I could wish my heart to be torn out. I'd hate to be of the same blood as ye—foundling though I be! Faugh!"

"'Tis damnable! But still I do not believe ye. I think ye are a pitiful jester an' as great a liar as ye are a rogue."

"That is deplorable, my dear brother—"

"Hold! Not that name! No brothers are we!"

"You overlook the way 'twas said. I fear you will ever be dull-witted. But in one particular you wrong me. Two virtues do I claim. I have never stolen and, to the best of my belief, I have never lied. There have been a few wild, reckless Rolands, but to theft and to lies, I believe, none has ever descended."

"'Tis poor comfort ye must gain from that. A Roland! Bah! I'd rather have remained a nameless man than be one of them!"

"That is ignorance speaking. You are judging the standard of all Rolands by what you know mine to be and have been. In that you err. There are men and women of our line of whom you may be justly proud. 'Tis the same in most families—if not in all."

"A Roland!" muttered John again.

"Alas, yes! But I doubt you would prove to be an acquisition even were fate to permit you to live. You are neither good nor bad, and the Rolands have ever been one or the other. 'Tis true you have never had much in the way of opportunity—or the devil only knows which way you would have twisted. How I hate you . . . my—dear—brother!"

"How did ye uncover all this?" inquired John, settling himself down against the upright iron bars of the huge cage in which he and the rest of the men were confined.

"It matters not," was the gloomy reply.

"But it is the truth."

"Ye will not tell me?"

"Beyond telling you that our mother was distantly connected to that old earthworm Nathaniel Baxter, I will not. I would not have told this much but for the sure death that awaits us both. 'Twas by a stroke of ill-fortune that I stumbled on the truth. You would never have known it. It was never intended that you, the firstborn, should succeed. Oh, do not ask me why, for 'twould take a week to relate the intricate details. Why I did not destroy the papers I know not—perhaps because the penned words spoke with the half-remembered, sweet voice of the long dead. But 'tis all carefully, exactly written, and reposes securely in the care of my man of law. Even then the thing goes deeper than that."

"How long have we been in this black, hideous prison?"

"For three days you have lain like a dead man."

"Have ye any notion as to our whereabouts?"

"My experience of the sea tells me that we must be ploughing the Channel."

"How can ye know that?"

"This ship is headed for the West Indies. A few hours after I was stripped and thrown all but naked into this deep, iron-ringed hole, I felt the vessel rise and fall as she rode the waves. She is now on an even keel, telling of a falling wind. Hear you that gentle slapping and thudding? 'Tis the dying waves against the sides and bow."

Hear you that slight creaking and crackling? 'Tis the complaining of the mainmast that goes down to the keel close by. Hear you that soft rumbling above us? 'Tis the roped guns on their carriages. But the cries and lamentations you hear around us is the despair of the other slaves."

"'Tis monstrous!" John cried hoarsely.

"Yet, strange to relate, it has only impressed us as being so since we have fallen victims. 'Tis nothing new, and I confess I looked upon the practice as a convenient method of disposing of the rabble. It has now occurred to me that the kidnapper wields a two-edged sword. I would like to know who betrayed me into the hands of the Philistines. You can blame the cripple, but I—"

"The cripple?"

"Tush, yes! I marvel at your denseness. Vargo was in Balsamo's pay."

"But I had not offended the cripple," John protested.

"Zounds! But you are thick! Were you not in love with his Marie? Do you imagine he thinks you guiltless there? In truth you amaze me."

"But it cannot be—"

"Where is the woman?"

"Vargo said she went with Balsamo—"

"Ah! And where are you?"

John did not answer. It seemed to him that the pitiful sobbing, the cries, the occasional moan of anguish, the deep, harsh curse, all combined to form a miserable reply.



To the wretched prisoners cooped in the two great iron cages, deep down in the foul darkness of the merchantman, there was little to enable them to distinguish between day and night. Two cages, each about twelve feet square, were erected on a temporary deck or platform built immediately above the leaping, rushing, evil-smelling bilge-water. Between them was a space of several feet that formed a passage, at the end of which rough steps led up to a trap, or hatch, in the gun-deck overhead.

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day at sea the hatch-cover above the steps was removed to admit the seamen who brought the daily ration of food and water. A faint light fell on the platform and revealed the miserable scene. John Steele Roland gazed for a space in silence at the sullen, lowering features of his brother; then he looked at the seven other occupants of the cage, who received the coarse food that was thrust at them through the bars. He took his portion and commenced to eat ravenously. William Roland sneered at the food, but also ate it.

The vessel was almost becalmed, and because of this the burly, red-bearded officer who accompanied the seamen busied himself in opening the two small ports, one on each side of the ship, high up near the overhead deck. More light was admitted, and with it fresh fog-laden air. The stream of air flowed across the two cages and enabled the prisoners to breathe it deeply into their choked lungs. For a few precious minutes the ports were open while the seamen dipped for sea-water and swilled it across

the reeking platform. Then the officer, amid the howls of both men and women, closed and barred them.

"Aye, howl, ye fith!" the fellow said in reply. "In but a little while ye'll have the greater cause."

His voice was silenced by the sudden roar of the guns on the deck above. The recoil of the cannon sounded to those beneath as though the deck were being pounded with mighty hammers. The crashing of the single guns higher up, the testing of the culverins on fore-castle and poop, and the ear-splitting detonation of the lower broadside told those in the iron cages that the battle had begun. The deck quivered under the leaping, thudding guns; the ribbed side of the vessel vibrated with the shock and shook the platform whereon the captives huddled in the darkness. Faintly to their anxious ears came hoarse cries and commands and the rat-tat-tat of running feet.

"'Tis begun," shouted William Roland. "Our pirate crew has lifted the lid of hell."

"I hear it," replied John.

"Then may we all go to the devil quickly, for 'tis unlikely to be an English craft we are attacking. I'd rather see the bottom of the sea than the inside of a French dungeon or a pestilence-ridden plantation hut."

"I doubt not ye'll get your desire," said John gruffly. "Where do you think we be—"

His voice was lost in the resounding, deafening gun-fire. Then came the first retaliatory shot. The ball burst through the timbers just above and aft of where they lay with a rending, tearing, cracking noise that was instantly followed by bitter curses and shrill screams of agony. Now, indeed, did terror grip and claw at the hearts of the women, the children, and most of the men in the cages. They screamed and shrieked, and some few prayed. Another shot struck the vessel and was followed by a loud crash and cries of dismay. The ship shuddered and rolled heavily. Then came the faint, frantic chopping of axes.

"A mast," shouted William Roland.

"I hear it," said John again.

"Our rascally captain has caught a wasp."

"Aye, so it seems."

"Why do you not follow the example of the youth in the corner? I hear him babbling and blubbering prayers as fast as he can think of them," came the taunt.

"I be praying," replied John calmly.

"Do not forget me . . . my—dear—brother!" said the bitter voice.

"Aye, even for ye," was the reply.

"Well . . . stab me!" gasped William Roland. "Upon my twisted soul, I know not whether to loathe you—or admire you. Sink me!"

Then he was silent, for, owing to the increasing din of battle, speech was difficult to employ. Broadside after broadside was fired by the guns above. Again and again the splintering, rending shot from the other vessel rocked and rocked the ship. Sometimes it jumped with the impact as though in sudden agony. Shouts of the living, screams of the wounded and dying, and horrible, confused noises came down from above with the acrid smoke of burnt powder. In the darkness of the cages, penned in with certain death, the maddened prisoners moaned and shrieked in their frenzy. Impotently their bleeding hands tore and beat at the unyielding iron bars. Their shocked imaginations pictured, felt and endured death by cannon-shot, by sword and by deep, black water. They had no hope. Penetrating the harsher sounds like the shrill wailing of violins in an infernal symphony of death were the thin, plaintive cries of the children.

"'Tis a miserable way to die!" John suddenly burst out. "Trapped and exterminated like we were vermin. Oh, for a last sight of the light of day! Marie—oh, Marie, my dear love—my love! But God's will be done—even this cruel end to the only love of my life."

His voice was unheard in the swelling chorus of the guns. They were firing faster and faster, and the cannon of the opposing ship could now plainly be heard, proving to the despairing listeners that the two ships were drawing nearer and nearer.

The death and deliverance came together. The ship reeled and shivered under the terrible cannonade of its adversary. A ball smashing the planking on the waterline that formed one side of the men's cage, whizzed through the iron bars and buried itself in the timber opposite. Two men and a woman were stricken by it as it passed, but not even those beside them heard their death sob and choked prayers. The water pouring in across their feet warned them of their dire peril, and awful were the cries that arose at the feet of its cold kin.

"It is the end!" shouted William Roland. John sighed, and was about to reply when something hard struck his legs. With a gasp he sensed what it was, and quickly bent down to grasp it before it was washed through the bars and away. It was a length of stout, heavy planking, about six feet long, that had been torn from the ship's side by the shot.

"Say ye there be no God?" he raved at his brother. "Here be the direct answer to your blasphemy. A strong plank—a plank from God's own hand! Come, grip with me when I place it between the bars. Grip an' exert your strength to the utmost."

William Roland was instantly beside him. All round them was pandemonium. Above, were the hot, belching guns, rasping, coughing, jumping, thundering, but not so fast or so loudly as a few minutes before. Beside them were the shrill outcries of the doomed. Below them was the roaring of rushing water.

Gasping, straining at the plank, heedless of sound and swirling water, the two men worked frantically to bend the iron bars so that they might pass through. Slowly the iron gave to the force exerted by the oak lever, wider and wider became the gap, until at last John pressed his way through with a great shout of triumph. Quickly he splashed through the water to the steps, and it was but the work of a moment to destroy the covering of the hatch.

The light streamed down upon the platform and dimly showed the white, twisted, staring, agonised faces of those who watched. He reassured the pleading women and children and once again applied the baulk of timber to the task of bending iron. Presently the gap in the women's cage was wide enough to allow them to escape.

Up the steps they madly fought their way, clawing, grasping, and tearing at each other in their blind terror. But once upon the deck above they paused and grouped together in horrified consternation. The place was a charnel house; terribly wounded bodies lay on the planks and across wrecked guns in the awkward fantastic attitudes of sudden death. Not half the guns were now in action, and the remaining seamen, although they served the ravenous monsters with red-hot shot and demoniac haste and energy, knew that victory was not for them. There was but death before them, so death they continued to send forth until the end. The lurid flashes of the enemy's guns could be seen winking wickedly through the grey-

green fog without. Then came the crashing shock as the ball struck its mark. The smell of blood and powder was as sickening as the dreadful sight around them.

"Up—up!" shouted John. He bent and grasped an axe. The remainder of the men, and even some of the women, armed themselves with weapons taken from the wounded. William Roland gripped a sword. His bold features were composed, even a little scornful, and he laughed softly as he gazed about him. Up the steps to the deck above raced the liberated prisoners. In their midst, clinging to the scanty skirts of the women, were three children.



Up past the middle gun-deck they climbed. They did not pause here, did not look upon the awful carnage. Only one gun roared its solitary defiance from this packed, dripping, crimson tomb, the shot-torn sides of which gaped wide and jagged.

The doomed vessel was slowly canting and settling in the water. The irruption of the implacable sea sealed the fate of the piratical West Indian. Other shots bored through the timbers at the scarlet waterline. The platform on which the cages stood was now well under water. Owing to the list of the ship the two remaining guns on the lowest deck were now firing into the sea, and presently the surviving seamen rushed up to the deck above. Here they feverishly tossed aside the slain and brought into action such guns as were serviceable, and continued the fight with desperate, stubborn fury. Their one hope was that a lucky shot would find the magazine in the enemy's ship.

Through the drifting folds of the curtain of fog it was seen that the foreign craft had also been terribly punished. Her gunfire was slackening; a sure indication that Death and his scythe had reaped a harvest among her devoted gun crews.

There was very little wind, and the two ships were drifting along less than a cable's length apart. Since the short, bitter fight began they had been pounding away at almost point-blank range. Terrible was the slaughter and destruction, the more fearful because each crew knew that no quarter would be asked or given.

The wreckage in the waist and on the smashed super-structures of the English ship was appalling, and was strewn about in such a way that those who had just escaped from the cages had to clamber over and under fallen spars, shot-riddled sails, smashed, overturned guns, broken, splintered bulwarks and tangled rigging in their effort to reach the long boat which they saw still hung from the blocks near the ruined fore-castle. Some seamen had evidently planned to abandon the ship, for the boat was only a foot from the water, and in it were the crumpled bodies of four men.

Still the fight went on, but its fury was now greatly diminished. The spasmodic barking of the guns punctuated the piercing cries of agony, the pitiful moans and the unheeded entreaties of the wounded and dying. Here and there in the wreckage a man moved slightly or crawled across the heaps of bodies in an attempt to reach the

water-butts. But there were few living upon the deck and super-structures, for the chain-shot from the foreign ship's guns had mown down those who at first escaped the balls from the smaller culverins.

"Down into the boat, my worthy brother," shouted William Roland. He laughed his soft, hateful laugh. "Throw out that carrion. Then help these squawking, screaming women—"

"No, you—"

"Fool! Do for once be intelligent. With this blade I am the equal of any three that may dispute our departure. You imperil the lives of these crazed people by your hesitancy. Down with you!" came the angry roar. "Make haste, else will the boat be smashed by the flying balls—"

A ball, the last shot fired by the foreign ship, screamed past as John clambered down the ropes. It struck the foremast. There came a cracking, a rush of wind, and then a shrieking and crashing as the severed portion of the mast fell upon the bulwark in the midst of the group. John looked up. He could not see his brother. Then he cut through the ropes and the boat hit the sea with a resounding splash.

"Down ye come!" he yelled. "Those that can swim, jump for it. There—there—your mistress! Do not sob so! The fight is over. Don't weep so, my poor girl—I vow I'll get ye justice an' we safely reach shore. There, now . . . back, that man! Back, I say! Now, now, little child—rest ye in the boat there. 'Tis all right now. William Roland, where be ye, man?"

"He be dead," croaked the pale-faced youth who stared down at John with eyes large and terror-haunted.

"Dead? Dead . . . ?" rasped John.

"Aye . . ."

"Hold him up so that I may know 'tis true . . . aye! Merciful Heaven! 'Tis horribly true! Rest his wild, unregenerate soul in peace! Come, now, the rest of ye! Come quick—the ship heels ominously—ye be the last!"

"Aye," said the pale-faced youth in his croaking voice. Then he broke down and sobbed convulsively.

"The oars now! Let us away! Push there . . . right! Now pull, else down we go with the ship—pull! Bah—ye weaklings! Pull! Ah, that be better—"

"See . . . see!" suddenly screamed a woman, pointing towards the foreign ship.

"The other one be on fire—"

"On fire? By Heavens, 'tis so!" whispered a man. He paused to watch the rising flames.

"Pull, ye madman!" roared John. "If the flames touch the powder it will blow us out of the water!"

"They be lowering a boat, see? There 'tis! See the woman—see the little man in black being carried—"

"Pull! Pull! Pull!" snarled John.

"They be leaving the ship—they be afraid of us—they turn from us—"

"Heavens! Will ye pull—"

John did not again meet Marie Pleyel. The two boats drifted apart in the fog. Balsamo and Marie went in the direction of France. Castiehaven encouraged his weak, exhausted crew—including the strongest of the women—until all were safely landed at a village on St. Mary's, the largest of the Scilly Islands. Giuseppe and Marie were married in a little, grey-stone, moss-encrusted French church within a few hours of their arrival.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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